THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

America, Take Notice!

There is said to be considerable commotion among literary circles in London owing to the seizure of a new novel by the police. The English censorship is far more strict and severe at present time than it has been for years, and every publisher who brings out a certain kind of book does it at his peril. According to a writer in the *British Weekly*, the risk is going to be greater still. Recalling two or three books that were widely sold and exploited in this country not very long ago, our feelings are of regret over American police inactivity.

The English "Who's Who"

If a prize were offered for the most flattering book notice of the year, we should unhesitatingly vote that it be awarded to the writer who began his review of the new English *Who's Who* in the London *Academy* for December 31st last with the words: "Any ordinary civilised Englishman, wrecked by chance on the shores of an uninhabited island, might be very happy if only a copy of *Who's Who* for the current year were washed ashore with him."

The French Meredith

George Meredith's devotion to France and the French people is related in an article elsewhere in this issue. We do not know of any French portrait of Meredith, but if one exists, it is certain that the artist has given the features of the author of *The Ordeal of Richard Feveril* a decidedly Gallic twist. Take, for example, the accompanying portrait, which is the frontispiece of the twenty-second volume of the edition published by Scribner. It is from a photograph by Mrs. Seymour Trower, taken when the novelist was in his sixty-ninth year. It is typically French and might almost pass for a likeness of Victor Hugo.

In the handsome Memorial Edition of Meredith, which the Scribners are publishing, Meredithians will have a sign of their hero's immortality that may console for his country's failure to offer the doubtful honour of burial in Westminster. Like the New York Edition of Henry James, which we had occasion to

A FRENCH MEREDITH

George Meredith at sixty-eight. From a photograph by Mrs. Seymour Trower.

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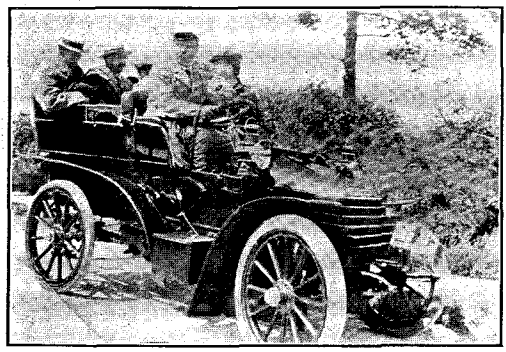
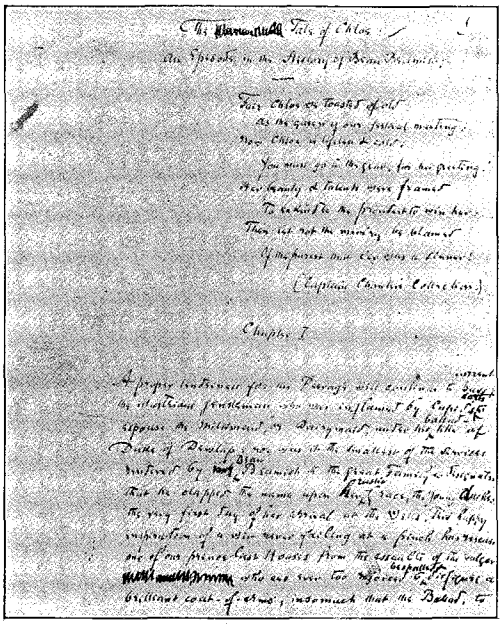
applaud a few months ago for its admirable appearance, this definitive Meredith is in every way worthy of an author who must be reckoned among the masters of the English novel. It is printed from large, clear type, on specially made paper, and bound in green silk. The illustrations, many of them reproduced in photogravure, are of exceptional interest. In addition to the portraits, there are views of scenes associated with Meredith's life and with his books, and best of all, reproductions of some of the illustrations by Du Maurier, Sandys, Charles Keene, and Hablôt K. Browne, which accompanied the first appearance of certain of the novels in magazines.

Besides giving a worthy form to all the well-known novels and poems, this edition will provide a meeting place for a few scattered writings with which few Meredithians are familiar, and some hitherto unpublished works. Readers who recall Stevenson's testimony to the delight with which he first learned Meredith's *Love in the Valley* will hail with joy the promise of some unpublished stanzas for that poem, presumably included in neither the original nor the revised version. There will be critical writings which have heretofore been buried in the files of magazines, an unfinished comedy called *The Sentimentalists,* and finally the unfinished novel, *Celt and Saxon,* which has just appeared



CONAN DOYLE IN 1900

The other day we came across this snapshot of Conan Doyle, which, we believe, has never before been reproduced. It shows the creator of the most widely known character in fiction driving a party of friends to a cricket match in an antediluvian motor car.



FACSIMILE PAGE OF MANUSCRIPT FROM MEREDITH'S "TALE OF CHLOE"

Sherlock Holmes

We wonder how many of our readers have paused to think that despite certain undeniable literary shortcomings, the present age has produced the most widely known character in all fiction. It is now a little over twenty years since the name of Sherlock Holmes was first introduced through the medium of *The Study in Scarlet,* and to-day it is a byword to millions who have never read any of Conan Doyle's books and who have not the slightest interest in the science of deduction. Robinson Crusoe, Sam Weller, Mr. Pickwick, Uncle Tom, the Count of Monte Cristo, the Swiss Family Robinson, Don Quixote, Aladdin of the Wonderful Lamp, Ali Baba, Old Mother Hubbard—all these are strangers compared to the English detective. This is not an expression of opinion, but a statement of fact. If you doubt it, try an experiment, as we have done, with half a dozen urchins in the street, and see if you can find one to whom the name of Sherlock Holmes does not bring an expression of instant recognition. There is a minstrel song about a "darkey" who determined to name his first-born child after his favourite characters, and selected:

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MIDWINTER UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS.
MARIE VAN VORST ON THE RIVIERA

George Washington, Christopher Columbus,
Roosevelt, Douglas, Lee,
Jack Johnson, Joe Gans, Dixon, ring in
Booker T.,
Admiral Dewey, Thomas Jefferson, McKinley,
Sherlock Holmes,
Hezekiah, Obadiah, Abraham Lincoln Jones.

It is hardly worth while to mention that the mother has something to say in the matter and that the child in question becomes plain Arabella Jones, or to call attention to the metrical shortcomings of the song. The significance lies in the fact that the name of Sherlock Holmes was one of those which most naturally suggested themselves to the rhymster.

We are bound to say that most of the Sherlock Holmes revivals of recent years have rather disappointed and bored us, as they have usually represented very inferior work on the part of Conan Doyle, and a great deal of talk about the fabulous sums of money he was being paid for doing it. The present revival, however, is considerably better. First there is Mr. Gillette's revival of the old play, and there is the new play built upon "The Adventure of the Speckled Band," which is interesting despite the comment that the snake in the last act suggests nothing more terrible than a large and unwieldy sausage. Then there is the two-part story which is appearing serially in the *Strand,* and of which the first instalment is certainly very good. In fact it is so good that we are quite prepared for a very decided disappointment when it comes to a solution of the mystery.

MIDWINTER UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS.
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART IN THE
AUSTRIAN ALPS

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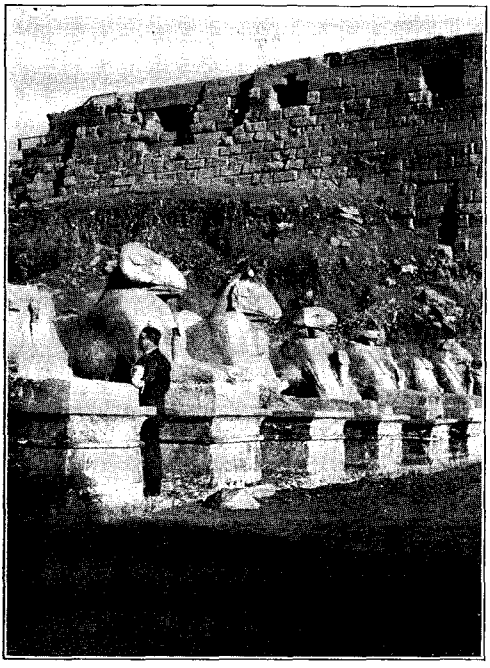

MIDWINTER UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS.
FREDERIC S. ISHAM AT KARNAK

Jeffrey Farnol

In England they are talking of a new literary discovery in the person of Jeffrey Farnol. His romance, *The Broad Highway,* has received some exceedingly flattering comment. The London *Graphic* is quoted as calling it "the novel of the decade"; another reviewer compares it to *Lorna Doone;* while Clement Shorter, in the *Sphere,* says: "I have discovered a writer of striking merit—Mr. Jeffrey Farnol, whose name I have never heard before. The title of the book is *The Broad Highway.* It is the breeziest romance I have read for a long time."

While Mr. Farnol is a new man in his native England, he can hardly be regarded as such in this country. Six or seven years ago he was living in New York. While there he took the manuscript of his first novel to an American publishing house, by which it was accepted. The story appeared serially under the title *Chronicles of the Imp,* and in book form as *My Lady Caprice.* A shorter story, *Concerning the Honourable Mr. Tawnish,* appeared as a two-part serial in this magazine. *The Broad Highway* was sent to an American publisher before it found an English one. A new book by Mr. Farnol, *The Money Moon,* is to be brought out next autumn. It will be illustrated by Arthur I. Keller.

A. L. Coburn's "New York"

Englishmen have a better acquaintance with the American skyscraper now than they had in the days when London papers were in the habit of referring to our tall buildings as "flatirons" and superbly crushing such Americans as ventured to point out that the word "flatiron" referred to an individual structure. Mr. H. G. Wells is one Englishman who confesses to unqualified admiration for the skyscraper, given the New York air to review it clearly to its summit against the sky. In his foreword to Alvin Langdon Coburn's really unusual *New York,* which is published by Brentano, and which is a companion volume to Mr. Coburn's *London,* which appeared some time ago, Mr.

JEFFREY FARNOL

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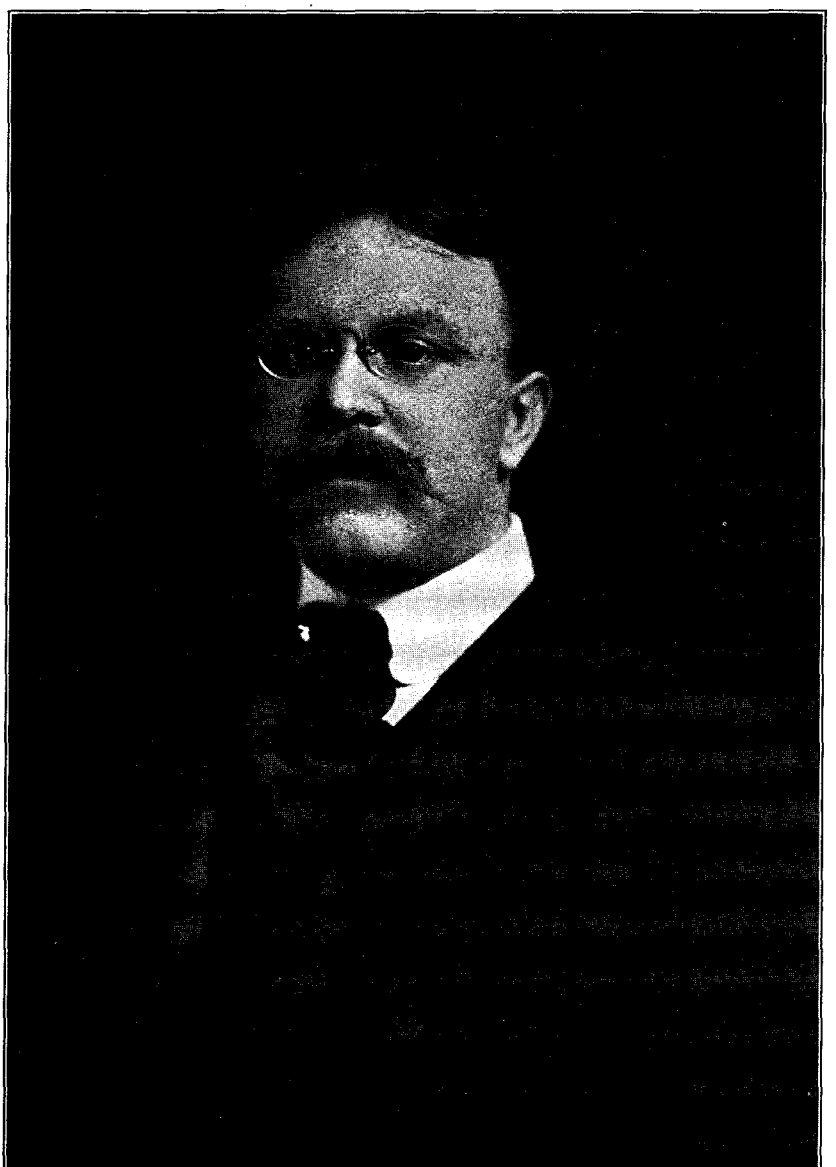
Wells speaks of visiting the Flatiron time and time again, that he might see it at every phase in the bright rounds of the New York day and night. "That same restriction between the Hudson and the East River that cramped New York's lateral expansion," writes Mr. Wells, "brought with it its remedy, and so quite naturally and inevitably the city spurts up into such splendid fountains of habitation as Park Row, and the sharp jets of the Singer Building and the Metropolitan Tower, and comes to a portentously crowded escarpment of arrest at the Battery."



OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Mr. Villard's "John Brown" is revewed elsewhere in this issue

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THE METROPOLITAN TOWER
From a photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn.

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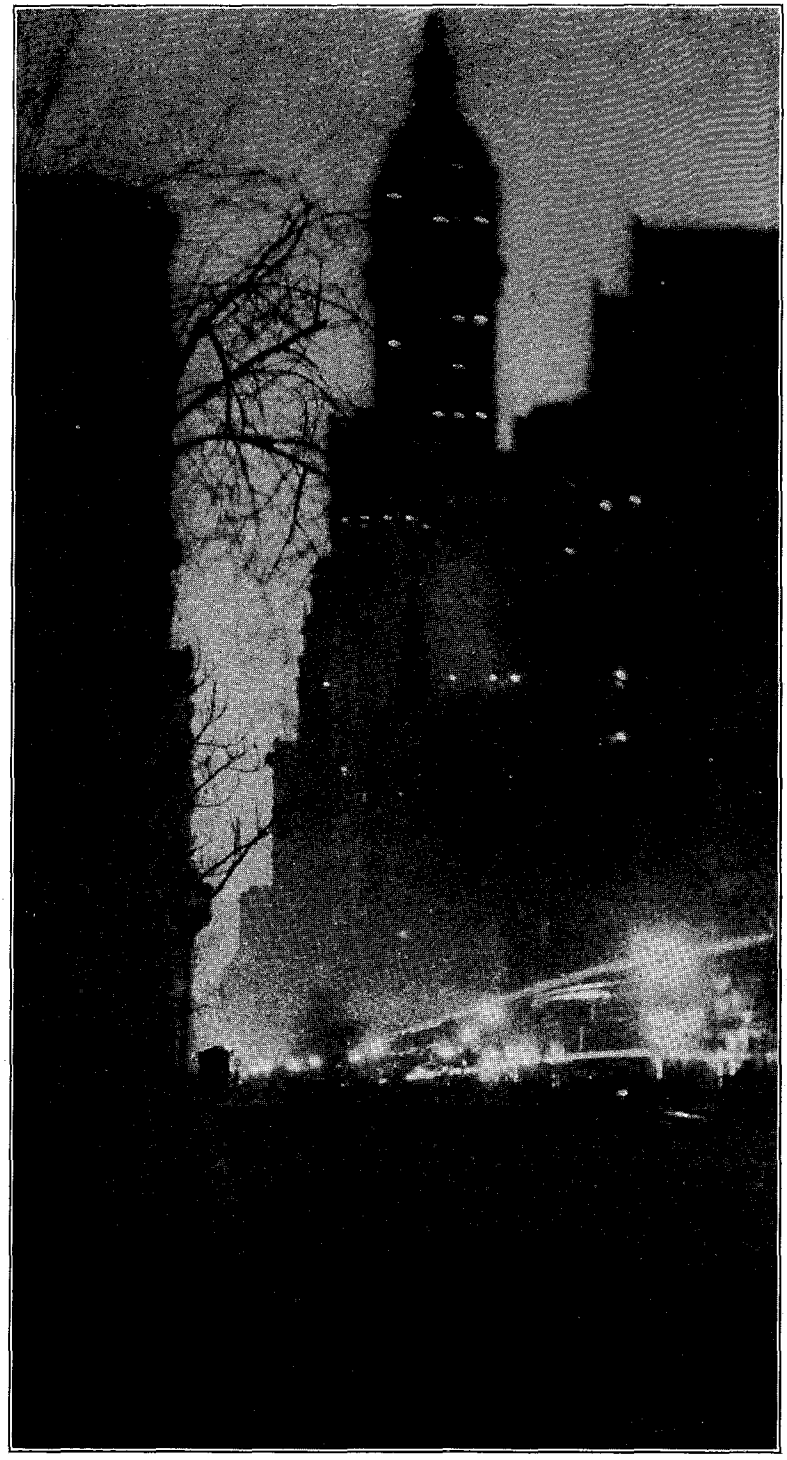

THE SINGER BUILDING: TWILIGHT

From a photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn.

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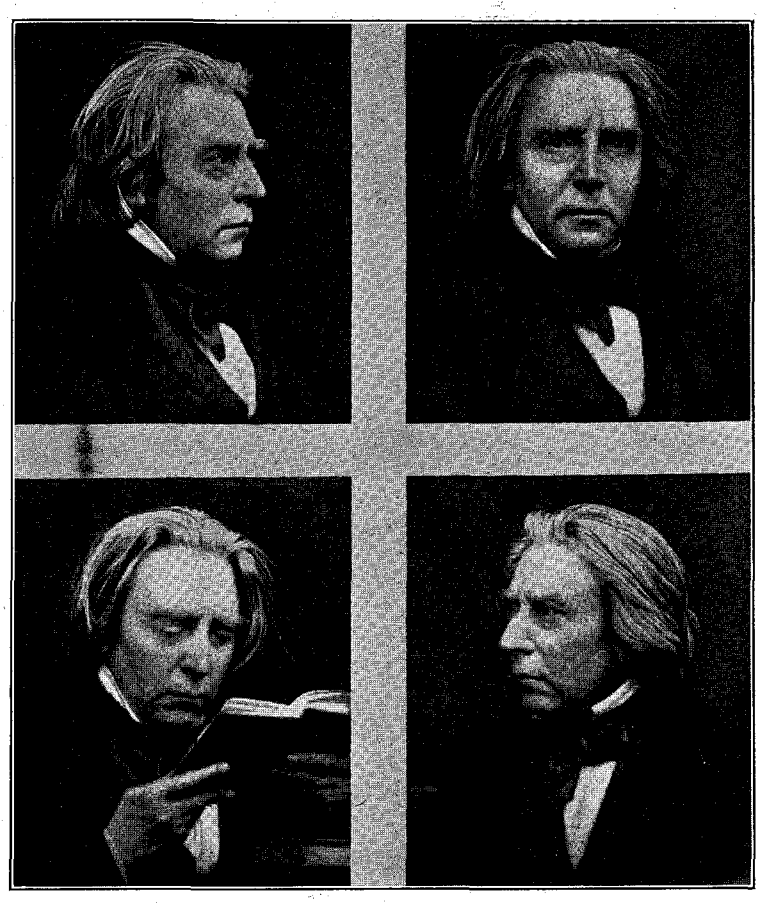

DOUGLAS JERROLD. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY DR. H. W. DIAMOND IN MAY, 1857

"Douglas Jerrold and Punch"

So many books have been written about London *Punch* that we have entirely lost count. The latest is *Douglas Jerrold and Punch,* which comes from the press of the Macmillan Company and which seems to have more reason for being than most of the works on the subject, because during the forties and fifties, the golden age of the periodical, Jerrold undoubtedly stood in the popular regard more definitely for *Punch* than did any of his confrères. Thomas Hood and Thackeray were valued contributors, but Jerrold was the *Punch* spirit itself. As his son, Walter Jerrold, points out in the Preface, he was the author of what may be regarded as the most popular serial that has appeared in *Punch* during the seventy years in which the jester has sought at once to delight and lash the age; he was also the contributor of the only story which may be described as a "full-length" novel that ever appeared in the pages of the periodical, and furthermore he was the writer by whose pen the politics of *Punch* were most vigorously expressed. Of Douglas Jerrold, G. A. Sala once wrote: "The brightest humourist, the keenest wit, the kindliest man our Republic (of letters) has known for many a day."

The Mummer of Old

That the actor of the Elizabethan era led a precarious existence, that the drama as an institution was devoid of the dignity that it has achieved in later times, and that the theatre or playhouse was a centre of civic disturbance that required and received constant and rigid supervision, are facts

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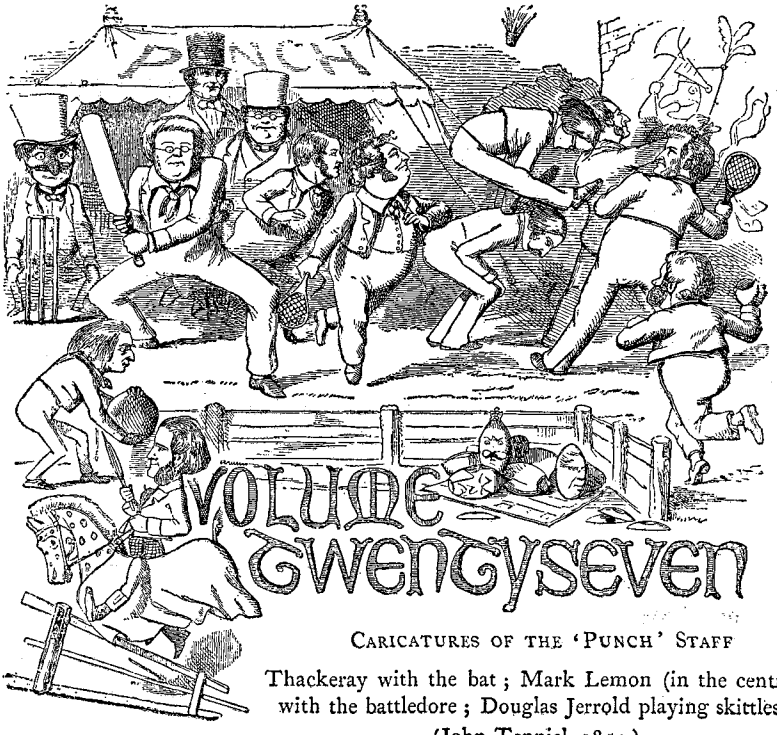
Horace Mayhew. Doyle. Leech. Thackeray.
Percival Leigh. A Beckett. Lemon. Tom Taylor. Jerrold.

CARICATURES OF THE 'PUNCH' STAFF

(By John Leech, 1847.)

FROM "DOUGLAS JERROLD AND PUNCH"



CARICATURES OF THE 'PUNCH' STAFF

Thackeray with the bat; Mark Lemon (in the centre) with the battledore; Douglas Jerrold playing skittles.

(John Tenniel, 1854.)

FROM "DOUGLAS JERROLD AND PUNCH"

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CARICATURES OF THE 'PUNCH' STAFF

Thackeray in left top corner, below him Mark Lemon and Douglas Jerrold.
(By Richard Doyle, 1846.)

FROM "DOUGLAS JERROLD AND PUNCH"

abundantly illustrated by the wealth of material brought together by Mr. John Tucker Murray in the text and appendices of his two volumes entitled *English Dramatic Companies, 1558-1642*. What Mr. Murray has tried to do is to trace the careers of the various companies that operated both in London and in the provinces, to determine their composition and to make a calendar of their performances, an itinerary of their tours. As the holder of a fellowship from Harvard for this purpose, he himself visited most of the provincial towns of England and examined those records and accounts which would naturally contain references to the strolling visitors. Many of the original documents he reprints in the appendices to his work, and these are eloquent of the conditions which obtained in the golden age of English dramatic poetry. The players were, of course, always enrolled under the patronage of some powerful protector as his servants, but this did not always secure them immunity from hardships and persecution. There seems to have been a constant warfare between the licensing power at London and the municipal authorities, while at times a license issued by the Lord Chamberlain found itself nullified by an order from the Privy Council. This was the case with a certain Francis Wambus, a player attached to one of the companies of the Princess Elizabeth, who had a spirited encounter with the Mayor and Justices of Norwich in 1623. Presenting his license, he was confronted with a letter of later date from the Privy Council, authorising and requiring them "not to suffer any companies of players, tumblers, or the like sort of persons to act any plays or to shew or exercise any other feats and devices." Nothing daunted, Wambus, who said he would play, and, if necessary, lie in prison a twelvemonth to "try whether the King's command or the Counsells be the greater," proceeded to fasten upon the gate of the White Horse tavern a notice to the effect that: "Here within this place at one of the clocke shalbe acted an excellent new comedy called the Spanishe Contract By the Princesse servants vivat Rex." For this Wambus was apprehended and, refusing to find security for his good behaviour, was thrown into prison. Finally released, he carried the matter with him to London, and securing a letter from the Lord Chamberlain,

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returned to Norwich and endeavoured to collect from the local authorities the charges to which he had been put by his incarceration! This Wambus seems to have shown rather more spirit than most of his companions, who, like the organ-grinder when he is thrown a penny to move on, were as content to accept a small amount—perhaps merely some wine and sugar or "an angel toward their dinner"—for not playing, as to receive a compensation for the exercise of their legitimate functions. The Puritanism of the provinces was unalterably opposed to this eruption of city debauch and license into its quiet, God-fearing precincts, and especially to the producing of profane plays on the Sabbath. There is constantly given, as a reason against the permitting of performances, the harm done to the poor by giving them an opportunity to waste in frivolous pursuits the time that should be spent in earning a livelihood. Then, too, there was always present the fear of infection. Whenever the plague broke out in London the playhouses were closed, and the companies went on tour, with the possibility, therefore, that they might spread the disease.

The reception accorded the strollers in the great houses was very different. There they encountered little of that Puritanism which tainted the *bourgeoisie*, as may be seen from the following entry in the books of Latham House and Knowsley Hall, Lancashire: "Wk. beginning Sept. 13. Sondaie Mr. Leigh preached and the Quenes Players played in the afternoon, and my L. of Essexs at nyght." It is interesting to trace some of the old itineraries and to see what towns were on the "circuit" in those early days. For instance, almost immediately after its formation, in 1583, the "Queen's company" was forced to leave London on account of the plague. During April and May it appeared in Bristol and Gloucester. By June 15th it had reached Norwich, "probably via Shrewsbury, Nottingham, and Leicester." At Norwich occurred a characteristic incident. "It seems that the company was performing at the Red Lion Inn, in St. Stephen's. . . . After the play had started, one Wynsdon tried to gain admittance without paying, and in the ensuing scuffle overset the money. Three of the players, Tarleton, Bently and Singer, ran to see what the matter might be. Wynsdon then fled, and was pursued by Singer and Bently, Tarleton in vain trying to restrain Bently. During the pursuit Wynsdon was joined by his servant, 'a man in a blue coat,' who threw a stone at Bently and 'broke his head.' Bently, who had been joined by Harry Browne, Sir William Paston's man, continued the pursuit. When Bently and Browne overtook the 'man in a blue coat' they thrust at him with their swords,

Browne giving him the wound from which he died. Evidently the company was not detained long in Norwich on account of this incident, for on July 9 it appeared at Cambridge." To appreciate the whole force and significance of this incident it must be borne in mind that it is not a question here of a barn-storming aggregation, but of one of the best companies of the time, under the personal patronage of Queen Elizabeth, and containing such an actor as Richard Tarleton, of whom it was said by Howes in

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his additions to Stow's *Chronicle:* "For a wondrous plentifull pleasant extemporall witt, he was the wonder of his tyme." Like disturbances were by no means unknown in London itself. The theatres drew unruly throngs, which is not remarkable when it is remembered that the same edifices that served as dramatic temples were also used as bear-pits, being constructed for this double purpose. Not infrequently after a brawl between the players and the townsfolk, the latter would storm the theatre and do their best to demolish it.

"Hobson's Choice"

The latest addition to the Highways and Byways series deals with Cambridge and Ely, and is written by the Reverend Edward Conybeare, and illustrated by Frederick L. Griggs. Among the anecdotes is one which recalls the origin of the familiar phrase, "Hobson's Choice." Hobson, who lived in Cambridge when the Tudors held the English throne, was a "carrier," a profession which at that date included not merely the transport of goods but the provision of locomotion for passengers—then almost wholly equestrian. Thus Hobson not only himself travelled regularly to and from London with his stage, but kept a large stable of horses for hire—even supplying his customers with boots and whips for their journey. But he was very autocratic in the matter, and would never allow any steed to be chosen except in accordance with his will. "This or none" he would say to any hirer who dared to remonstrate, and his business was so prosperous that he could afford to be independent.

The Black Mass

In excusing himself from furnishing the frightful details of that famous "black mass," performed over the person of Madame de Montespan, who sought by this means to maintain her hold upon her royal lover, Mr. H. Noel Williams, author of *Madame de Montespan and Louis XIV,* recently published by Charles Scribner's Sons, refers the curious reader, in a footnote, to several French works in which a fuller account of the ceremony may be found. Among these is Huysmans' *Làbas.* Without some further gloss it will appear strange to many that a story with a wholly modern setting should serve as a manual of manners, customs and sentiments in the reign of the Grand Monarque. The explanation has, however, recently been supplied by the French critic and essayist, M. Remy de Gourmont, who was a close friend of Huysmans. Both had believed in the existence, in the middle ages, of that singular and sinister institution known as the *messe noir,* in which the ritual of the liturgy was reversed and perverted for purposes of magical incantation. Wishing to transpose this blasphemous outrage to the scene of contemporary life, Huysmans made a careful search, in which M. de Gourmont gave him his assistance, but without success. The fantastic ceremony proved to be wholly illusory, and the novelist was forced to fall back upon the incident to which Mr. Williams alludes furtively and of which a complete historical account is to be found in M. Ravaisson's *Archives de la Bastille,* and in M. Funck-Brentano's *Le Drame des Poisons.* It may be added that, so realistic and troubling was Huysmans' evocation, that many simple souls fell into the trap and were terrorised by the perspectives of secret sacrilege which it opened.

The "Countess"

The trial in Paris of the "Count" and "Countess" d'Aulby has claimed much space in the American papers, for it is known that the woman in the case is an American, a native of Boston and a member of a family once prominent in that city. It is, however, less commonly understood that Francesca Lunt—which was the maiden name of the "Countess"—is the niece of the poet Thomas W. Parsons, who, as the author of "On a Bust of Dante" and of the poem which begins: "There is a city builded by no hands," holds a permanent place in American literature. The whole family history of the Parsons is one that would have attracted the sombre imagination of Hawthorne by virtue of the tragic gloom that invests it. Both Parsons and his sister, Mrs. Lunt, committed suicide within a short time of each other by throwing

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BALZAC AND COUNTESS HANSKA
A Caricature of the time
(*Collection of M. Marquet de Vasselot*)

A review of Frederick Lawton's "Balzac" will be found elsewhere in this issue.

themselves into wells in the little seaside hamlet of Scituate, Massachusetts. There are many still living there who remember the events here alluded to, and many bizarre stories are told of the handsome and eccentric poet, of his sister in whom there developed a strain of insanity, and of the beautiful and talented but "peculiar" Francesca Lunt, the pretensions of whose "count" scarcely imposed upon the shrewd Yankee villagers and fisherfolk.

Concerning the "Forty"

One wonders whether the new "American Academy," which recently held its sessions in New York, will ever gather the traditions and rich anecdotal material of its French prototype. In his account of *The French Academy,* Mr. D. Maclaren Robertson has, one feels, scarcely availed himself of the wealth of material at his disposal. He limits himself largely to a discussion of those who were admitted to occupancy of the forty famous chairs. More amusing would be some account of the unsuccessful candidacies, such as that of Verlaine, who, as is well known, at one time thought very seriously of aiming at academic honours, and who was only with great difficulty dissuaded by his friends from this purpose. True, Victor Hugo was refused four times, as Mr. Robertson reminds us, but as he was elected at the fifth application the memory of his first failures is honourably forgotten. Molière was never chosen at all, more because he was an actor than for any other reason. Boileau urged him over and over again to leave the stage so that he might be elected. His refusal to do this does credit to his heart if it is true, as has been asserted, that it was inspired by the fact that his withdrawal would mean the dispersal of his troupe and "the loss to many of its members of the means of gaining a livelihood." In 1778 the Academy set up a bust to his memory in its assembly hall in the Louvre, bearing the legend:

Rien ne manque a sa gloire: il manquait a la nôtre.

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The curious change which has come about in the estimation in which the profession of the actor is now held is marked by the election to the Academy, in our time, of the actor and dramatist Henri Lavedan. Perhaps some justification of the earlier sentiment and spirit of exclusiveness might be found in the trouble which the Academy once had in forcing M. Lavedan to forego the employment of the phrase "de l'Académie Française" after his name on theatrical posters when he is billed, not as author, but as comedian. It is only incidentally that Mr. Robertson touches upon and reveals some of the humours arising from the custom which obliges those who wish to enter the Academy to start their own candidacy. Thus it is in discussing the political complexion of the membership that he tells the story of M. de Freycinet, who, although his "literary baggage was by no means inconsiderable compared with that of many other Academicians," could scarcely have hoped to enter on purely literary grounds. When making the customary round of preliminary visits to his future *confrères*, this gentleman is reported to have said to Renan: "I hope, my dear master, that I can count on your vote." "Why, certainly, monsieur the minister," was the response, "provided, however, the president of the Republic should not solicit my vote."

Legends, of course, cluster about Napoleon and the Academy, or rather, the Institute, the former having been suppressed by the Revolution, although it was later restored in a measure before the Restoration as an integral part of the larger body. For example, when the young hero of Toulon and the first Italian campaign was chosen to succeed Carnot for one of the vacancies in the mathematical section, he was asked in the midst of another Italian campaign what he would do at the conclusion of the war to occupy his indefatigable activity. "I shall bury myself in a retreat," he replied, "and there labour to deserve the honour of being of the Institute." During the Egyptian campaign he opened all his orders of the day and reports to the Directory thus: "Napoleon, General-in-Chief, Member of the Institute"; and later, as Emperor, the statement of his civil list began: "Allowance of His Majesty the Emperor and King as member of the Institute, 1,500 francs." Speaking of the literary prizes which he instituted, Napoleon is said to have declared cynically in open council that his only purpose in offering them had been to "furnish occupation to the intellectuals in order to prevent them from occupying themselves with more serious matters." His attitude toward the Academy was more tyrannical than had ever been that of its most monarchical protectors, beginning with Richelieu under the old regime. When Chateaubriand's reception oration was submitted to him, its anti-revolutionary spirit so incensed Napoleon that he is said to have declared that "if it had been delivered he would have walled up the doors of the Institute and thrown Chateaubriand into a dungeon for the rest of his life." The French have always been fond of attacking the Academy and throwing into relief its sins of omission and commission. In 1851, M. Arsène Houssaye published an amusing history of an imaginary "41st fauteuil." "By seating his pseudo-Academicians in it in a succession three times as rapid as found in any of the forty, and four times as rapid as the average, he shows not only a more distinguished occupancy for it than for any of the others, but a distinction almost equal to that of the actual forty combined." Not content with drawing up his list, which contains the names of Descartes, Pascal, Molière, La Rochefoucauld, Louis XIV, Saint Simon, Rousseau, Diderot, Mirabeau, André Chenier, Beaumarchais, and Napoleon, M. Houssaye affects to give an account of the election of each, and even, in several instances, to outline the oration which he is supposed to have delivered at his reception. The note of historic gravity is preserved throughout, as in the following account of the election of Napoleon:

In 1815, when the Emperor of the French went to conquer, with the grand poetry of exile, immortal sovereignty, the French Academy met in special session to admit to its body Napoleon's historian—Napoleon himself. It dispensed from visits him who was then sailing toward the cape of tempests. It was one of the great days of the Academy, for the Academy named with one voice this candidate

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who had not presented himself. . . . Napoleon pronounced his reception on the rock beaten by the winds, heard by the eagles which had visited Prometheus, and which have brought us on their wings the shreds all inflamed of that stormy eloquence.

The Houssaye who wrote this witty arraignment of the Academy is not the Houssaye who is now a member of that august body.

Napoleon's Diplomacy

A month or two ago we quoted an anecdote about a very pious lady who attributed her happiness in religion to the teachings of the great emperor. An entirely different phase of Napoleon's character is shown in *The Corsican: A Diary of Napoleon's Life in His Own Words,* which is published in this country by the Houghton Mifflin Company. "Count Cobenzl and I," wrote Napoleon, "met for our concluding session in a room where, according to Austrian custom, a dias had been installed with a chair of state representing that of the Austrian emperor. On entering I asked what this meant, and (on being told) I said to the Austrian minister: Come, before we begin, you had better have that chair taken away, because I have never yet seen a chair set higher than others without immediately wanting to get into it."

Adam's Brother

The question of who was Cain's wife has been one that has long puzzled youthful minds. A further complication is introduced into the Book of Genesis by Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady in his recently published *The Better Man,* when he puts into the mouth of Adam the words: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Phillips Oppenheim

A recent magazine short story that we have read with considerable enjoyment is Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim's "The Deserter," which appears in the January issue of the *Strand,* and which is not in the least obscured by the fact that the magazine contains the first part of another experience of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. "The Deserter" is one of those direct little tales which an author needs only to start, for after that the yarn tells itself. It concerns a little London clerk, a kind of Bob Cratchit, seventy years after the conversion of Mr. Scrooge, whose life is soured by the tyranny of a domineering wife and unappreciative children. There is not so much definite hardness, only a very marked contempt for the shabby little husband and father who is the slave of them all. Peter Hayes thinks of all this, as he looks back upon the monotonous years one night just before Christmas as he is struggling homeward burdened with the family parcels. He arrives at his house, lets himself in with his latch key, and is aware of the presence of a visitor. This visitor is a lawyer who has come to announce that, through the death of a sister, Mrs. Hayes has come into a property estimated to be between twenty-five and thirty-five thousand pounds. Unperceived, Peter Hayes listens to the family plan for the disposal of the property, and hears himself derided as a handicap to their social ambitions. Wounded, and yet somewhat elated at the opportunity, he throws off the yoke then and there, leaves his wife and children to the enjoyment of their apparent prosperity, and slips out into the night to begin a new life.

With a beginning like this there is hardly any need to tell what the rest of the story will be. Of course, Peter Hayes enjoys immensely his first hours of freedom, and finds huge delight in the long forbidden cigar and the tankard of ale. Of course, after these mild excesses he emigrates to America with the determination of carving out a career. Of course he succeeds in this, becomes a rich man, and seven years later returns to England expecting to find his family in the enjoyment of prosperity and social position. Of course the legacy has proved to be almost all smoke and the American millionaire arrives just in time to avert the sheriff's sale. It is the old, old device, but it is told with a very genuine freshness and sparkle.

We have no illusions about the literary work of Mr. Oppenheim. He is not a

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Field Marshal or a General of Division, so to speak, but a very good officer of the line, and when contemplating the books of men like him we are always impressed by how much better the service is than it was seventy-five or a hundred years ago. It is all very well to talk of the brave old days when Scott and Thackeray and Dickens were in their prime, but compare the minor men of that age with the minor men of to-day and you will be forced to a very profound respect for the present time. Of men like Mr. Oppenheim it must be said that they are good workmen. Perhaps there is not so much genius now, but there is plenty of talent and it is conscientiously applied. We print a letter which Mr. Oppenheim recently sent to his American publishers:

There is probably no question which an author has to answer more frequently than the exceedingly hackneyed one of how he came to take up writing, and in a general way there is none more difficult to answer, because he very seldom knows.

I frankly admit that I have no idea why it occurred to me in my younger days to make a nuisance of myself to editors, and to watch the slow absorption of my limited pocket money in postage stamps and manuscript paper. The thing came about, however, and the usual small measure of success which perseverance generally commands, encouraged me in time to take up the profession of story-writing seriously.

I was eighteen years old when my first short story was published, and only twenty when my first novel appeared. I have, therefore, had more than twenty years of story-writing, and the first thing which occurs to me to say about it is that I don't think there can be another profession in the world which maintains its hold upon its disciples to such an extraordinary extent. I spent nearly an hour before starting these few lines, trying to avoid being egotistical. I have now given up the idea. One can't write about one's work without being egotistical. These, therefore, are my personal experiences and feelings.

I don't know how to account for the fact that at forty-four years old I sit down to commence a new story with exactly the same thrill as at twenty. The love of games, of sport, of sea and mountains, the call of strange cities, wonderful pictures and unusual people, however dear they may still remain to one, lose something of their first and vital freshness with the passing of the years. Not so the sight of that blank sheet of paper. The untrodden world of romance, the virgin field into which one is about to plunge, never loses its unspeakable and indescribable fascination. Personally, I can't account for it. I don't try. Sometimes it seems to me that it is because all one's life one hopes for one particular idea which never comes. There is always something elusive about the genesis of an idea of any sort. Perhaps it is the inextinguishable hope that on one of those occasions when one sits and waits, there will come the most wonderful idea that has ever dawned upon the brain of a writer of fiction, something of which dim glimmerings have passed through one's brain when one is half awake and half dreaming. Every writer of fiction knows what those will-o'-the-wisps of the mind are. With the morning their light has gone but they do their good work. They keep hope alive.

The moderate amount of success which my stories have attained enables me to write them in the manner I like best. I live in a cottage upon the east coast, with a view of the North Sea from my windows, excellent golf links within a few yards, and plenty of rough shooting within easy distance. I have no system of work, but, generally speaking, half my time is devoted to actual writing, and the other half is divided between exercise and sport, visits to London, and travel. My work itself is accomplished with the help of a secretary. Many a time, earlier in life, when I used to write my stories with my own hand, I have found my ideas come so much faster than my fingers could work that I have prayed for some more speedy method of transmission. Now I usually dictate my stories as they unfold themselves, to my secretary, who takes them down in shorthand. She then transcribes them roughly by means of a typewriter, and from these sheets I dictate the final effort, subject to the inevitable revision. These things, of course, are all a matter of custom, but whereas many of my fellow-writers have told me that they found it impossible to dictate satisfactorily, I myself, from the very first moment, found it by far the most effective method of getting my work on to paper. This is naturally a matter of individual idiosyncrasy.

I have never, I am sorry to say, been a great traveller. I have visited, in a cursory fashion, most European countries, and I have been to

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PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM AND HIS FAMILY

the United States a dozen times, but so far as regards actual influence upon my work, I would be perfectly content to spend the rest of my days in London. It is no gift of mine to impart reality into scenes and events taking place in a country in which I have not lived. Half a dozen thoroughfares and squares in London, a handful of restaurants, the people whom one meets in one single morning, are quite sufficient for the production of more and greater stories than I shall ever write. The real centres of interest to the world seem to me to be the places where human beings are gathered together more closely, because in such places the great struggle for existence, whatever shape it may take, must inevitably develop the whole capacity of man and strip him bare to the looker-on, even to nakedness. My place as a writer, if I might claim one, should be at a corner of the market-place.

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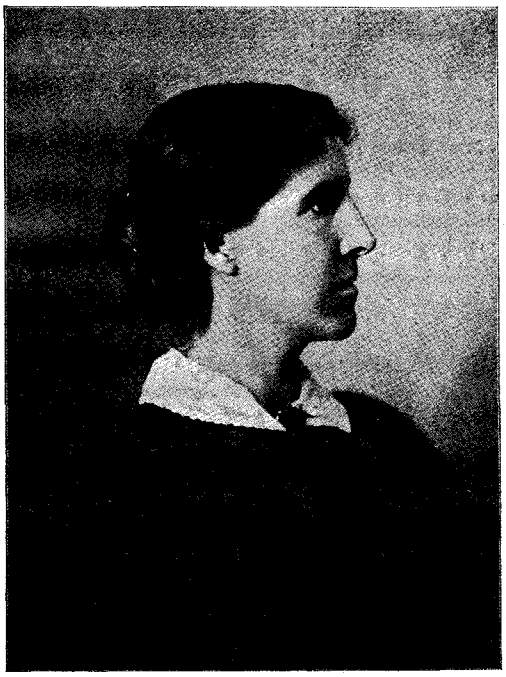

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

To remain and conclude personal, I was married in America nearly twenty years ago—my wife is my companion in all my journeyings and undertakings—and I have one daughter who is just thirteen and spending her first term at boarding-school. Outside my work, the things I enjoy most are my visits to the theatre, my golf and shooting. I am a bad golfer. My handicap is six, but I can't play up to it because I am a theorist. I am an indifferent shot for a good reason—because when I miss I shoot a little too far in front. And I am perfectly certain that I have written an excellent play and could write others, if only I could imbue a responsible manager with the same idea.

I feel as though I have been writting in a young lady's album, and I am glad I've finished.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

Mrs. Gilman Again

We have not been hearing much of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman of recent years, and the news that she is reappearing in the rôle of a novelist recalls some pleasant controversies of old. Her novel is entitled *What Diantha Did.* The scenes of the story are laid in Southern California and the book is described by its publishers as "abounding in colour, atmosphere, and keen characterisation of local types."

"The Play's the Thing"

Of course there is very little prospect of a time coming when the novel, in the matter of general popularity and money-winning capacity, will be displaced by some other form of writing, but looking back over the past few years one can almost say with Hamlet: "The play's the thing."

ANTHONY HOPE'S WIFE: MRS. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS AND HER CHILDREN

Before her marriage to Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, who is known to fame as Anthony Hope, Mrs. Hawkins was Miss Elizabeth Somerville Sheldon, daughter of Charles H. Sheldon, of New York. Her sister, Miss Suzanne Sheldon, is Mrs. Henry Ainley.

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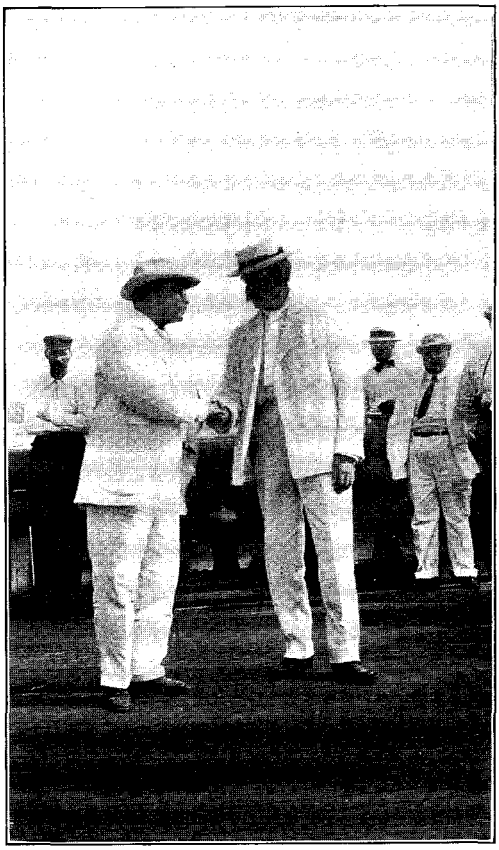
The Archer edition of Ibsen has been, we understand, a pronounced success; the recent published plays of Maurice Maeterlinck are holding their own in the lists with the latest novels of the Indiana school; while Rostand, in book form, has a place with the great sellers of all times. The various translations of *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *L'Aiglon* must have sold into the hundreds of thousands, and the French sales are exceedingly impressive. Following are the official sales of Rostand, up to 1910, as announced by his publisher, Eugène Fasquelle, of Charpentier et Fasquelle, Paris. It may be said, in passing, that (barring Shakespeare) probably no other play has sold as many copies as *Cyrano*.

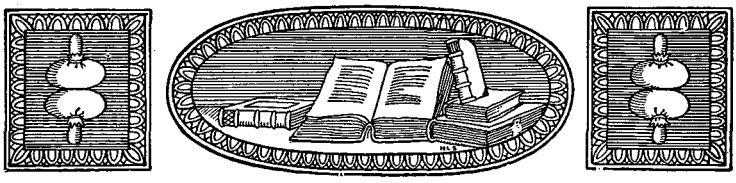
Les Romanesques	43,000
La Princesse Lointaine	41,000
La Samaritaine	42,000
Cyrano de Bergerac	365,000
L'Aiglon	271,000
Chantecler (up to April, 1910)	138,000

Educational "Best Sellers"

Another "best seller" that people in general have ignored is the educational "best seller." For example, some time this month there is to appear a revised and enlarged edition of Brander Matthews's *An Introduction to American Literature*. About the same time a German translation of the work is to be published in Berlin. The book was first issued early in 1896. In the BOOKMAN for February of that year it was reviewed by Theodore Roosevelt, then Police Commissioner of the City of New York, who spoke of it as "a piece of work as good in its kind as any American scholar ever had in his hands." In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* it was reviewed by Théodor Wyzéva. In the fifteen years of its existence approximately two hundred thousand copies have been sold. An article on the subject of the earnings of text-books is to appear in an early issue.



COLONEL ROOSEVELT BIDDING LIEUTENANT PEARY GOOD-BYE



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NO LINES HAVE I

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

No lines have I as fine as those
  That Petrarch wrote to Laura fair.
My Sonnets have no golden glows
  That come alone from genius rare.
Yet when I gaze upon Her eyes
  Who hath become the Heart of me,
I hold for all my own a prize
  That Laura ne'er could hope to be.

No inspiration deep is mine
  As Dante's when he hymned his praise,
And sang the loveliness divine
  Of Beatrice and golden days.
Yet when I look upon Her face
  Who hath become the Soul of me,
For all his everlasting bays
  No Dante would I wish to be!

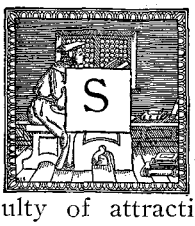
Immortal lines? 'Twere sweet to pen
  Such lines to thrill a future time;
To have them sung and sung again
  Till Heaven echoes to their chime.
Yet when I see that wondrous Love
  That hath become the Life of me,
I seek no laurels from above,
  Nor dream of Immortality.

To pen Immortal Verse—ah, well!
  It is not my appointed part.
Elusive is the Poet's spell,
  Elusive is the Singer's art.
But e'en as Dante wrote, and he
  Who limned fair Laura for the throng,
So hath a gift come down to me
  If not to write to live my song!

THE UNIVERSITY AND AMERICAN HUMOUR

BY BRIAN HOOKER

IN TWO PARTS. PART II



PECIAL inspirations like *The Chronicles of the Elis,* having no immediate connection with the regular college journals, appear every now and then, with a curious faculty of attracting wide attention outside the college world and of involving in their production men who afterward become prominent. *A Bunch of Grapes,* produced at Yale by Gouverneur Morris and R. M. Crosby, is a notable case in point. It is a curious little grey-paper pamphlet, rather suggestive of *The Lark* in general appear-

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GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Mr. Morris when an undergraduate at Yale was one of the authors of "A Bunch of Grapes."

ance, but deriving its decorative idea probably from the same source, the old woodcuts of a hundred years ago. The effect, however, of turning the old-fashioned naïveté of such rhymes and pictures to the depiction of campus subjects is absolutely its own, and is better illustrated than described. It is really another example, and a very subtle one, of the college parody; wherein subject-matter in itself humorous derives additional humour from being cast in an incongruous form; and it has about it, one hardly knows how, a certain flavour of old fellows by the fireside among musty books and church-wardens and pots of ale. A more familiar case is the Cornell *Johnny Book*, which depicts with an engaging heartlessness the misdeeds of Johnny and Mary, with the stoical comments of their elders. The idea of these rhymes developed into a national fad, and for years

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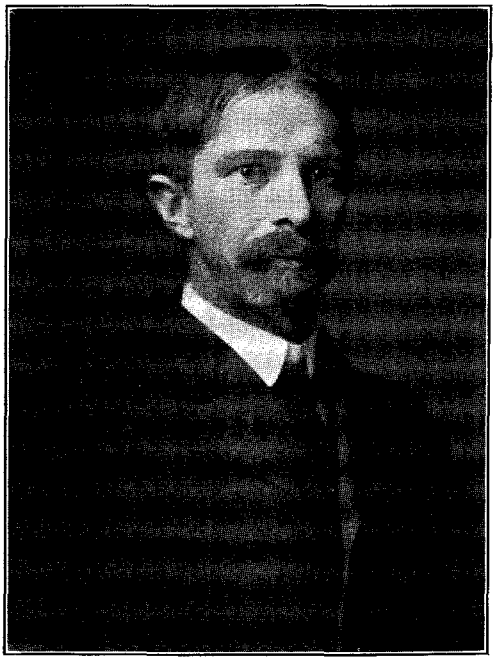
afterward the funny columns were full of wild imitations, many of which every reader will remember. The illustrations of *The Johnny Book* were by Andre Smith, and the author, Willard Dickerman Straight, became consul-general at Mukden, and now represents the Morgan loan syndicate in the far East. Whether the theory of government foreshadowed in the *Johnny Book* has proved especially applicable to problems of Oriental diplomacy and finance is an interesting matter for consideration. Wallace Irwin's immortal *Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum* are also of undergraduate origin; for the first of them, from which the sequence was afterward developed, appeared in the Stanford *Chapparral:*

I sometimes think that I am not so good,
That there are foxier, warmer babes than I,
That Fate has given me the calm go-by,
And my long suit is sawing mother's wood:
Then would I duck from under if I could,
Catch the hog special on the jump, and fly
To some goat island, planned by destiny
For dubs, and has-beens, and that solemn brood.
Yet spite of bug-wheels in my cocoa-tree,
The trade in lager beer is still a-humming—

AN EARLY PICTURE OF WILL AND WALLACE IRWIN

This was taken some time before Wallace Irwin wrote his songs for the Stanford "Chapparral" on his widely known "Graduates by Request."



MC CREADY SYKES, PRINCETON, '94

Mr. Sykes is the author of "The Chronicles of the Elis," which Mr. Hooker called "the best and most characteristic of college parodies."

A schooner may be purchased for a V,
Or even grafted, if you're fierce at bumming,
My finish then less clearly do I see,
For lo! I have another think a-coming.

But the funniest of college fun lies, after all, in the humour of events, and is only feebly shadowed forth on paper: the undergraduate genius for acting absurdities goes far beyond his power with the pencil or the pen; and of this the greater part of such college stories as find their way into print give a very dilute conception. A few tales of school life, like *Stalky & Co.* and Mr. Owen Johnson's delectable Lawrenceville stories, have the vividness of the reality; for which merit they are pronounced exaggerated by the many who have forgotten and the many more who have never known. Who has written of the Criminal Club, of the public propriety agitation, or of the dedication of the Sundial?—to name only a few chance episodes of a single Yale generation. Or of how Carrie Nation came to Yale? But this last, now that the participants are safe beyond faculty juris-

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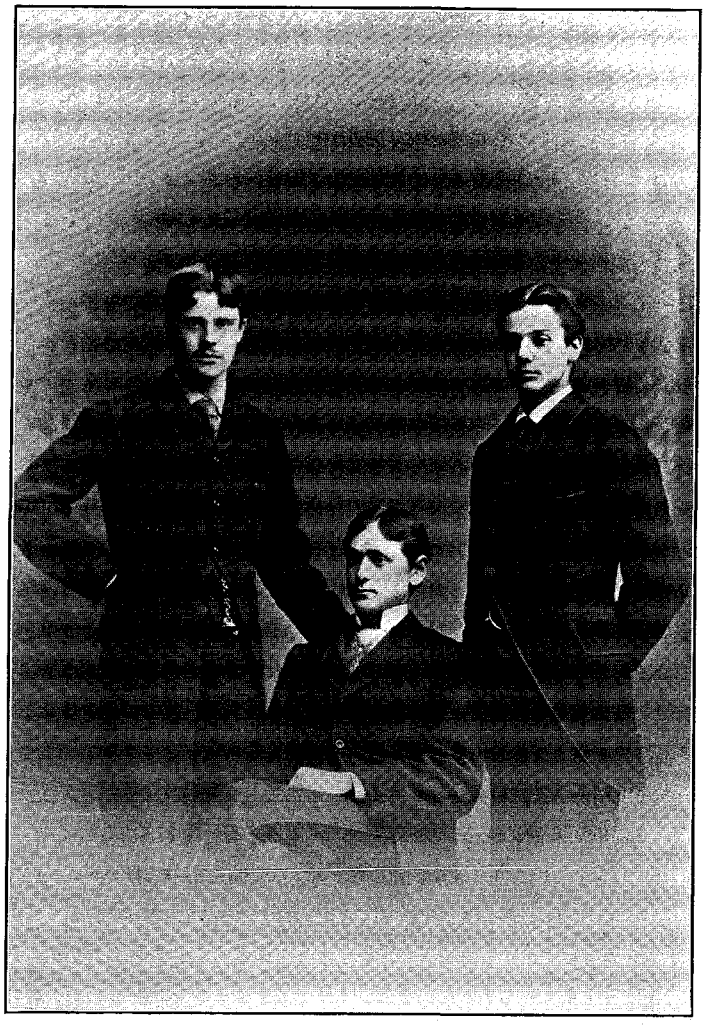

OWEN WISTER (STANDING ON THE LEFT) AS AN UNDERGRADUATE AT HARVARD, THE AUTHOR OF "THE VIRGINIAN," IN HIS EARLY DAYS DELIGHTED IN COMPOSING SUCH PARODIES AS "THE MILDEWED HOTHOUSE"

diction and the Heroine has sought asylum from her labours of reform, may at last guardedly be related. In the days of Mrs. Nation's greatest fame and activity, when bartenders trembled at an unfamiliar step and her hatchet was only less notorious than Washington's, there sprang into being the Yale Temperance Society, a genial aggregation of thirsty souls whose purpose was to make the profession of abstinence a means toward enhancing the joys of conviviality. Absorbed in this project, they wrote various letters to the newspapers, composed appropriate spiritual songs wherewith to serenade the campus while returning from their meetings, and for some time corresponded solemnly with Carrie on the subject of the shame of the universities. But the estimable lady, with that Napoleonic suddenness which marked her strategic movements, descended upon them in person, and appeared most unexpectedly in the room of the president of the society. It is reported that he at first mistook her for another cleanser of the Commonwealth, a certain washlady who held him deeply in her debt; but being at

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length brought to realise that he stood in the actual presence of a celebrity, he rose to the occasion. The rumour spread, shouted from window to opening window, that Mrs. Nation was about to address the university from the steps of Osborn Hall. Thither the multitude proceeded with joyful whoops, to an accompaniment of slamming doors and echoing stairways, gathering as a crowd gathers

HOW CARRIE NATION CAME TO YALE

"The temperance leaders had themselves photographed in a group, surrounding the mollified Carrie, in an attitude of admiration and respect, a large glass of water gracing each outstretched hand; and when that photograph was finished, lo! by some ribald artifice of the operator rich foam appeared upon the glasses, and between the fingers of Carrie Nation herself reeked an undeniable cigarette."

to a fire; and when the lecturer appeared at the head of the steps, a solid mass of fresh young faces sloped down before her to the sidewalk, and stretched unbrokenly across the square, where traffic was suspended by the simple means of pulling off trolleys and taking horses by the head. A double quartette obliged with "Good Morning, Carrie" and the less classical "Here Comes Carrie Nation"; and the address began with a beaming acknowledgment of these tributes. Unfortunately no stenographer was present; and one's memory retains rather the portentous presence of the orator and the general impression that her style combined the qualities of Cicero and Josiah Allen's Wife, than any precise outline of her argument. At every pause the quartette was ready with some appropriate selection, "Show me the Way to Go Home"; "My Comrades, When I'm No More Drinking"; "We're Coming, We're Coming, Our Brave Little Band"; "Give Us a Drink, Bartender"; and sundry more local and ephemeral ditties, the offspring of the hour. The effect of these Dionysiac melodies sung slowly and with a hymn-like intonation by hundreds of men's voices was a thing to remember; and when a wagon from a popular tobacconist drove hastily up and packages of the newest kind of cigarette were tossed broadcast among the multitude, the scene was past all imagining. In the sacred porch, Mrs. Nation, by this time vaguely

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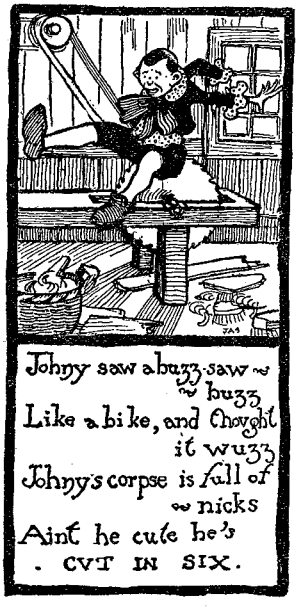

THE "JOHNNY SERIES" FROM "THE CORNELL WIDOW"

The "Johnny Book," which depicts with an engaging heartlessness the misdeeds of Johnny and Mary, was illustrated by André Smith and written by Willard Dickerman Straight, who became Consul General at Mukden and now represents the Morgan loan syndicate in the Far East.

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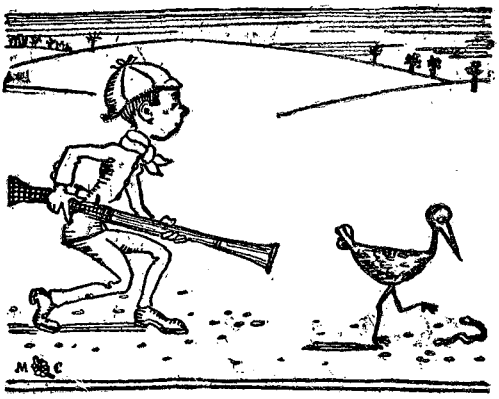
The Sporting Stoodent.

The ſporting ſtoodent ſee him creep
Vpon the vnſuſpecting peep.

As for the worm within the hummick
The peep would like it in his ſtummick.



LAZY Peterſon.

Obſerve the lazy Peterſon
He has an ancient ſweater on
He wears it all the week & Sundy
& does not get it waſhed for Mundy
If I had ½ a dozen dollars
I'd buy this man ſome linen collars

A Song.

To *Cloris*, *Chloe*, *Amaryllis* & *Hamamyllis*.

As gnarléd Pine upon the Shore
Looks forth to the Forevermore
So Miſs Co-ed, long lank ſerene
Looks back to the Long-ſince-has-been.

If all God's Creatures could be fed
The 1ſt I'd feed would be Co-ed.

FROM "A BUNCH OF GRAPES"

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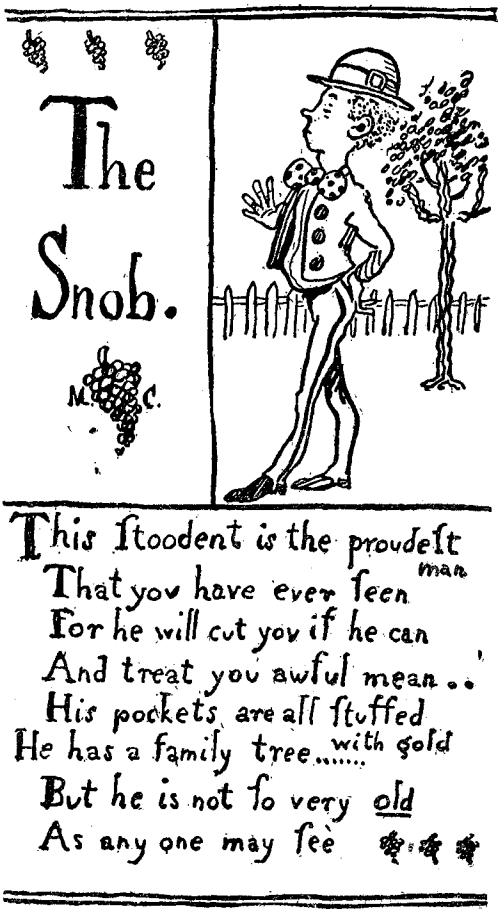

FROM "A BUNCH OF GRAPES"

aware of something grotesque in the manner of her reception, was inveighing with the full power of her excellent lungs against the filthy perils of tobacco; while below her, under a solid pall of smoke that streamed upward like the savour of a sacrifice, a thousand voices chanted gravely in answer:

We don't use tobacco, for here's what we think—
That them as do use it most gen'rally drink.

then, with a wild, slow torture of barber-shop harmonies—

Down with King Al-co-o-HOL!

At this point, as they say in the political reports, the speaker was interrupted by loud cries. For the arrival of sundry persons in authority, both municipal and collegiate, caused the audience to disperse in haste. Mrs. Nation herself was spirited away to an afternoon tea arranged in her honour by the Temperance Society, while deputations visited the leading bacchanalian resorts of the city to warn the proprietors that they might expect their fixtures to be abolished at any moment. As for the temperance leaders, they had themselves photographed in a group, surrounding the mollified Carrie in attitudes of admiration and respect, a large glass of water gracing each outstretched hand; and when that photograph was finished, lo! by some ribald artifice of the operator rich foam appeared upon the glasses, and cigarettes in the hands of the bystanders; and between the uplifted fingers of Mrs. Nation herself reeked a large, fat, and fuming cylinder of the unsavoury weed.

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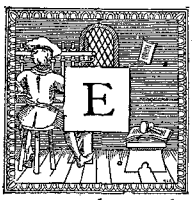
This is only the fragmentary reminiscence of a single one of those burlesque happenings for which the college community forms a natural setting; and almost every graduate remembers half a dozen such tales, none the less farcical in fact for their inevitable loss of humour in the telling. It is no wonder if the campus is in reality what it seems to many of us in retrospect, the most fertile hotbed of the ludicrous that we have ever known. Fun was in the atmosphere and in the riotous youth there herded together under the gossamer pretext of education; the intellects and the energies that should in later years win serious honour for their possessors were there turned with full force upon amusement. But the really critical matter was probably the spirit of those days, eager for laughter and ready to go to the most unreasonable trouble for laughter's sake. For it takes at least two people to make a jest; and the part of that one who receives and appreciates it is by far the greater of the two.

STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

II—Strange Stories of the Patent Office



EVEN a cursory visit to the classical headquarters of the United States Patent Office will convince one that there seems to be no limit to the inventive schemes of Americans, whom the late Senator Daniels of Virginia lauded on the floor of the Senate as being "the most inventive people on the earth." From the cradle to the grave, literally speaking, they have sought patents; for if you seek you may be shown models or drawings of inventions of cradles and nursing bottles and of coffins and tombstones. One genius invented an apparatus which would rock the baby in the cradle, churn butter and launder clothes simultaneously by the mere turning of a crank; and another man executed a metal tombstone warranted to outwear the Sphinx. We are told that he died soon after his patent was allowed, and one of its models marked his resting place in Massachusetts, inscribed thus:

Here lies Wendell, an inventor by trade,
And this, you see, is an invention he made.
'Tis strange to say—though it's most truly said—
He made it while living, and enjoyed it when dead!

During the one hundred and twenty years of the existence of our patent system almost a million inventions have been recorded at the United States Patent Office. There is not nearly enough space in the Patent Office building to house the models and records, and they have overflowed into rented quarters outside, waiting the day when a companion building to the Library of Congress will be erected—a monument to Inventive Genius. As has been pointed out time and again by advocates of a magnificent building for our Patent Office, the bureau is the one branch of our Government which has sustained itself and gives an annual surplus to the Treasury of the United States, "showing the fecundity of our inventive element," as the late Senator Daniels expressed it.

JEFFERSON AS AN INVENTOR

It was another Virginian, Thomas Jefferson, the most versatile President of the United States, who was the first statesman to recognise the importance of our patent business. He was instrumental in the passing of the act founding the Patent Office and granting copy-

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rights. That he was of an inventive turn of mind is well known; and one of the stories of the White House concerns the large stove which he invented, hoping it would dispel the frigid atmosphere of the new mansion, the bleak rooms of which seemed to echo the wails of poor Mistress Abigail Adams, who blessed the inauguration morn which released her and her family from the icy palace. When Jefferson was at work on his stove he spent no little time at Foxall's foundry in Georgetown; and it is told that he often brought his fiddle with him, playing an accompaniment to the music of the forge on which material for his invention was being turned out. It was hinted that he found the foundry a warmer place in which to play than the White House, where numb fingers were the rule. Jefferson's stove, however, failed to accomplish all he hoped for it, and his wine bills grew apace.

THE BRITISH IN WASHINGTON

When the British invaded Washington, August, 1814, a few soldiers were about to train a cannon on the modest building which held the archives of the infant Patent Office, but were deterred by the heroic action of Dr. Thornton, the one clerk in charge, who rushed out, placed his body in front of the cannon, exclaiming "If Goths and Vandals would destroy a building containing models on inventions which might help the whole world, then the ball must first pass through my body!"

Courage admires courage, and the soldiers spared the building. But in the year 1836 a disastrous fire consumed all its models, drawings and records. The majority of these were later reproduced, but another disastrous fire which visited the present building September 24, 1877, destroyed over eighty-seven thousand models, many of which could not be duplicated.

LINCOLN AND GRANT

One of the most interesting models in the Patent Office is Abraham Lincoln's steamboat, characterised as "a triumph of the impossible." It was intended to lift a Mississippi or Ohio River steamboat over shoals by inflating immense bellows under the sides and beneath the water. As scientists as well as common sailors have pointed out, he did not make allowance for the wear and tear of snags, driftwood and other obstructions, which would puncture his bellows in short order.

General Grant loved to tell a patent story on his brother Orville, to the effect that he invented an apparatus to make the milking of cows easier, and, to quote Ulysses, "He tried the patent on the cow that had no respect for patents, and Orville did not look so pretty when he got through, but he knew a blamed sight more!"

Orville Grant has many fellow-workers in cow inventions, some of which sound reasonable but turn out as sadly as his. One man invented a contrivance to keep the cow's tail from switching during milking periods. One clamp holds the cow's switch and the other embraces the leg of the milker. It is guaranteed to keep the animal from switching her tail in the face of the milker, but that it prevents her from using her hoofs and horns on the party who deprives her of the bliss of switching her tail is not guaranteed.

THE SHEET-IRON CAT

Inventive geniuses seem to have a grudge against chickens and cats, as well as cows. Not content with fooling motherly hens with patent nest eggs, inventors have evolved chicken pushers, which, when attached to the claws of garden-roving birds, forcibly push them from the rear; they have patented chicken killers, and picking machines which make the feathers fly from their dead bodies, and last, but not least, they have even provided excellent roasting pans. The cats fare badly—far worse than the chickens, in fact—for it seems to be the sole aim of the inventors to make short shift of felines, and the old adage, "There is more than one way of killing a cat," is fully proven by the hundreds of patent applications that demand cats' lives. Not content with this, one inventor tried to put pussy out of business by inventing a natural-looking papier-maché cat with blazing eyes, which, placed before a rat hole, is bound to strike terror to the boldest rat that ever sneaked abroad. Another genius patented a sheet-

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iron cat, operated by clockwork, with a bellows to produce swelling of the false animal's tail, and at the same time emit a catawaul which will waken the entire neighbourhood. This animal has claws of steel, which are intended to deal knock-out blows to any investigating live feline that may approach its precinct.

FAKE APPLICATIONS

Patent applications which have this humorous turn inspire young attorneys waiting for cases, and others, to make "fake applications" on foolish lines; but they are as careful to elaborate on models, drawings and specifications as if for a *bona fide* application. One of the funniest of these was a specification for an attachable tail for a stump-tailed dog, which set forth the social miseries of the dog which cannot wag a tail, and pleaded that it be provided for according to law.

While ready money has succeeded in getting thousands of senseless inventions through, lack of it has frequently retarded some of the best inventions we have. Again, meritorious inventions seem to have been viewed more coldly by men of opinion worth while than would be expected in this progressive country.

MORSE AND THE TELEGRAPH

Morse was a long time trying to get the United States Congress and other influential men in Washington interested in his telegraph; and he was very low in funds and hope when he met with Amos Kendall, late a member of President Jackson's "Kitchen Cabinet." Kendall was a born philanthropist, though he did not seek to be called one. To his home at Kendall Green—the grounds of which he later donated for the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C.—he invited Morse to make his experiments, while he, Kendall, and others tried to influence the body of Congress to back Morse. Kendall was a business man, and he got out Morse's patents, organised a company, and took charge of the public tests. In the woods of Kendall Green the most trying tests were made before that message was sent from Washington to Baltimore: "What God hath wrought." And as one student at Gallaudet College, Kendall Green, has said whimsically—when relating the story—"Helped by Amos Kendall's push!"

THE STORY OF THE TELEPHONE

The annals of the education of the deaf also contain the history of the telephone. While we hesitate to assume that if it were not for the needs of the deaf, the hearing world might have been deprived of that great space-abbreviator, for it was bound to become a reality in the Era of Inventions—the nineteenth century—we have the testimony of its inventor, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, that it was the logical result of his inherited interest in the welfare of the deaf. His father, Alexander Melville Bell, a Scotchman, by his inventions (organic method of classifying sound and the visible speech symbols) placed the study of phonics on a scientific basis in England, and opened means of communication, other than by signs or writing, between the deaf—and presumably dumb—and the speaking world. He taught his sons his methods; instilled in them the noble ambition to break down the barriers that made social outcasts of the deaf; and, in line with this, encouraged them to invent a talking machine—for such he believed possible. He offered a prize to the lads, but his namesake was the one who came nearest winning it, producing a machine which said "mamma" and "papa" and cried like a protesting infant. That was as far as the idea progressed while the family lived in England; but when they migrated to Canada, and later to New England, young Alexander found stimulating influences in the crisp air of the land and was hopelessly innoculated with the Yankee inventive propensities. He is careful to state that he found the patent system of the United States far more encouraging to inventors than that of conservative Great Britain.

While professor of vocal physiology in the Boston University, he became interested in multiplex telegraphy, and tried to invent means by which several messages could be sent simultaneously on one wire by using the musical scale with signals of different pitch. The sounding instruments were reeds connected by wire.

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While he was experimenting one day one of the reeds accidentally struck the diaphragm at one end of the wire and its vibration was seen at the other end of the wire. That was the first note of the telephone; and young Bell reasoned if that sound could be transmitted, so could others. He quickly rigged up a line from a room at the top of the house to the electrical workshop in the basement and began experiments in transmitting with his assistant, Mr. Watson. Satisfied that he had solved the problem, he at once applied for a patent, though many of his interested friends and acquaintances advised him to stick to his work in multiplex telegraphy and not waste time on a "talking toy." But no sooner was the fame of the telephone established than mushroom claimants sprang up with the old cry, "I saw it first!" One report got into the newspapers that an examiner in the Patent Office stole the idea from the files of prior claimants and sold it to Bell for one hundred dollars; and, to furnish grounds for this statement, a mark was made on the floor of the Patent Office to indicate *where* the clerk stood when Bell handed him a hundred-dollar bill! Throughout all the clamour of previous claimants, on the advice of his lawyer, Bell remained silent, though it may be believed the blood in which inherited talent flowed boiled with indignation.

ROMANCE AND INVENTION

Dr. Bell has often related the part that his sweetheart, Miss Hubbard, who later became his wife, played in the promotion of his invention. Through her father, who was in charge of the Massachusetts exhibit at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, his scientific "toy" was given a place in the Massachusetts building. When Mr. Hubbard proposed exhibiting the instrument young Bell was lukewarm about it, and when a telegram came from Philadelphia informing him that he must appear before the committee in that city and show cause why his exhibit merited a place in the Centennial Exhibition he refused to go, on the ground that he was in the midst of school examinations—which were a certainty—and objected to leave that duty for the uncertainty of a place in the exhibition. Of course his sweetheart and her father felt very badly over his decision, and when Bell went to see the young lady on the train that would take her from Boston to the Centennial City he found that she was using one of woman's most telling weapons against his stubborn will. At sight of her tears he forgot everything—even the fact that he had no baggage—and continued on the road with her to Philadelphia. Her brother "Willie" was also in the plot, for he sent Bell's baggage on by the next train.

THE EMPEROR'S ENDORSEMENT

The committee reached the telephone at the end of a brain-fagging day. They were apathetic concerning its worth and about to reject its claim for position, when Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, was announced. He advanced to greet Bell cordially, for he had visited Bell's school in Boston, and now he requested that the youthful scientist demonstrate the telephone. Giving the Emperor one end of the line, and taking the other, Bell started to repeat fervently Hamlet's soliloquy:

"To be, or not to be—that's the question!"

And the answer to this particular question was "To be!" The Emperor was so enthusiastic that sparks from his fire lit the tired brains of the committee, which immediately decided that this great invention, endorsed by the Emperor of Brazil, should make its formal appearance at the United States Centennial Exhibition.

Bell was very grateful for this honour, and paid tribute to the land of his adoption by making his first public experiments at the national capital, erecting special lines which connected the Capitol with other public buildings; and, still loyal to the deaf, installed a station at Kendall Green.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE MOTOR

Last autumn, members of our foremost electrical society gathered at the mountain hamlet of Forestdale, near Brandon, Vermont, to honour the site of the old blacksmith shop where Thomas Davenport, inventor of the first successful electric motor, worked, dreamed and con-

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ducted his experiments in electricity, while at the same time he was fighting the wolves of want. It is chronicled that his young wife's silk wedding gown supplied insulating material for his first motor, and yet experts state that if his patents were in force and he alive to-day he would be in receipt of royalties which would make him wealthier than any steel or oil king of this era. In the same blacksmith shop which was the birthplace of his motor he constructed a miniature electric road, almost an exact model of those in use to-day, though at that time his own State did not even have a steam road. He left his native village to lecture, exhibit and do other things to raise funds to promote his inventions, for he did not have money enough even to secure patents, though he swerved a little from his inventive work to establish the first electrical technical journal printed by electricity. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, leaving not a dollar to his credit, but to inventors and the world at large works which link his name with Faraday and Henry.

No doubt thousands of splendid inventions are lying dormant for lack of funds to perfect, patent, or promote them. But the way of the inventor is not so hard to-day as it was in the day of Davenport. The art of advertising has brought inventor and capitalist together, and many of the great trusts employ hundreds of inventors to devise inventions for their use. The Patent Office records show that the United States Steel Company, the Harvester Trust, the Automobile Trust, and the General Electric, Edison, Westinghouse and Bulloch electric companies, respectively, are leaders in promoting new inventions for use in their works.

THE CASE OF GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES

Now, strange as it may seem, the United States Government has discouraged, not encouraged, inventions by its employees. And when Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labour, Oscar S. Straus, reporting to Congress, May 5, 1908, the result of his investigation of patents granted to officers and employees of the Government upon articles used by the Government, states that the varied opinions held throughout the Government service regarding the ownership of patents by Government employees, especially as regards its ethical side, has had the unfortunate effect of discouraging inventive genius in the service; and that the Government has suffered in this respect, compared to private concerns, who offer every stimulus to improvements in methods and machinery.

There is no general status on this subject, excepting in the case of employees of the Patent Office, who are unable to acquire, directly or indirectly, except by inheritance or bequest, any right or interest in any patent issued by the United States Patent Office during the period of their employment therein. The fact that the Patent Office employees are forbidden to benefit by their ideas has caused many to resign from the service and go into private concerns, where they have a chance to market their genius. Some are not so fortunate as to be able to resign, and if they are honest men, who will not sell their brain children, said children have a slim chance to appear before the world.

THE SUPPRESSED GENIUS

There is to-day in the Patent Office a plodding genius who has ideas that he thinks would revolutionise labour if he had but the capital on which to resign from his post as special examiner and devote his time to perfecting his inventions. Over a decade ago—when still in the twenties—he had a young girl friend, as ambitious as he, though in different lines. On one of their woodland walks he confided to her that he had at last solved the problem of "perpetual motion," for which many had sought in vain, and that he might some day make his fortune from it. But at present it must rest, as he could not secure a patent when on the United States Patent Office force. She urged him to resign and take his chances with the world, as most geniuses have. He reminded her that his widowed mother depended on him for support. She was silent, and looking down into her face he saw her eyes were fixed on a withered leaf which was being twirled around and around by a truant breeze, which seemed only to strike that particular leaf.

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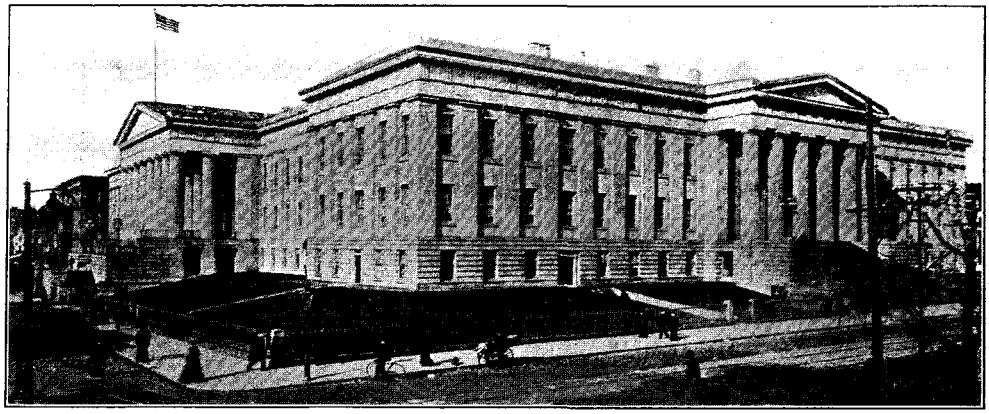

THE UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE

"Almost an example of perpetual motion," he said, striving to make light of his own pet invention.

"It will be as much use to the world as yours, buried in that limbo of genius —the United States Patent Office!" she cried. And she was right. He and his inventions are buried in the very building from which are issued patents averaging a thousand a week.

ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS

There are numerous examples of officers of the Army and Navy inventing machinery and devices which are used by the service without any compensation from the Government. Generally speaking, they are guided by the code of honour that as they were educated at the expense of the Government and enlisted in its service it has the right to the use of their inventions without payment of royalty or other money. There have been many who have not considered themselves so bound, and have claimed compensation for use of their inventions. It was stated on the floor of the House of Representatives, when the fortification appropriation bill was under discussion a few years ago, that many officers "retired under very questionable conditions and have gone into foreign lands peddling out their patents for improved army and navy machinery." While such action on their part was not treasonable legally it was regarded as dishonourable by many, and furnished additional reasons why the United States Government should encourage the genius which lies buried in its service.

Just now the Signal Corps is being swamped with plans of flying-machine inventors, hundreds of which try to copy the birds, and many of them live like birds of the air—to judge by the soiled, brown paper and rude drawings which they send, along with statements that they lack funds for perfecting their inventions, and ask the aid of Uncle Sam. Perhaps the day will arrive when the Government may have a court to pass on the most worthy patent applications and advance money for their promotion—for the honour and glory of this inventive country—but until then many inventions will be doomed to rust or rot unseen in attics, barns, shops and cupboards, while countless others will not have the courage to leave the brains which conceive them.

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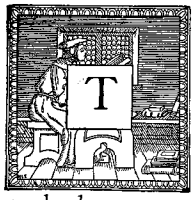
PLAYS, HOME-MADE AND IMPORTED

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



HE attitude of the American audience toward foreign plays has undergone, in recent years, a noticeable change. Only a decade ago, the native American drama still ranked among those "infant industries" which (politicians tell us) need "protection" against the competition of foreign products. At that time a fairly good American play was far less likely to succeed upon our stage than a French or German play which had already been successful in Paris or Berlin. The American audience distrusted the American product, and felt an assurance in the label, "Made in France." But whatever shortcomings our native playwrights have still to overcome as artists, they have at least succeeded, in the last ten years, in awakening the American audience to a decided preference for home-made plays. Nowadays a French or German drama of the first importance is less likely to succeed upon our stage than a comparatively unimportant native product that touches some chord of American life that awakens in our audience the pleased and flattering sense of recognition. This alteration in the attitude of the public must be accounted both a gain and a loss for the cause of the dramatic art among us. On the one hand, it is very fortunate that home-production should be encouraged in our theatre and our growing group of native playwrights favoured by the patronage of the public. But, on the other hand, it would be emphatically unfortunate if the pendulum should swing too far in favour of the home-made play and thus endanger the subsistence of that world-welcoming aspect which has always been a notable advantage of our stage. Hitherto it has been our boast that we have set forth the best dramatic products of other nations side by side with our own; our stage has always been more cosmopolitan than that of London or of Paris; and we have been able to send our young authors to the school of the best European masters without any necessity for sending them to Europe. Our native playwrights are not yet sufficiently mature as artists to dispense with the instruction to be gained by example from the masters of a dramaturgy older than our own. A too easy and too early business triumph of the home-made over the imported product would really be a disadvantage to our native art; and it is therefore, on all accounts, to be regretted that our public, by the withdrawal of its patronage, should discourage the importation of good plays by accredited European dramatists. We need to learn what France and Germany are doing in the drama, as well as to enjoy what we are doing ourselves. But the many-headed public is by no means many-minded; it seems incapable of enjoying at the same time two things which, though equally enjoyable, are distinctly different; it veers its vision to the right or to the left, and cannot look about in both directions.

At the present time there are only two types of foreign drama that are reasonably certain of success upon our stage. The first is the comparatively unimportant play of plot, of which the incidents will fit the life of any nation and which may therefore be adapted and rewritten as an American play. To this class belong the many French and German farces which the late Clyde Fitch, for example, used to make over into pieces fully as local to America as his own original compositions. The second type is the important play so universal in its aspect that, in a literal translation, it will belong as naturally to any other nation as to the author's own. This class is made up mainly of romantic and poetic plays, like *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *The Blue Bird*—to instance two examples whose only point of similarity is that both are poetic and romantic. But at present it seems hazardous to import that type of drama to which most of the eminent European dramatists are devoting their attention,—namely, a study of actual life so indigenous to the author's own nation that it cannot be adapted

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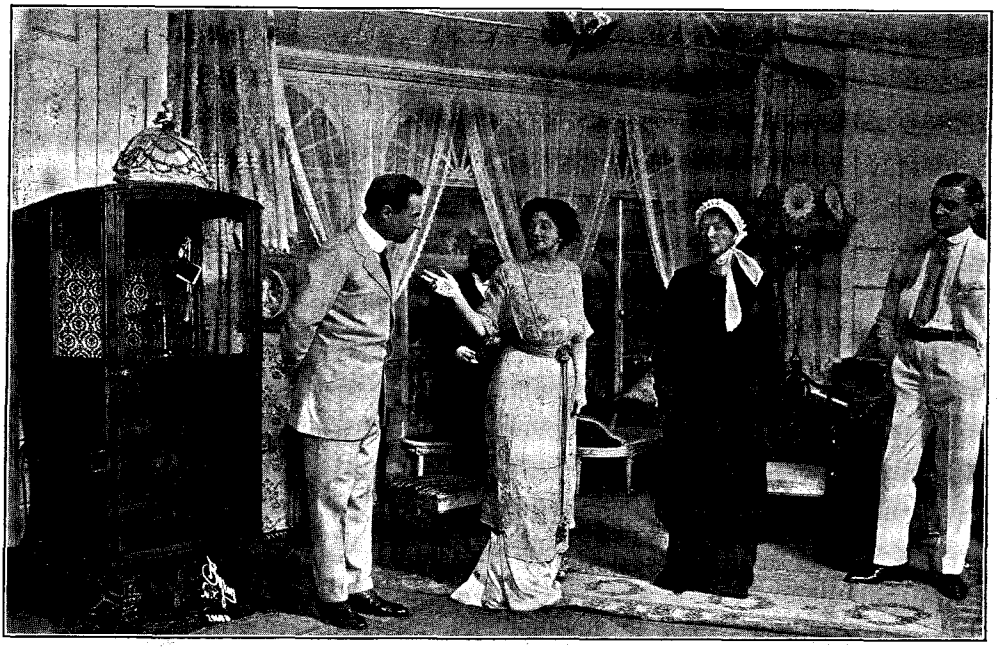
and rewritten as a representation of American life, and so local in its implications that, if it be presented in a literal translation, our audience will fail to perceive within it the element of universal human truth. To this class belong, unfortunately for us, the plays of such masters as M. Eugène Brieux, who, in French eyes, is greater as a dramatist than either M. Rostand or M. Maeterlinck.

It must, however, be noted as a peculiar and very fortunate fact that our audience does not regard British plays as foreign. American plays seem exceedingly foreign to the occupants of the half-guinea stalls in London—more foreign than French or German plays. But the familiarity of the American public with British life is no less remarkable than the ignorance of American life that is displayed by the British public. We have been so long accustomed to seeing on our own stage the best contemporary British plays that we accept them, as we accept the language itself, as a common heritage of the English-speaking peoples. Such masterpieces of the contemporary English drama as *The Thunderbolt, Mid-Channel,* and Mr. Rudolf Besier's *Don,* have received more appreciation in America than they received in England. It is fortunate for us that the attitude of our public toward the British drama is that of "free trade," even though the British public does not receive our own drama with the attitude of "reciprocity." It is only toward the realistic Continental drama that our public seems for a time to have adopted the attitude of "protection,"—to the possible artistic disadvantage, as well as to the immediate commercial advantage, of the home-made product.



"NOBODY'S WIDOW."—ACT I

"She appears in widow's weeds at a house-party at Palm Beach. After she has told the tale of her bereavement, she is introduced to the other guests.—Among them is the Duke of Moreland"

HOME-MADE PLAYS

"Nobody's Widow"

Among the American plays of the winter season, there is one that must be singled out for special commendation—a farcical romance by Mr. Avery Hopwood, entitled *Nobody's Widow.* The theme of this play is exceedingly slight; but it is developed with remarkable theatrical dexterity and with a rare and vivid sense of

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life. A spirited American girl—Roxana Clayton by name—while travelling in France, meets and marries a charming young Englishman, who, though he has wooed her under a plebeian name, turns out to be the Duke of Moreland. An hour after the wedding ceremony Roxana discovers the Duke in the act of taking a harmless but affectionate farewell from a former flame of his. In a sudden pique of jealousy and pride, Roxana runs away; and for a long time her discarded husband can discover no trace of her. Roxana shies away from writing the actual facts to those friends at home to whom she has already poured out her love and admiration for the Englishman; and she therefore says in all her letters that her husband has suddenly died. Some months later she appears in widow's weeds at a house-party at her friend, Betty Jackson's, villa at Palm Beach. After she has told the tale of her bereavement, she is introduced to Betty's other guests. Among them is the Duke of Moreland. The latter, having gotten track of Roxana's movements, has contrived to get himself invited; and of course no one has identified the Duke with the Englishman of ordinary name whom, in her letters, Roxana has loved and wedded and buried and lamented. When Roxana and the Duke are left alone, she tells him that he is dead for

MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE AS SHERLOCK HOLMES

Mr. Gillette is about to retire from the stage. His career as a playwright is reviewed in the present article

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her and must stay dead, and he announces his intention of giving her such a rush that within a week she will fall in love with him all over again and admit him as her husband. Pride and inclination, jealousy and love, resolution and desire, tug against each other in the amiable conflict of the succeeding days. Many times, in different moods, the couple win and lose each other. Once, when Roxana is about to yield, she receives a cablegram announcing that a suit for divorce which she had instituted in France has been decided in her favour. Subsequently, the Duke drags her off in the middle of the night to a justice of the peace whom he has prepared for such an untimely visitation and marries her a second time. Even then new complications arise to make Roxana resolve to run away once more; but love triumphs in the end, and, as the curtain falls, the conflict closes with supreme surrender.

This summary of the story does scanty justice to Mr. Hopwood's play; for the merit of the piece inheres in the innumerable humorous and human touches with which the story is developed in detail. In essence and in plan the play is a farce, because it presents its people in a series of scarcely possible situations which have been fabricated artificially to produce a ludicrous effect. But Mr. Hopwood has imagined his people with such sincerity that he has made them real,—so real that at times they appear to assume dominion over the situations and thereby lift the piece from farce to comedy. And the comedy, furthermore, is heightened by an undercurrent of serious emotion which threatens evermore to well up and overwhelm the play with a flood of passion that will dash it into drama. The play derives its special quality from the unusual, and nearly unique, commingling of these three appeals—the titillation of farce, the human humour of comedy, and the gathering and growing threat of serious drama.

To be sure, the piece is not devoid of technical defects. In the first act three characters are introduced who contribute nothing to the story—a German baron, a Portuguese countess, and an American girl. They serve no purpose in the plot, and do not even add to the atmosphere, or background, of the action. They wander on and off the stage without a reason; and by the time the last act is reached, the audience has already forgotten their existence. Occasionally the story repeats itself, and there are certain redundancies in the dialogue. But on the whole the play is admirable alike for its emotion and for its humour. Though the plot is artificial, the characters are real. The merit of the dialogue is dramatic, rather than verbal: the fun arises less frequently from a formula of words than from effects of situation and of character. There is about the whole work, playful though it be, a certain richness of tone which augurs well for the future of the author. This note is struck most clearly at the close of the play. The unique and indescribable final curtain-fall employs the sanctity of silence to convey, with a profound poetic delicacy, what could not be conveyed without immodesty in any words except Rossetti's own.

The Plays of William Gillette

Mr. William Gillette's farewell representation of a series of his old successes concludes an interesting chapter in the history of the American stage. The first impression gathered from seeing his plays again is an impression of agreeable surprise at their vitality. *The Private Secretary* and *Too Much Johnson* are nearly as amusing as ever; and *Secret Service* and *Sherlock Holmes* still thrill us as of old. The lesson to be learned from this experience is that exceptionally good workmanship in any type of art can survive a change of fashion to another type. For the second, and more critical, impression that is gathered from re-examining Mr. Gillette's earlier pieces is an impression that, although the fact somehow does not matter, they are exceedingly old-fashioned in their method. We are shown, in a striking object-lesson, how fast and how far the technique of the drama has progressed during the period of Mr. Gillette's career. The dialogue of his early farces is sprinkled with constructive soliloquies and asides; the entrances and exits are not always clearly motivated; and the structure displays that artificial sym-

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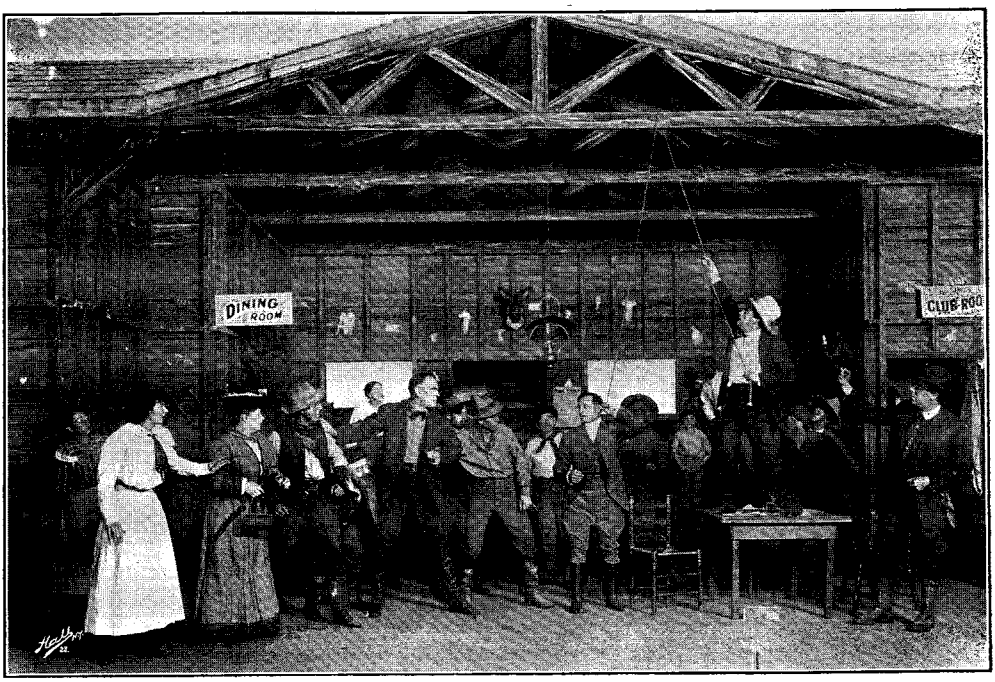
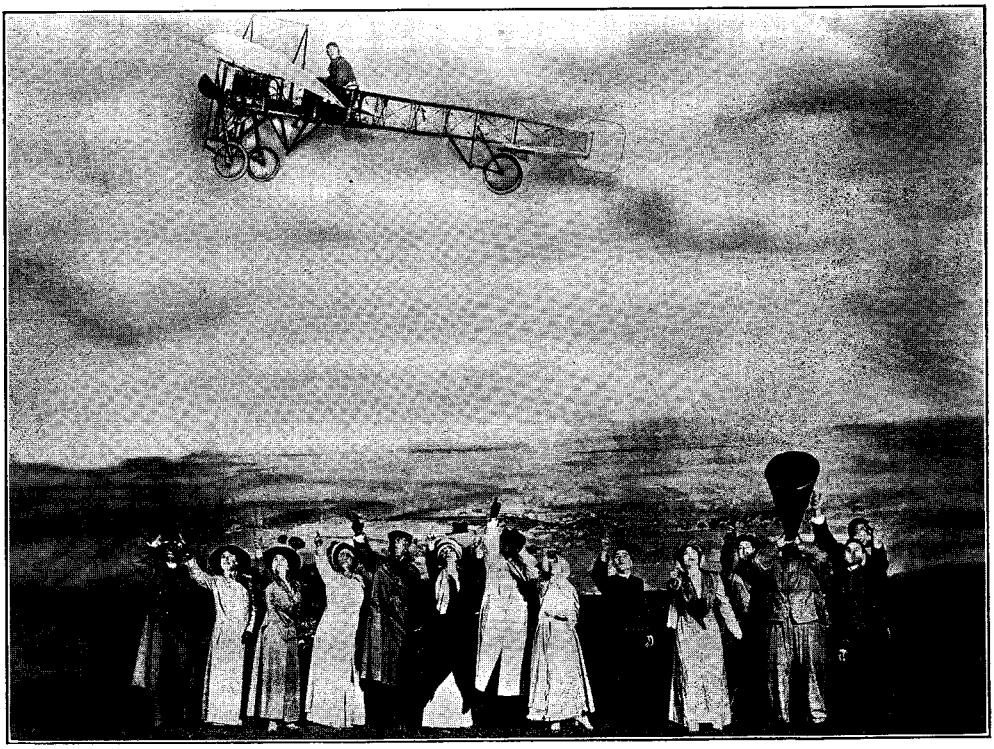


"I'LL BE HANGED IF I DO."—ACT II

"His father sends him to the conventional Far West of the theatre, where he enjoys a hairbreadth escape from being hanged"



"THE AVIATOR."—ACT III

"He tremulously trusts himself to the air, and escapes with his life and the good-will of the summer-boarders"

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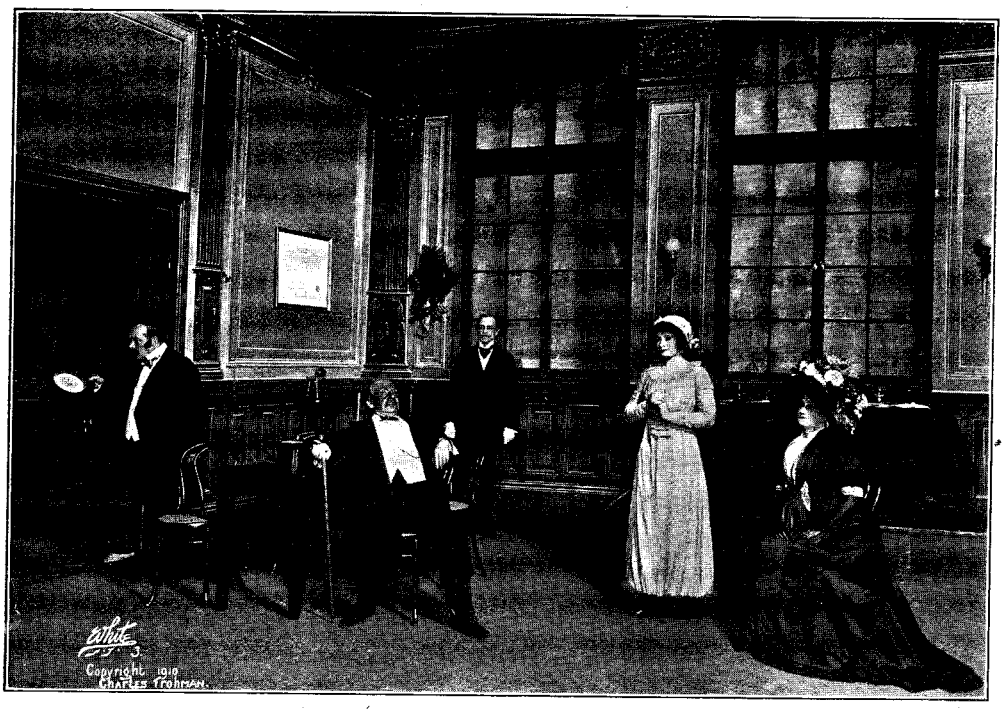

"SUZANNE."—ACT III

"'Suzanne' is a comedy of character. It contains some delicious depiction of the humours of middle-class life in Brussels"

"THE IMPOSTOR."—ACT I

"Charlie Owen's relatives at once invite his supposed sister-in-law to spend the night with them, and she is driven to accept the invitation as the easiest way out of the difficulty"

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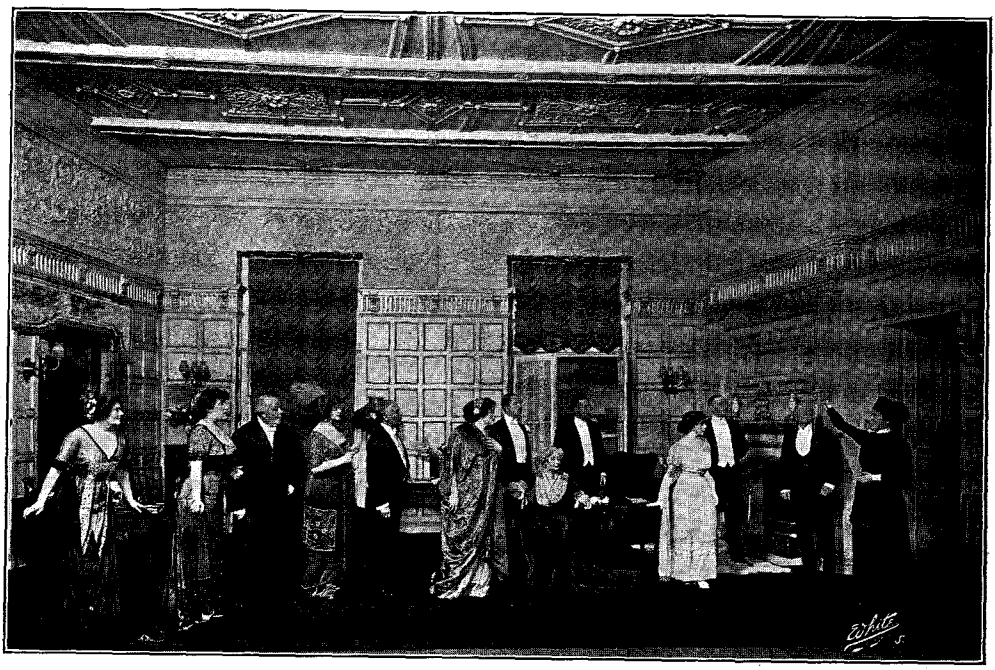

"WE CAN'T BE AS BAD AS ALL THAT."—ACT II

"There is the element of the stolen necklace and the substituted jewels . . . and there is the element of social satire"

"POMANDER WALK"

"The set consists of five little red-brick Queen Anne houses arrayed in a crescent beside the loitering Thames. . . . All the little houses of the walk are inhabited by delectable people wearing the picturesque costumes of 1805"

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metry, that careful and obvious balance of part against part and scene against scene which we have learned to obscure in our more modern farces. Even *Secret Service,* which is in many ways the freshest of his early plays, now seems overweighted with comic relief. There is too obvious an artifice in the regular alternation of laughs and thrills, and the interjected passages of comedy obstruct the onrush of the action. Certain defects in the plot are now apparent which escaped our notice when the play was first produced. Why, for instance, when the heroine goes upstairs in the first act to get an all-important paper which she wishes eagerly to give at once into the hands of the hero, should she afterward carry it about with her for two whole acts, and produce it only at the climax of the third act, when it will serve the author as a *deux ex machina* to save the situation? But such cavillings as these merely indicate how strict we have become in our conceptions of technic within very recent years; and the point to be remembered is that no other American author contributed more than Mr. Gillette himself to further that transformation in our ideals of dramaturgic art which causes us to look back upon his early pieces as examples of a method now outgrown. In each of his successive plays Mr. Gillette appeared, for the passing moment, as an innovator; and each of his innovations was, like all reforms that are really progressive, a return to nature. He substituted nervous and staccato conversation for the rotund, rhetorical dialogue of his earlier contemporaries. He was one of the first of our playwrights to realise that effects may be produced more emphatically in the modern theatre by visual than by literary means. The second curtain-fall of *Secret Service,* the entire scene in the telegraph office, and the business of the guns in the last act, were for their time extraordinary—and remain to this day masterly—instances of story-telling addressed directly to the eye. No more novel and effective mechanical device has ever been introduced in our theatre than the crescendo and diminuendo of light which ushers each act of *Sherlock Holmes* on and off the stage.

In his triple capacity, as author, actor, and stage-director, Mr. Gillette has at all times exhibited consummate craftsmanship and thereby rendered signal service to the American stage. He has devised and presented with satisfying art a series of plays sufficiently vital to survive a change of fashion which he himself did as much as any other of our playwrights to effect. But now, at the close of his career, it is necessary that we should ask ourselves whether his plays constitute a really important contribution to our dramatic literature. They are all plays of plot and situation, rather than plays of theme and character. He has written farces instead of comedies, melodramas instead of dramas. He has displayed a mastery of the theatre of his day; but he has made no attempt at a mastery of life. He has been exceeding skilful in making parts for actors; but he can scarcely be said to have created a single human being who lives outside the play in which he figures, since Sherlock Holmes—as a person—was imagined by another man. His plays, since he wrote them to be acted by himself, are variations of but a single theme, which was conditioned by the narrowness of his special equipment as an actor: they all present a man of extraordinary calmness in a series of situations that would fling an ordinary person into flurries. The phlegm of the Reverend Robert Spaulding, the easy impudence of Augustus Billings, the self-command of Lewis Dumont, the quiet mastery of Sherlock Holmes, carry these heroes through a plot in which everybody else is kept at a high pitch of excitement. But this is Mr. Gillette's only theme as a teller of tales; and he has never even attempted to write a play which should offer a serious criticism of life. This is stated not in derogation of Mr. Gillette's accomplishment, which is entirely admirable within its narrow limits, but merely to define the nature of his work. It will be seen that, when the history of the American drama comes to be written, Mr. Gillette will have to be ranked as a less important dramatist than his earlier contemporary, Bronson Howard, who applied a no less remarkable dramaturgic skill to the serious task of representing many aspects of the society of his time.

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Mr. William Collier's new offering is a farce, written by himself in collaboration with Mr. Edgar Selwyn, bearing the ominous title, *I'll Be Hanged If I Do.* Like all the Collier plays, it precludes summary and prevents criticism. The hero, as usual, is a young man of amazing quietude and amusing impudence. In the first act, after a bibulous night, he awakens befuddled at noon and is informed that he has slept through the hour appointed for his wedding. The audience subsequently learns that he has overslept himself on purpose, by agreement with his fiancée, because the marriage, which is a marriage of convenience, is repugnant to them both. His father sends him to the conventional Far West of the theatre, where he enjoys a hair'sbreadth escape from being hanged, makes a fortune in mining, and falls in love with a simple girl, whom he ultimately marries. The dialogue glistens with witty lines, and the farce is admirable foolery.

"I'll Be Hanged If I Do"

The Aviator, a farce by Mr. James Montgomery, employs the familiar formula of flinging the hero into a perilous adventure, for which he is not at all equipped, but which he has to carry out to the end, because most of the other characters, including the girl he loves, believe him capable of accomplishing it with ease. Robert Street has never ascended in an aeroplane; but he has written a popular novel about aviation. His publishers advertise him as an intrepid aviator and thereby make him a hero in the eyes of all the girls at the summer hotel where he is staying. A genuine aviator challenges him to a race in the air and lends him a Blériot for the purpose. Unable to extricate himself from this entanglement of circumstances, the hero has to make good. He tremulously trusts himself to the air, and escapes with his life and the good will of the summer-boarders. The piece is clever in detail and affords considerable amusement.

"The Aviator"

But *The Nest Egg,* by Anne Caldwell, is more genuine and more pleasing than either of the farces we have just considered. Hetty Gandy, a thwarted old maid with a hankering for romance, writes upon an egg, before she sends it to the market, a sentimental quatrain, signed with her name and address and the date of the lyrical effusion. Three years later she receives a telegram from a man who has purchased the egg, stating that he is coming for her at once. All her friends and neighbours help her to prepare for the wedding ceremony. But when the man arrives, it transpires that he has come to secure Hetty not as a bride but as a witness in a pure-food suit that he has instituted against the man who sold him an egg that was three years old. Subsequently, however, he marries Hetty.

"The Nest Egg"

The theme of the old maid who mistakes a man's intentions and prepares for a wedding that is not to be, and then subsequently wins the man she has set her heart upon, is, of course, familiar in the theatre. It was used in *The Elder Miss Blossom,* which was acted by the Kendals, and has been employed more than once in the novels and the plays of Mr. Barrie. In the sub-plot of *The Nest Egg,* curiously enough, Hetty plays unwittingly the part of Puck in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* and effects a temporary shift of lovers. But the author handles her theatrical material in a fresh and buoyant spirit. Hetty Gandy is a real character; and the minor figures in the story are imagined with sufficient clearness to lift the farce almost to the plane of comedy. The author displays a simple-minded delight in homely, ordinary traits of character. The conduct of the plot is easy, natural, and unaffected; and the dialogue is genuinely humorous.

IMPORTED PLAYS

It is not often that we are granted an opportunity in the theatres of New York for comparing the methods of two of the admitted poets of the world in handling similar materials; yet this opportunity has recently been afforded by the first production upon any stage of the *Mary Magdalene* of Maurice Maeterlinck and the first pro-

"Mary Magdalene" and "La Samaritaine"

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duction in America of *La Samaritaine* of Edmond Rostand. Each of these important pieces exhibits the conversion of an erring woman by the ministrations of the Messiah; but while the first may be described as a poetic drama, the second may more properly be described as a dramatic poem.

Before considering either of these pieces as a play, we must take cognisance of a peculiarly difficult technical problem which confronts an author of this present age of ours who attempts to transfer any scenes from the New Testament to the stage. At the very outset of his work, he encounters a dilemma that is almost certain to defeat him. He must choose between a supernatural and a natural view of his narrative materials: he must exhibit Jesus either as a god or as a man. If he determines to follow the former course, he necessarily defeats himself as a dramatic artist. The drama demands, as the very essence of its art, an absolute freedom of will on the part of all the participants in an action; and its purpose is defeated by any predestination of the action that is not inherent in the characters themselves. Any narrative that is conceived in the spirit of religious legend is predestined from its outset by a force external and superior to the characters, and the individual human wills involved in the action cannot cope on equal terms with the divine will that confronts them. To state the technical difficulty in a single phase—the supernatural is not dramatic. In order to achieve a genuine drama the author must imagine his materials as natural and human. But if he determines to follow this course, he will, in all probability, alienate the sympathy of his audience. At the present time our public is still traditionally Christian. It will hardly allow an author to achieve even a great work of dramatic art by presenting Jesus merely as a man. And since, in any age, the dramatist is forced to accept the collaboration of his audience, he is, in this present age, obliged to follow what is, technically, the undramatic course whenever he takes his materials from the Christian gospels.

In determining to exhibit Jesus in the spirit of religious legend, M. Rostand, with a fine sense of the limitations thus imposed upon him as a dramatist, decided to forego any attempt to be dramatic. In the technical sense, *La Samaritaine** is not a play: it is conceived and executed as a lyric poem in dialogue. The poem is ushered on the stage by a solemn and mystical induction, in which the shades of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are summoned from the silence of eternity by a common sense of some miracle about to be. The supernatural and lyric treatment of the ensuing story is established æsthetically by this initial chorus. In the first act, Photine, the woman of Samaria, meets Jesus in solitude by the well of Jacob and is by Him awakened to religious ecstasy; in the second act, Photine harangues her fellow-townspeople in the market-place and lures them to discard their workaday concerns in order to seek the kingdom of heaven; and in the third act, she leads the multitude to the well of Jacob, to listen to the teachings of the Saviour. The piece is very beautifully written. As a poem, it is the loftiest of all its author's compositions. In his other works, M. Rostand seems less a major poet than a minor poet raised to the *n*th power; but here, for once, he has subordinated fancy to imagination. The multifarious minor figures are drawn with his usual deftness of detail; but the serenity of Jesus and the ecstasy of Photine are conveyed with a profundity and breadth of poetry which he has not achieved elsewhere in his verse. *La Samaritaine* is an enduring work of literary art; and by renouncing any attempt to make the piece dramatic, M. Rostand avoided the defeat which his subject would otherwise have imposed upon him as a playwright.

But, on the other hand, M. Maeterlinck, having determined also to accept the supernatural, defeated himself as an artist by attempting the impossible task of making his piece dramatic. The divine figure of Jesus controls the entire

*La Samaritaine. Évangile en Trois Tableaux, en Vers. Par Edmond Rostand. Paris: Librairie Charpentier et Fasquelle.

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action of *Mary Magdalene;** but He is kept resolutely off the stage, and portrayed merely by His personal effect upon the figures in the foreground. The conversion of Mary Magdalene is not shown; it is merely presupposed. In fact, for two acts the audience is robbed of its desired participation in all of the essential scenes of the story, and is merely told about them in the dialogue upon the stage. This method, which is highly honoured in the tragic drama of Racine, has, of course, its merits; but in the present instance its employment is attended with an uncomfortable sense that the author is merely dodging a difficulty. In the last act he sets, at last, his essential scene upon the stage. Jesus, after His arrest, is delivered into the custody of the Roman officer, Lucius Verus. Verus is a lover of the Magdalene; but though she loves him still, she has turned cold to him since her conversion. She pleads with Verus to let the Nazarene escape; and Verus demands, as the price of the liberty of Jesus, that Mary shall first surrender herself to his desire. This price her regeneration forbids her to pay; and in order to keep alive within her soul the spirit of her Saviour, she allows Him to be led to death. This scene exhibits a bold attempt at the dramatic; but its essence is suspense, and the suspense is discounted from the outset by the fact that the conclusion of the scene is predetermined. As a work of literature, *Mary Magdalene* has many merits. The character of the Epicurean philosopher, Annœus Silanus, for example, is one of M. Maeterlinck's finest studies of an individual mind, and deserves to be ranked with the aged Renaissance philosopher in *Monna Vanna.* But as a play, the work is undeniably a failure. M. Maeterlinck dashed himself against the obstacle which M. Rostand avoided. Instead of contenting himself with a poetical and reverential narrative he attempted to make a play; and the attempt was unsuccessful, because the material could not endure that indirect method of presentation which was imposed upon the author by the delicacy of his task. Only in its final scene—which fails because it is divinely predestined—is *Mary Magdalene* more dramatic than *La Samaritaine,* which was not intended as a drama; so, that, whereas M. Rostand's work conveys a satisfying sense of the complete achievement of the author's purpose, M. Maeterlinck's work conveys a sense of effort misdirected and defeated.

*Mary Magdalene. A Play in Three Acts. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

"The Foolish Virgin"

The Foolish Virgin is the second play by the eminent French dramatist, M. Henry Bataille, that has failed lamentably in New York during the course of the present season. M. Bataille's special merit is a gift for searching psychological analysis of peculiar people involved in a peculiar personal and social complication. Though his subject is always an emotional entanglement, his treatment of it is invariably intellectual. He exhibits his characters as specimens in a laboratory of life, and forces his audience to study intellectually their exceptional and somewhat morbid emotions. But in doing this he does not by any means submerge the dramatist in the professor of psychology. His plays are tense, concise, and firmly built; he frequently discovers a new thrill of suspense and surprise to culminate at a curtain-fall; and he has a rare gift for delineating his characters individually by exhibiting the entire antecedent story as it appears from the point of view of each of them successively. The present piece, *La Vierge Folle,* affords a masterly illustration of his method; it was one of the most signal successes of the last Parisian season; and it will repay the study of all who are seriously interested in the dramaturgic art.

But *The Foolish Virgin* is emphatically an example of that type of Continental drama which cannot be successfully imported to America. The emotions that it analyses are essentially French; they lose their truth when they are represented by American and British actors; and to a public unacquainted with French character and French society, the representation does not seem to tally with life. Even an American who has

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studied in Paris feels conscious, while watching the performance of such a play in English, of a desire to translate the dialogue back again into French and to imagine the piece as it would be played by a company of French actors.

In the present piece, a husband in his forties, who is happily married to a wife of rare beauty and strength of character, becomes infatuated with a girl of seventeen, whose adolescent passion has been overwhelmingly awakened by him. The girl's family discover her illicit love, inform the wife of the unfortunate fact, and arrange to send the girl to a convent. The girl escapes to the rooms of her lover. There she is discovered by the wife, who pleads with her husband to return to his senses. But when the girl's brother follows her irately to her refuge, the wife holds him at bay long enough to allow her husband to get the girl safely away. The husband flees with his love and escapes with her to England. The eloping pair are pursued by the family of the girl; and the wife also follows them, in order to protect her husband. She loves her husband still, in spite of his flagrant infidelity; she resolves to maintain her home as a haven for him to return to if ever he repents and tires of his folly. Discovering that the brother intends to break into the apartment where the refugees are living in order to shoot the husband, the wife rushes thither in advance, and for the second time holds the brother at bay. The girl, convinced by this performance that the wife's love is greater than her own, seizes her brother's pistol and shoots herself.

The wife in this story, with her unfaltering fidelity to the husband whom she loves in spite of the mad infatuation to which he has succumbed, her sense that she still belongs to him for better or for worse, and her reliance on the ultimate validity of the ties of the home, represents approximately that social ideal of modern woman which is most respected by the French. To an American audience, however, her behaviour is incomprehensible. Likewise our audience can hardly understand the almost pathologic passion of the girl, because they have not considered how the sheltered-life system of bringing up the young that is practised by good families in France may react upon a temperament that is stirring with the sap of adolescence. So this drama, which was regarded in Paris as a specially notable psychologic study, remained for our audience an enigma. The fault is not ours, nor is it M. Bataille's. There are certain plays that cannot survive an importation over seas.

"Suzanne"

Suzanne, a comedy adapted by Mr. C. Haddon Chambers from the French of Mm. Frantz Fonson and Fernand Wicheler is (so far as I remember) the first strictly Belgian play to be imported to America; for the works of M. Maeterlinck must be regarded as belonging to all the world rather than to his native land. The first point that pleases us about *Suzanne* is that it is in no respect an imitation of the contemporary Parisian drama. It is a homely study of middle-class life in Brussels. It does not pose a problem or support a thesis; it merely tells a pleasant story about a family of people who are likable because they are natural and simple. It is not necessary to summarise the plot; for *Suzanne* is a comedy of character rather than of incident. It contains some delicious depiction of the humours of ordinary life. The father and mother of the heroine are two lovable spoiled children who love each other deeply and, as a consequence, are forever quarrelling. The heroine herself, with her sound common sense, her executive ability, her vivacity, her wholesome sentiment, is a person with whom it is an agreeable experience to spend an evening. This simple Belgian play has a homeliness, a tenderness, an intimacy of humorous characterisation, which are seldom exhibited nowadays in the more sophisticated and elaborate plays that come to us from Paris.

"The Impostor"

The Impostor, a novelistic sort of play by Messrs. Leonard Merrick and Michael Morton, opens with an interesting situation but subsequently falls to pieces. Charlie Owen, a married man, is stopping alone at the

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Savoy in London on the eve of a brief business trip to Paris. On the street he is appealed to by a respectable girl of good family who has been reduced by an unfortunate train of circumstances to entire penury and has wandered about without food or shelter for over twenty-four hours. He takes her into his rooms at the Savoy and gives her a supper before his comfortable fire. Some relatives of his suddenly blunder in; he cannot explain the situation in a moment; and he therefore introduces the girl as the sister of his wife. Thereupon he has to rush away to catch his train for Paris. His relatives at once invite his supposed sister-in-law to spend the night with them, and she is driven to accept the invitation as the easiest way out of the difficulty. Thus far the story is plausible. But the authors now ask us to believe that she remained an entire week as the guest of her accidental hosts without offering to explain her unintentional imposture, and request us at the same time to regard her as an honourable woman. At the end of the week Charlie Owen returns from Paris and denounces her as an impostor; but meanwhile the son of the family by which she has been entertained has developed an inexplicable affection for her, an affection which reveals itself to his own consciousness only after he has discovered the heroine's duplicity; and the piece is thus brought to a conclusion with a marriage. The trouble with this story is that, after the first act, it ceases to be true. A play is good only so long as it remains believable.

"Pomander Walk"

Pomander Walk, a comedy of happiness by Mr. Louis N. Parker, is one of the most ingratiating plays of recent seasons. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the success of this piece was assured from the very moment when the first lifting of the curtain disclosed the set upon the stage. This set consists of five little red-brick Queen Anne houses arrayed in a crescent beside the loitering Thames somewhere out toward Chiswick. There is an elm-tree in the focus of the crescent, a rustic summer-house beside the river, a couple of oil street-lamps for moonless nights, a flag-staff with the Union Jack rising within the iron palings of the little garden in front of Number 1, a bird-cage swinging before an upper window of Number 2, and a lone unwelcome fisherman lazily casting in the river. All the little houses of the walk are inhabited by delectable people wearing the picturesque costumes of 1805, which is the period of the play. The life-story of each of these people affords a thread of narrative, and all these threads are interwoven into an intricate tapestry of plot. It is needless to confess that the piece cannot be summarised. The characters are conceived with a delicious blend of sentiment and humour and are delineated in the manner of eighteenth-century English comedy. The dialogue, which is written with rare literary charm, sustains the atmosphere which has been suggested from the outset by the setting. If Ollie Goldsmith could be knaved out of his lonely grave in the Temple churchyard and brought to see this comedy, he would look upon a world in every way familiar and it would seem to him as if his century of sleep had lasted but an hour. For us, the piece awakens that imagination which deceives us into thinking it is memory; so that we seem to recall the fine enjoyment that our forebears used to take in dear delicious sentiments and whimsies before the world grew old. The crusty humour of the admiral, the burly pomp of the butler masquerading as a gentleman, the fine formality of the old-fashioned lord, the aggressive sentiment of the maiden who teaches her pet parrot to urge her bashful lover to propose to her, the natural love at first sight of the lyric-hearted youth and maiden, the renewal of an old love in middle age—all these and many other humours, like old laces that have been laid up in lavender, are here unfolded in their fragrance. Mr. Parker once wrote a play called *Rosemary.* The same title might be expanded to fit the present piece—"Here's Rosemary: that's for remembrance." For he has recalled the old familiar faces of the comedies we read about in Elia,—faces mystically dear to us for auld lang syne.

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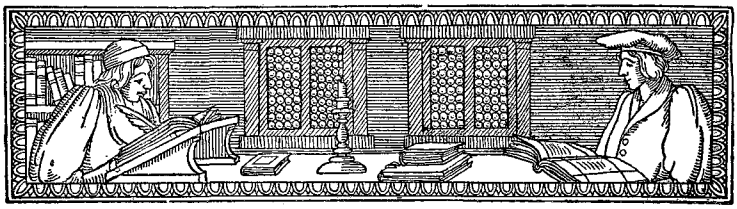
"We Can't Be As Bad As All That"

The reputation of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is solidly established; and his name is a guarantee of good workmanship. For many years he has maintained upon our stage the sound tradition of the well-made play. Of any new drama from his pen we may safely predict that it will tell an interesting story, that the plot will be constructed with exemplary skill, that the characters will all be living human beings, that the dialogue will be by turns concisely humorous and emotionally tense, and that the theme will offer food for serious reflection concerning the phase of life depicted in the play. All of these expectations are fulfilled anew in the satire of English high society, entitled *We Can't Be As Bad As All That.* The play is an admirable piece of craftsmanship, and deserves the studious consideration of all who are earnestly interested in the art of making plays. But, as we have often had occasion to point out, the general public judges a play not by its art but by its subject-matter. It happens that the story of the present piece is compounded out of several elements already familiar to the theatre-going public—elements, in fact, which Mr. Jones himself has set forth, in other guises, in one or another of his previous plays. There is the element of the woman at bay, confronted by the discovery of her dishonourable past, which was the leading element in *Mrs. Dane's Defense.* There is the element of one sincere and honest man set against a small herd of people who are trivial and shallow, which was the leading element in *The Liars.* The compound of these two elements which is here effected had already been made in another manner, in *Whitewashing Julia.* There is the element of the stolen necklace and the substituted jewels, which is one of the commonplaces of the drama of incident. And there is the element of social satire, which it is one of the functions of Mr. Jones as a critic of life to employ on every available occasion. The combination of these familiar elements which Mr. Jones has here accomplished is undeniably new, for any representation of life which is truthfully imagined is an individual creation that lives apart from any other; but—if the reader will admit a nice distinction between the words—the play is certainly not novel. This lack of novelty, in the theme, the incidents, the atmosphere, is not a fault in art; but it will militate against the favour of the public. Mr. Jones has never written anything more humorous than the School-for-Scandal dialogue in the first act of this play. The crisp and crusty Lady K., who is a sort of modern Mrs. Candour, gets a laugh at every line; and Top Bargeny, the club gossip, is scarcely less rich as a comic character. Again, Mr. Jones has seldom written anything more moving than the big scene at the climax of his serious plot, in which the heroine confesses to the man whom she loves and who adores her that it was she who, ten years before, had ruined the life of his dearest friend. The plot is so closely constructed that it carries along the interest of the spectator in a continuous crescendo; and during its progress we are given glimpses into many lives which extend, in imaginable reality, backward and forward far beyond the limits of the play. These are merits quite above the reach of any artist less accomplished than Mr. Henry Arthur Jones; but the present piece is not so good a comedy as *The Liars* nor so good a serious drama as *Mrs. Dane's Defense.* A dramatist who has achieved such plays as those has to pay a certain penalty. Thereafter, the public that remembers will be continually asking him to do better than his best.



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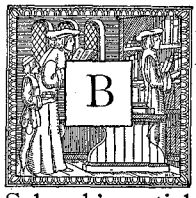
MEREDITH IN FRENCH EYES*

BY GEORGE MIDDLETON



UT you who do me an honour in presenting me to the French public, why put yourself to that barren work?"

Save for some articles in the reviews, Marcel Schwob's article in *Spicilège,* Alphonse Daudet's comments in *Notes sur la Vie* and Charles Legros's *Chez nos Contemporains d' Angleterre,* nothing unusual has been written in French on George Meredith. True, Davray has made an adroit translation of an *Essay on Comedy* and versions of *The Egoist, The Tragic Comedians, Sandra Belloni,* and others have been published, but Constantin Photiadès, author of *Le Couvre-Feu* and *Les Hauts et les Bas,* is the first to offer a serious and elaborate introduction of Meredith to the French. When one recalls that until recently the author was little read by his own countrymen this is not surprising, especially since the subtlety of his ethical scheme is expressed in a style of such allure and syntactical eccentricity that translation is well-nigh impossible.

But Meredith was cosmopolitan, and peculiarly in love with the French. One has only to review his famous *Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History,* his comments on French language and character in the eighth chapter of *Sandra Belloni* and the eleventh chapter of *One of Our Conquerors,* as well as his spirited resentment of the Countess of Brownlowe's criticism of French women in her *Reminiscences,* to realise what personal interest Meredith could exact of Gallic readers. M. Photiadès has himself expressed this conviction. "In the novels of Meredith, the English gain nothing when opposed to the French. Madame d'Auffray, Louise de Seilles, minor characters, attach themselves in unforgettable relief upon the British background. Diana Warwick pales before the ravishing Renée de Croisnel. Truly, this loved one of Nevil Beauchamp symbolises all the grace of France. Is it not of her that Meredith in old age said: "Is she not a delicious creature? I believe I am still in love with her . . ." But no homage to France is more precious than the *Odes.* The most ardent Frenchman did not sing his country with more enthusiasm. And why? Because France for Meredith is not only the "mother of heroes"—she is above all things "mother of Reason"—or, if one wishes, the older daughter of the "Comic Spirit." And Meredith himself said to the author, "I think perpetually of France. I am aflame to serve her." Yet, in a letter written in 1908, he accuses himself of not having rendered her justice. "It is true that always my heart beats for France: and it is not less true that until now I have not with sufficient testimony recognised the debt that the human race owes her. My *Odes* are an effort in that direction. If I were younger I would do more and better." In this connection, Meredith confessed he loved the *Ode to Napoleon* more than the famous *France, 1870.* "Without doubt the latter is more successful, perhaps more perfect: but the other moves me more because I flatter myself in having grasped the character of Napoleon and having shown that his genius was the absolute antithesis to the traditional genius of France."

It was this phase of Meredith which no doubt first attracted the author of the present study, and on the whole an interesting volume results. It cannot be said that he has contributed any new information concerning the facts of Meredith's life or the ground plan of his philosophy which the reader of Trevelyan, Henderson and Baily does not know. He also admits indebtedness throughout to Edward Clodd's "Recollections" (*Fortnightly Review,* July, 1909). He has attempted skilfully to defend the latter's information concerning Meredith's birth and early years, but until Constable brings out Meredith's correspondence

*George Meredith, par Constantin Photiadès. Librairie Armand Colin. 1910.

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with a promised biographical preface little that is positive may be expected, if at all. Many will continue to believe the Great Mel in *Evan Harrington* was Melchisedec Meredith, his grandfather, a naval outfitter at Portsmouth. It may be mentioned, however, that M. Photiadès denies the "club gossip" of Meredith's relation, through his father, to the poet O'Shaugnessy and the author of *The City of Dreadful Night*—concerning whose early years there is equal vagueness. Meredith was not autobiographic like Balzac, and whatever legal irregularity there may possibly have been concerning his birth it did not affect his ethical viewpoint as it did Dumas, *fils*. Only once, in *One of Our Conquerors,* did he touch upon this subject, though his well-known attitude toward the marriage convention, stripped of its spiritual bond, is not without interest. Perhaps *Modern Love,* as M. Photiadès points out, may be the nearest suspicion of an autobiographical mood, for this map of the passions was written after his first marriage and contains some "tragic hints" of its unhappiness.

There is no attempt in the present volume to analyse in detail each novel, as in Mrs. Sturge Henderson's admirable study, though under two chapters a very clear presentation of Meredith doctrine and ethical scheme is presented. It is unnecessary to comment on this, for it is merely a rereading of G. M. Trevelyan and Basil de Sélincourt, touched with considerable imaginative sympathy and understanding. But to introduce Meredith to the French, M. Photiadès has selected *The Adventures of Harry Richmond,* which he subjects to a hundred-page digest, because of all his novels it best suggests the essence of Meredith to those who can find it, and for the others it is truly *une belle histoire.* The important passages of this varying novel of adventure are translated with considerable *verve,* and though the flavour of Meredith is necessarily lost for those whose palates are sensitive to it, to the uninitiated it will not be without delectation.

But what makes this study particularly interesting to us is a rather vivid picture, which the author gives, of his interview with Meredith. Near a favourite reproduction of a Titian, beside a desk littered with foreign periodicals, the eminent author, nearly deaf, scarcely able to move his limbs, but with his large mobile mouth curving to each thought, spoke in a high, distinct voice with sharp underlining gestures. It is impossible to translate precisely back into Meredith's mouth exactly what he said, for obvious reasons, but even approximately phrased his views on various subjects are of importance and best reveal the extraordinary vibrant mentality he retained till almost the end. Reluctant with interviews, he began at once, as M. Photiadès records it, concerning reporters:

"Don't expect anything original of my fellow-countrymen: to-day they choose their models across the sea and copy, by preference, the French and Americans. France naturally purifies their taste. But the United States, that Hercules in a cradle, passes on to us the cavalier manners, truly too brutal, of its cowboys and rough riders. Those trappers communicate to us their aberration: the mania of finding fault with well-known persons in order to strip them naked as a hand. Such easy-going dumbfounds us: we take that impudence for strength. That is the way the English journalists ape the worst insolence of their transatlantic fellow-workers.

"With regard to the journalists, a class as influential as susceptible, a young author has the choice of two alternatives: flee them or manage them. The critics give me goose-flesh: I have never been able to court them. The truth is, Browning did not neglect them in his old age. Dickens and Thackeray caressed them as a cavalier pats his mount before rushing against his opponent. As for Lord Tennyson, he was past master in the art of provoking panegyrics and dithyrambs. There was a business man! He succeeded in literature as well as anybody: he made a fortune out of it. Clever cultivator, he transformed that run-down field into a gold mine. 'He bleeds me,' piteously groaned his publisher: all the same, he paid. Our publishers vainly upbraided the rapacity of Tennyson: they capitulated before it. For the crowd, cost what it would, imposed its well-

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loved poet on them. . . . My nation takes pleasure in those pretty little elegiac histories, those edifying apologues, those psychic crises of young pastors discreetly tortured by doubt. If they adore these peaceful conflicts, these comfortable combats, they are able to intrust themselves without any risk to the ordeals in which the young pastor, after many vicissitudes, does not fail to affirm his faith. Such emotions, exempt from fever, have their charm. *In Memoriam* was a huge success! . . . Let us be just. Lord Tennyson, whom I admire, has the very enviable honour and miraculous privilege of making our villainous monosyllable language sing. For an English musician is, in a fashion, a blue bird. How compose with some words of one syllable in a vocabulary that hobbles and skips? We have at our disposal an old flute. It is shrill and sour. Shakespeare played on it by a *tour de force;* Milton with more ease and nearer to us. Tennyson and Swinburne have modulated on this shabby instrument a melody grave, warm and sustained.

"It is the custom to become ecstatic over the verbal imagination of my old friend Swinburne. Good! But another splendour which one ought to reveal to the public is his impetuous facility. What torrents of hot lava! Do you love Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyám?* The plastic seduction of that work fully justifies its immense success. I relish infinitely the rhythm of Fitzgerald, his beautiful minor harmonies, so mysterious! But how approve of his pessimistic tendencies? Omar is in vogue to-day—I know it only too well—but a more bracing nourishment is needed for the children of the earth. . . . In 1859 I was at Copsham Cottage, near Esher, with some friends one afternoon in the open air. Swinburne rushed up brandishing a small, thin book which far off resembled a holy pamphlet or prayer-book. One would have said he was an illuminated fanatic! Perhaps we would have feared a preacher if we had not from long standing known his religious sentiments. When Swinburne approached, he commenced to recite in a very loud voice the beginning of that grandiose paraphrase. He had just discovered it. His enthusiasm conquered us so completely that the twilight surprised us under the trees, reciting those sensuous and murmuring strophes. On his return, after dinner, Swinburne had gone to find something to write about, and there, under our very eyes, he composed at a burst his poem *Laus Veneris,* one of the most perfect in our literature."

Meredith was especially fond of Anatole France, "who mixes so much irony with common sense," and Mistral, "who has the abundance and clarity of a spring." It will be recalled in this connection that Meredith studied the Provençal dialect and translated a portion of *Mireille* in *The Reading of Life,* under the title of *The Mares of Camargue.* Daudet was "a man as brilliant and captivating as his novels." In painting, Meredith confesses to admiring the Wallace collection; Watteau, Chardin. Fragonard he loved, and, above all, Corot, "who regarded nature more tenderly than any other and painted it with the morning dew." But he did not admire Turner's "venetian phantasmagoria." In music, before his deafness, he loved the violinist Joachim, but less than Sarsate, whose virtuosity appealed strongly. One can remember *Vittoria* and *Sandra Belloni* for his comments on Beethoven, "a black angel," and the Italian operas.

Speaking of *One of Our Conquerors,* which Meredith suggested to M. Photiadès, was a sort of literary vengeance: "I was able to prove from my first battles that nothing upsets the critics like that which departs from banality and, in addition, demands attention. Toward sixty, after a small inheritance had assured me a pecuniary independence, it pleased me to serve to these gentlemen a strong dose of my most indigestible *cuisine.* I maliciously presented to them *Diana of the Crossways* and the novels which followed. But nothing overwhelmed them like *One of Our Conquerors.* The poor devils no longer knew which way to turn themselves. How render account of this hated volume! It was necessary to commence by understanding it, and the blind groped in their thick shadows.

Have you read the book X—— has published on my poems? I'm astonished that he has separated my poetry

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from my prose. Why? My thought is united as spontaneously to my prose and verse as my body to my intelligence and soul. But every critic has an unconscious defect. X—— having decreed that the poet in me was less tiring than the novelist relieves himself entirely of my prose. . . . Each [critic] is more or less a slave placed near the conqueror to recall to him his mortal condition. They exalt the object of their liking to the clouds. Here and there they blame a weak rhyme, an obscure image; then they organise some distribution of prizes, enumerate the masterpieces, classify them, comment upon them. The others are hurled overboard—they are finished. Don't go implore their clemency. These magistrates constitute a tribunal without appeal—they render quick and summary justice!

"The press has often treated me as a harlequin—with so much the less deference that my fellow-countrymen love me little. Don't let's protest! Certainly, later, they accorded me a little glory; my name is well known, but they never read me. I put my fellow-countrymen to flight because I cudgel them. To foreigners I am an illustrious unknown! Consider that all my poems were published at my own expense! It's true—no one bought my books, novels or verse. And now book collectors fight for my first editions, which sell for twenty and twenty-five guineas. It's absurd—absurd and makes me indignant. Once they would like to stifle my voice. I was excessively poor; I laboured like a negro to gain my daily bread. What chronicles and patched-up criticisms for the magazines and provincial newspapers! Finally my inheritance permitted me to live at ease, very modestly, as you see, in this peaceful cottage. If I continue to write in spite of the general indifference it is because certain magazines, notably *Scribner's* in America, pay me very liberally for what I send. Last year I gave the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* a poem [*The Call*]. I had hoped my poetic warning would be useful to my country. It passed absolutely unnoticed! Oh, my people don't love me; believe me, at the most they will love me after my death.

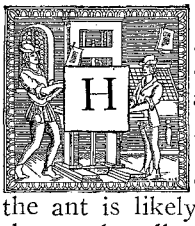
Sometimes, by the fireside, I close my eyes and whole chapters of novels file past me. But why write them? Verse, that is all I can produce now. I am too old. My countrymen do not encourage me enough."

SOME REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

XV—David Graham Phillips

BY CALVIN WINTER

I. His Methods



HAVE you ever watched a small ant attempting to drag a rather large beetle along a bit of rough ground? It is evidently a somewhat difficult and discouraging task, and the ant is likely to stop every now and then and walk around the beetle, trying to discover some point of vantage from which the more easily to grapple with his task. For, of course, there is some one way of doing the thing quite simply and easily, if only the ant has the perseverance to find it out. The critic who approaches the sum total of Mr. David Graham Phillips's published work finds himself at the start somewhat in the position of the above-mentioned ant. The work looms up rather big and bulky and unmanageable; and it seems to be a problem to know just from what angle to approach it. And yet undoubtedly here, too, there is some one way of ap-

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proach that will greatly minimise the whole problem of analysis.

In the first place, however, let us frankly recognise that Mr. Phillips is a rather important factor in the development of American fiction at the present day. We could name on the fingers of one hand the contemporary novelists who, like Mr. Phillips, are devoting themselves to depicting and studying the big ethical and social problems of their own country and generation, and doing it in a big, bold, comprehensive way, with a certain epic sweep and magnitude. And among these few none is more in earnest than Mr. Phillips, none striving more patiently to do the thing in the best, most forceful, most craftsman-like manner. Having conceded all this, we may also recognise that his results have fallen somewhat behind his intentions, that with all his industry he has developed his technique rather slowly, and that while just a few of his novels are of a quality which no serious student of present-day fiction can afford to neglect, a large proportion of the remainder may conveniently be set aside altogether as merely tending to increase the bulk of a critical analysis without contributing any light of real importance.

Now, in saying that Mr. Phillips has been slow in acquiring the technique of construction, we ought in fairness to define very carefully just wherein he seems to be defective. No competent judge could possibly read such books as *Old Wives For New* and *The Second Generation* without perceiving that the author must be widely acquainted with the best modern novelists, abroad as well as at home. There are certain qualities in these later books of his which are to be explained only through the influence of the best French realism—qualities which on the one hand are not the result of a conscious and deliberate imitation; but on the other, cannot possibly be an independent and spontaneous creation. The broad, Zolaesque sweep of phrase and action, the sense of jostling crowds and ceaseless activity, the endless panorama of city streets, the whole trick of treating humanity in the mass—these are things which Mr. Phillips has learned to do as very few American writers have done them; and necessarily he must have learned them at the fountain head. Indeed his whole conception of what a novel should be is French rather than Anglo-Saxon. If you talk with him about theories of fiction he will admit frankly on the one hand that he has small use for the artificiality of such devices for giving unity to a series of stories as Balzac's plan of the *Comédie Humaine* or Zola's complicated family tree of the Rougon-Macquart; but, on the other hand, he does insist upon seeing every human story as a cross-section of life; and by a cross-section of life he does not mean a little local slice carefully measured to fit the dimensions of the particular story he is telling. On the contrary, if he is narrating the simple love affair of a boy and girl in some small town of the Middle West, he is always conscious, even though he has no need of bringing this out in the story, that there is between that boy and girl and all the other people in that town an inevitable and all-pervading human relationship; that that town is not an isolated community, but is itself one of the links in the vast network of social and industrial life stretching over a huge continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific with endless miles of railroad intersecting it, with a centralised government, a President and Congress at Washington and with countless lines of steamers keeping it in touch with the other world powers. All this helps in a way to show what to Mr. Phillips is a very vivid actuality. And of course the writer who always sees each little human happening, not as an isolated incident but as a detail of a tremendous and universal scheme, necessarily has a bigger outlook upon life and necessarily communicates to his readers a similar impression of bigness and of vitality.

This brings us directly to the question: Why is it that so many of Mr. Phillips's books contain more of promise than of fulfilment? Why is it that, starting as they do with big ethical problems and a broad epic treatment, they are so apt at the end to leave rather the impression of having given us an isolated and exceptional human story and not as having symbolised some broad and universal principle? The answer, I think,

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is simply this: that Mr. Phillips in his methods of work reverses the usual process followed by writers of the epic type by finding his germ idea in a single character or incident and building from these, instead of starting with some ethical principle or psychological problem and then searching for characters and incidents that would best illustrate it. It follows that while such books as *Old Wives For New* and *Light-Fingered Gentry* and even *The Hungry Heart* make us feel that there is in the background, behind the specific story of individuals, a certain general and widespread principle, just as there must be in any story that lays claim to epic breadth; yet this secondary and general theme of the book is never clearly and specifically defined, never personified with that graphic visualisation that makes us think, in Zola's *L'Argent,* for instance, of the Bourse, in *Le Ventre de Paris* of the Halles, in *L'Assommoire* of Alcohol, as vast symbolic monsters wreaking their malignant pleasure upon mankind. The Zolaesque method is not necessarily the best method of arriving at this double interest, the individual and the universal, which just a few big novels have achieved; it is simply one of the best methods and the one most easily grasped by the layman, because it is so obvious. No one, for instance, could read Frank Norris's *McTeague,* with its underlying symbol of Gold, and miss the significance of it. That symbol of Gold is flung at us from every page; it dangles in the air in the shape of the huge gold tooth outside McTeague's dental parlour; it lies warm upon the ground in golden discs of sunlight filtering through the trees; we feel the cold, sharp greed of it in Trina's hoarded coins, the madness of it in the hidden treasure of glistening vessels that wrecks an unbalanced mind. In Mr. Phillips's books, on the contrary, one feels the ethical purpose far more vaguely; he is always stimulating, he sets us thinking deeply over big problems —most deeply, perhaps, when he most strongly antagonises us; but it is difficult to say with precision, or, at all events, to say within the limits of ten words just what principle any one book of his stands for. Take, for instance, the best and strongest of all his books, *The Husband's Story:* even here the general public has groped rather helplessly to decide just what the author meant. It must be admitted that on the whole the general public has in this particular case been rather stupid in failing to recognise that when Mr. Phillips chose to see this particular story through the eyes of a certain shrewd and unscrupulous financier, he deprived himself of the chance of expressing his own ideas directly, and was obliged to give us everything strongly coloured by its passage through another man's temperament. Nevertheless, it is undoubtedly to some extent Mr. Phillips's own fault that a majority of his readers assumed that *The Husband's Story* was an indictment of the American woman as a whole, and not simply of one limited and ultra-snobbish type of American woman. And the same question of his meaning is raised with considerably more justice in every one of his earlier books. Is *Old Wives For New* a protest against girl-and-boy marriages, or an endorsement of divorce, or both? Is *The Hungry Heart* an arraignment of the Doll House treatment of a wife, or a plea for equal standards for man and woman in questions of morality? And is *The Second Generation* to be taken mainly as a protest against inherited fortunes, a glorification of work, or as a satire upon the snobbery of America's idle class? In other words, had Zola written this book, would his symbol for it have been the Probate Court, the Dinner Pail or the Powdered Flunkey? It is part and parcel of Mr. Phillips's habitual tendency to see his cross-section of life in its completeness that he finds himself unable to do one thing at a time, obliged to complicate and obscure his central purpose by having in reality several central purposes.

And this brings us directly face to face with the real fault of Mr. Phillips's method of work, the real weakness of even his best achievements. He is not merely the clear-eyed and impartial observer of life: he is always a partisan and a reformer. He is so keenly interested in the problems that he is setting forth that he cannot keep himself and his ideas out of them. Of course when

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you take one of Mr. Phillips's novels to pieces you discover that in its essence it is a problem novel; but this side of his work he has learned to disguise pretty cleverly. It is not so much the way in which he twists the lives of his characters in order to point a moral, but rather the slight running comment going all through the narrative portions of his story that keeps us reminded of what his particular outlook upon life is and of the somewhat annoying fact that he is trying to do our thinking for us. Here, for instance, is a trivial little example which stands as typical of his whole method: in *White Magic* he has occasion to tell us, as evidence of the expensive scale on which his heroine's mother runs her summer home, that she had no less than five footmen in attendance at the front door. Now, some of us may think this mere foolishness; others may wax indignant over it as a criminal extravagance; and others again simply regard it as no more than right and proper for a person in her position of life. Mr. Phillips has as good a right as anybody else to his own opinion about it, but it is not good art for him to force that opinion upon the reader by couching this little fact in the following terms: "Five lackeys . . . five strapping fellows with dumb faces and the stalwart figures that the rich select as menial show pieces." There is a veiled sneer in the very intonation of such a sentence that is incompatible with the best art.

It is this uncontrolled tendency to inject the personal equation into his books that every now and then sets the reader tingling with sudden antagonism in the midst of some of his strongest scenes. His outlook upon life is extremely clear-eyed and broad; and if he would be always content to give us the uncoloured facts and let us think what we will about them we would get considerably more benefit as well as enjoyment out of contact with his people and their histories. That there is a good deal of snobbery among our wealthy and fashionable class, our imitation aristocracy of money, is undoubtedly true. And to the average sane-minded American there is something distinctly foolish in the sight of an American mother trailing her daughters through Europe with the open and unashamed intention of selling them to a title. But, after all, questions of this kind are largely a matter of the point of view. There is no useful purpose served in waxing indignant over people who happen to regulate their lives somewhat differently from the way in which you or I would regulate our lives. It is always worth while to set forth as strongly as possible in a story certain existing social conditions which the author in his secret heart condemns, but there is nothing gained by insisting that the reader must condemn them also. It may very well happen that the reader does not at all share the author's views, and in that case such an attempt to prejudice him is fully as irritating to read as the colouring given to news in a paper of the opposite political party to your own.

This interference on the part of Mr. Phillips, born as it is of over-earnestness, produces upon the types of his people and the construction of his plots certain modifications which are precisely what a shrewd judge of books might expect in advance to find there. In the first place, it leads him quite frequently to picture not what average people are doing under existing conditions, but what somewhat unusual people would in his opinion do under conditions just the reverse of those that exist—as, for instance, in *The Second Generation,* not what happens to the inefficient heirs of great wealth, when the hard-working father dies, but to the distinctly exceptional and self-sufficient children of a rich man who, for their own good, deliberately disinherits them. Or again, in *White Magic,* he studies not the typical case of the girl reared in wealth and luxury who, upon losing her heart to an impecunious artist, fights a long battle with herself because she cannot go against her training; but the exceptional case of the girl who flings such training to the winds and brazenly offers her heart and her hand to the penniless artist in question, who, being himself equally an exception, repulses her because he selfishly thinks that she will interfere with his art.

And, secondly, this tendency to tell us what we ought to think has its effect upon the individualisation of his char-

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acters, and more especially upon his women. What I mean here is best illustrated by taking for a moment a book from which this particular fault is absent, *The Husband's Story*. This book being written in the first person makes it of course impossible for Mr. Phillips to obtrude directly his own opinions; and probably it is due to this fact quite as much as to any other that, artistically speaking, this is the best book that he has produced. The character of the wife Edna we get entirely as coloured by the husband's eyes—as strongly coloured as though we were looking at her through a piece of stained glass. The admirable thing about it is that the colour is uniformly and consistently maintained from start to finish—a bit of craftsmanship that requires a rather masterly touch. In turning from this book to others that are not written in the first person we realise that a good deal of the time Mr. Phillips is colouring his women, not so strongly to be sure, but none the less to a noticeable extent—in other words, that he is forcing us to see them through the medium of his own eyes instead of directly from life. We become aware of this by finding that he quite frequently expects us, indeed demands of us, to admire things that his heroines do and say which we ourselves cannot find at all admirable; and sometimes he is led into making them take certain actions that we are quite sure the women that we ourselves think they are would not have been guilty of taking. But questions of this kind are not a matter for generalisation; they can be better understood when we proceed to take up for separate analysis a few of the more significant of his novels.

II. His Books

Mr. Phillips has been writing novels for about a dozen years, during which time he has produced somewhat less than a score of volumes. To analyse these books one by one in the order of their production, beginning with *The Great God, Success* and *A Woman Ventures* and coming steadily down the list through *Golden Fleece* and *The Cost* and all the rest of them, would be not only tiresome but futile. It would be simply one of the many ways of making it impossible to see the woods because of the trees. Mr. Phillips has been striving from the start to do pretty much the same sort of thing in all his work; and the only practical difference between his later volumes and his earlier is that he has been learning to do the same sort of thing considerably better. For this reason there is no more point in spending time on those earlier volumes than if one were writing an analysis of Zola it would be worth while to waste space on *Madeleine Ferat* and *Nantas* and *Thérèse Raquin*. In point of fact, one gets quite effectively the whole range of Mr. Phillips's powers and also of his weaknesses in the volumes that belong to his period of mature development, the volumes produced within the last four or five years.

The Second Generation is probably the best book to recommend to a reader approaching Mr. Phillips for the first time, because, on the one hand, it contains less than most of his books that is likely to arouse antagonism; and, on the other, it admirably illustrates his strongest qualities, his ability to give you the sense of life and motion and the clash of many interests. The substance of it can be told in rather fewer words than is usual with Mr. Phillips's novels. Old Hiram Ranger, millionaire manufacturer of barrels in a small Western town, suddenly makes two rather painful discoveries. First, he learns that his remarkable physical strength, which has never failed him for a day throughout all his years, is at last breaking and that he has not many days in which to "set his house in order." And his second and even more painful discovery is that for twenty years he has unwittingly been harming his son and his daughter by over-indulgence, allowing them to grow up in idleness, to form foolish and extravagant tastes, to choose their friends exclusively from the ultra-fashionable circles and to learn to despise the humble beginnings from which he himself sprang and from which the money that they thoughtlessly waste has come. He decides in bitter agony of soul that there is at this late date only one thing that he can do to repair his huge mistake and that is to deprive his children of the inheritance on which they have counted. The act hurts him more

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cruelly than it can possibly hurt them—it hurts him through his love for them, through his pride in them and through his desire for public esteem and approval, since he foresees that such an act will be misunderstood and disapproved. All of this part of the story, the old man's sturdy courage and shrewd common sense, contrasted with the weak vanity and costly luxury of the son and daughter, is given with a graphic truth, a rugged strength, a sure swiftness of movement, that show you before you have finished the opening chapter that Mr. Phillips is one of the few American novelists who deserve to be taken seriously and to be watched with some care. But from the middle point of the story we get a rather exasperating impression that we are being allowed to behold not so much a cross-section of life as an up-to-date morality play. Old Hiram Ranger has chosen rather drastic methods to teach his son and daughter a lesson, to reform their characters, practically to make them over. No one can say that a situation thus created is without interest; but it becomes exasperating to find that the old man has made his calculations with the sureness of omnipotence, that his plan succeeds even in all its minor details and that the son and daughter repent of all their errors, reform themselves completely, are to all intents and purposes born anew. Mr. Phillips was probably not conscious of it when he wrote the book, but none the less it is to all practical intents a grown-up version of the story of the bad little boy who went fishing on Sunday and was drowned and the good little boy who went to church and was rewarded with plum pudding.

A dozen different readers would probably give a dozen different statements of the central theme of *Old Wives For New*. The real importance of the book—for among Mr. Phillips's books it is unquestionably one of the important ones—is that it sets forth quite pitilessly the gradual estrangement that arises between a husband and wife in the course of long years through the woman's sloth and selfishness and gratification of all her whims. It is an open question whether Mr. Phillips's method of presenting this problem might not have been improved upon. What he has done is to show us first in a brief prelude the sudden ardour of a boy-and-girl attachment, each caught by the mere physical charm of youth and health and high spirits and rushing into a marriage with no firm basis of mutual understanding. Then he skips an interval of about twenty years and takes us into the intimate life of this same couple, showing us with a frankness of speech and of thought that is almost cruel in its unsparing realism the physical and mental degeneration of the woman, fat and old and slovenly before her time, and the unspoken repulsion felt by the man who has kept himself young, alert and thoroughly modern in outward appearance as well as in spirit. The situation is complicated by the presence of two grown children, a son and a daughter, who see unwillingly the approaching crisis and realise their helplessness to ward it off. Such a situation in real life may solve itself in any one of fifty different ways. What Mr. Phillips has chosen to do is to bring the husband in contact with a young woman who represents everything in which his own wife is lacking. And although the man fights for a long time against temptation, in the end he obtains freedom from the old wife through the divorce court and promptly replaces her with the new. There is probably no other American novel that gives us with such direct and unflinching clairvoyance the sordid, repellent, intimate little details of a mistaken marriage that slowly but surely culminate in a sort of physical nausea and an inevitable separation. What a good many of us are apt to resent in the book is the stamp of approval that the author seems to place upon the man who deliberately discards a wife after her youth and beauty are gone, not because he thinks it for their mutual welfare, but for the cold-blooded reason that he wants to marry somebody else. There is a sort of heartless immorality about the whole proceeding that makes us feel that the slovenly, faded wife, with her shallow pretense of having worn herself out with household cares, her gluttony that has been the ruin of health and beauty, her peevish temper and ridiculous vanity,

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makes on the whole a rather better showing than the husband. One cannot leave this book without adding just a word of protest against what may seem a trivial detail, yet is the sort of detail in which Mr. Phillips sins rather frequently. The husband has met the woman who embodies his ideal of feminine perfection quite by chance in the woods, where he and his son are camping out. In the course of three weeks, almost without their knowing it, they have fallen in love

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS
A portrait taken expressly for this article

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with each other; then comes the awakening, and they go their separate ways, the man still knowing nothing of the woman's identity, of her station in life or of the particular corner of America which is her home. Several chapters later the man is in New York helping his daughter buy her trousseau. There are a thousand shops in New York from which she might choose, but purely by chance she takes her father to the one shop which happens to be presided over by the woman with whom he is in love. A coincidence of this sort is bad enough when it seems to be more or less of a structural necessity; but when, as in this case, one can think of a dozen simple ways of avoiding it it becomes unpardonable.

There is only one excuse for pausing to speak of Mr. Phillips's next volume, *The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig,* namely, that it shows that even yet the author is weak in the power of self-criticism. How it is possible for a writer possessing the breadth of view and the power of expression that have gone into the making of at least four or five of Mr. Phillips's best novels to put forth seriously a piece of cheap caricature like *Joshua Craig* quite passes the understanding of the ordinary impartial outsider. Joshua Craig is simply an exaggerated specimen of a rather exasperating type of novel which has unfortunately become far too common in American fiction: the novel which shows the refined and carefully nurtured American girl, usually from the East, belying all her inherited instincts and acquired training by marrying the rugged, virile, usually rather vulgar man of the people who, for the purposes of this type of novel, is generally represented as coming from the West. The whole type seems to have originated at about the time that Owen Wister made Mollie's New England conscience capitulate to *The Virginian,* and the type has rather steadily degenerated year by year. But of course it is never fair to quarrel with an author simply because one does not happen to like what he has tried to do. The trouble with *Joshua Craig* is that he has so obviously failed to do what he tried. Joshua is not merely bluff and rugged and primitive of manner, he is loud-mouthed and vulgar and deliberately discourteous. Margaret Severance, the reigning beauty of Washington, whom he decides in his stormy, violent, irresistible way to marry—not because he loves her, but because he conceives the idea that she loves him—is in point of manners pretty nearly his match. She has a way of looking at people "with a lady's insolent tranquillity"; and on one occasion, when she receives a letter that angers her, and her maid happens at the same moment to be buttoning her shoes, she relieves her feelings by springing up and bringing the sharp French heel of one shoe down with full force on the back of her maid's hand, leaving it skinned and bleeding. She is distinctly an unpleasant personality, yet even so, to marry her to such a cyclonic boor as Joshua Craig does seem rather like making the punishment exceed the crime.

Passing over *White Magic,* which is simply an innocuous little love story told with rather more explosive violence than the theme warrants, we come to the two books that exhibit Mr. Phillips's ripest powers, *The Hungry Heart* and *The Husband's Story. The Hungry Heart* is a sincere and detailed study of a marriage that threatens to be a failure because the man adheres to old-fashioned standards regarding women, while the wife, with her modern education and progressive views, finds it impossible to accept the rôle of domesticity and inaction to which he would assign her. As a piece of careful construction this volume deserves high praise. The entire action takes place within the house and grounds of the husband's ancestral home; the cast of characters is limited to just four people—two men and two women; we hardly get even a passing glimpse of any outsiders, friends or relatives, or even servants. And yet within this little world of four people we get a sense of universality of theme and interest, an impression not of learning the secrets of a few isolated lives, but of learning much that is big and vital about man and woman. There is nothing essentially new in the specific story; it is simply one of the many variants of the familiar triangle—the husband and wife who drift

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apart, the other man who takes advantage of a woman's loneliness to persuade her that she is in love when really she is only bored, and finally the inevitable discovery by the husband of his wife's infidelity. What gives the book its value is not the episode of the wife's frailty, but the wise, far-sighted understanding of the way in which two people, physically, mentally and morally well equipped to make each other happy, gradually drift apart through stubborn adherence to foolish prejudices, mistaken reticence, petty misunderstandings, and a hundred and one trivialities, no one of which by itself is worth a second thought, while the cumulative effect of them all becomes fatal. Mr. Phillips's solution of the story, in which he makes the wife experience a revulsion of feeling that drives her from her lover back to her husband, while the husband, after hearing her confession, not only forgives her but practically admits that he is glad everything has happened as it has, because the effect upon him is to have reawakened his love —this solution comes as a disappointment. One feels it to be in the nature of an anti-climax to an exceptionally fine piece of work. That a man of this husband's conventional, conservative type could bring himself to pardon and receive back the woman who admits her guilt with a frankness of speech that makes one wince, rings false. Forgiveness under such circumstances is a delusion and a blunder. The ghost of the past simply refuses to be laid.

Lastly we have *The Husband's Story,* which is the type of book that we have long had a right to expect from Mr. Phillips, and which it is to be hoped is but the first of a long series of equal strength and bigness. Like all of this author's best work in the past, it is a study of a marriage that failed. And the reason that it is a better and bigger book than any of his others is not because of his theme, but because of his workmanship—the thing is better done, in its underlying structure, in its working out of details, in all that goes to make up good technique. The whole intimate drama of a pushing, climbing couple, who start from sordid beginnings in an obscure little town in New Jersey, and end up in a Fifth Avenue mansion, is given from the husband's point of view with a grim and unsparing irony. It is a ruthless indictment of the unfitness of a certain type of American woman to undertake the duties of wife and mother and homemaker; but at the same time—and this is the point which a great many readers miss—it also shows, between the lines, that while the husband throws all the blame upon his wife, the fault is as largely his as it is hers. If she has been cold and calculating and dishonest in her social life, he has been cold and calculating and dishonest in his business life; if she is meanly and snobbishly ashamed of the people from whom she sprang, so also is he; if she has been too absorbed in her schemes for advancement to give him the companionship due from a wife, he in turn is too absorbed in huge financial deals to give her the love and care due from a husband. A large part of the merit of this undeniably big novel lies in what it merely implies, instead of what it says. To conceive a story of this sort is something in itself to be proud of, but to conceive of telling it through the husband's lips was a stroke of genius. To have told it in any other way would have been to rob it of its greatest merit, the all-pervading sting of its satire.

As I have tried frankly to recognise, Mr. Phillips is a writer with many qualities and some defects—like all men who have it in them to do big things. But it would be easy to forgive more serious faults than his in any one possessing his breadth and depth of interest in the serious problems of life and his outspoken fearlessness in handling them. There are, unfortunately, few in this country to-day who are even trying to do the sort of work that he is doing. And the fact that he does it with apparent ease, and has reached the point where he is doing it with triumphant strength, promises well for the future. Let us hope that *The Husband's Story* is the harbinger of a long series of volumes equally sincere and vital and technically equally admirable.

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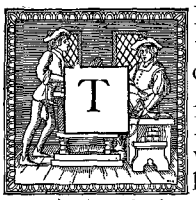
A CORNER OF BOHEMIA

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING



HIRTY years ago all of us who gathered at Oscar's, opposite the old Academy of Design in Fourth Avenue, were working or trifling with literature or art. It was a quiet and decent place, and other customers neither intruded upon us nor were noticed by us. Each of us had his own seat at the round table, and there we sat good-humouredly in clouds of the "infinite tobacco," which Carlyle attributed to Tennyson, with much chaff blowing between us; the flapping of the wings of ambitions that began better than they ended, and a sufficiency of reciprocal admiration, saved by ridicule before it could cloy or spoil. We all thought we were doing or going to do surpassing things which would make the world hold its breath. We were boyishly extravagant and inflated, and, as the doors closed on the apotheosis, Olympian.

For us they closed invariably till the next night. We were never there in the daytime. To us Oscar's was like Thackeray's "Back Kitchen" or his "Haunt," which vanished at the approach of daybreak—the door, the house, the bar, the waiter, Oscar himself, and all. An obligation remained, however, and that required one of us to see Jack M. home. He was the irresponsible, incorrigible, unescapable dependent of the fraternity, a handsome, seductive, irreparable young dog of a poet from Belfast. He could write well enough to be accepted by *The Century* and *Harper's,* but he was hopelessly indolent and unconscionable. Perhaps some of his verses linger in the anthologies; the best of them ought not to disappear. Few are left who remember him at all, or, I might say, who remember any of us. Exasperating as he was, a later and smaller Villon, a lesser Burns, another Savage or a Branwell Brontë; wanton and beyond redemption, we put up with him for his talents and his smile, vowing time and again that we would have no more of him, and then after a momentary coolness restoring him to our intimacy and his old footing. We used all our ingenuity and persuasion to keep him at work, which might easily have been done; we got "jobs" for him, commissions for stories, articles and verse, but it was in vain. The late W. M. Laffan, a struggler like the rest of us then, not the magnate he became as a colleague of Mr. Morgan's and editor of the *Sun,* succeeded when the rest of us had failed, by a strategem of Hebraic ruthlessness.

He called on him at his dingy lodgings early in the morning, knowing that the sluggard would still be abed.

"I've got a job for you, and see here! you are not going to leave this room, my boy, till it's finished."

He explained what it was, and after seeing that pen, paper and ink were on the table, walked off with the poet's only pair of trousers under his arm. In the evening he came back, and receiving the manuscript returned the trousers, coercion triumphing when no other form of compulsion would have availed.

I am reminded of a story that used to be told by Richard Watson Gilder. When the old *Scribner's Monthly* was started, somewhere near Bleecker Street and Broadway, and he was its assistant editor, Frank R. Stockton, not yet celebrated by the "Rudder Grange" stories, had a subordinate place in the same office. They sat, I think, vis-à-vis. Gilder had just written some verses on the hardships of the poet's lot, the refrain of which was "What the poet wants is bread," and with the natural and excusable vanity of youth he turned eagerly to the newspapers every morning to see how often it had been quoted and what had been said of it. He saw Stockton watching him one day in that detached, disinterested, almost lugubrious way of his which might melt into a smile but rarely if ever got as far in levity as laughter. The gravity of the humourist's manner, whether it is deliberate and methodical or temperamental and uncon-

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scious, serves his purpose well. It has the effect of the low light which prepares the stage for the effulgence of the transformation scene. Bret Harte often spoiled his stories as he told them in his lectures and conversation by laughing himself before his audiences had time to. Stockton could hold himself as an image of conventual austerity during the mirth he communicated to his listeners; in the height of it he sat impassive or with a no more explicit betrayal of emotion than a look of mild surprise. He did not even chuckle or gurgle as Mark Twain did.

Gilder found what he was looking for. There was the poem, and, as I daresay other young poets do as often as their verses turn up, he read it once more.

One of Samuel Rogers's jokes was that he never met Wordsworth in a friend's library that he was not looking into one of his own works.

Gilder discovered a disconcerting misprint. "What the poet wants is bread" had become "What the poet wants is cheese" at the end of every stanza. He had to laugh and call Stockton's attention to it, but Stockton did not seem to see the fun of it. A closer examination showed that "bread" had been cut out and "cheese," neatly done with a pen in close imitation of the type, gummed in—by the apparently guileless Stockton, of course.

This has nothing to do with "Jack" except that bread alone did not satisfy him, and he would leave us whenever he could procure cheese elsewhere. He pressed me for a loan late one afternoon when my purse was empty, as it often was in those days.

"You could get it," he said reproachfully, with unlimited assurance and impudence, in answer to my explanation. His need was more than ordinary; he was in the sorest straits; unless he could get some money instantly disaster must crush him, and I would be responsible. There was no doubt about that, I would be the delinquent. He convinced me that I was hard-hearted, and made me ashamed of myself, and at last wheedled my watch out of my pocket and disappeared with it in the direction of the nearest pawnbrokers, where I recovered it the next day.

That evening, before the next day, I changed my usual restaurant for another, which was seldom visited by us, and there I discovered the rogue and the reason of his exigency. There he was in the highest spirits, as glossy and vivacious and insidious as he could be, with a bleached and bedecked Light o' Love, displaying her charms and giggling, opposite to him, and between them, instead of the rasping vin ordinaire of the place, a bottle of the Amontillado, which I liked but could seldom afford.

Another night Edgar Fawcett and I were parting from him in Union Square, a cold, drizzling night, when the wind was whistling round the corners and the rain was pelting us and making us turn up the collars of our overcoats. He was out of sorts and doleful. What was the matter? He paused before a letter box, and drew out of a pocket a bundle of letters ready for the post. They were to his friends at home, he explained, the last letters he would ever write, for he had resolved to take Time by the forelock and defy Fate, the Fate that had tortured him all his days, and we might take what comfort we could in the knowledge that in one of them to a relative who would see to it were full particulars of every dollar he owed to us and to others. All should be repaid, and he relieved from the burden of life. Not expecting him to carry out his threat, we chaffed him as we left him, and separated to go home. But the memory of some verses he had written on suicide in the *Century*, verses of dramatic power, haunted me. I could not eat my dinner, and leaving it unfinished I hurried out into the streets to see Fawcett at the house of his sister, Mrs. de Coppet, in West Seventeenth Street. Fawcett, too, gave up his dinner, and through the storm we made haste to Jack's lodgings. He was not there, and had not been. I pictured him—Jack with his ready laughter and affectionate ways, Jack of songs and stories, Jack miraculously transfigured, his faults wiped out, his merits shining—I pictured him dragging down the length of a dark and dripping pier and there escaping all his perplexities by flinging himself into the rushing tide. We searched all his haunts for him. They had not seen him since yesterday, and

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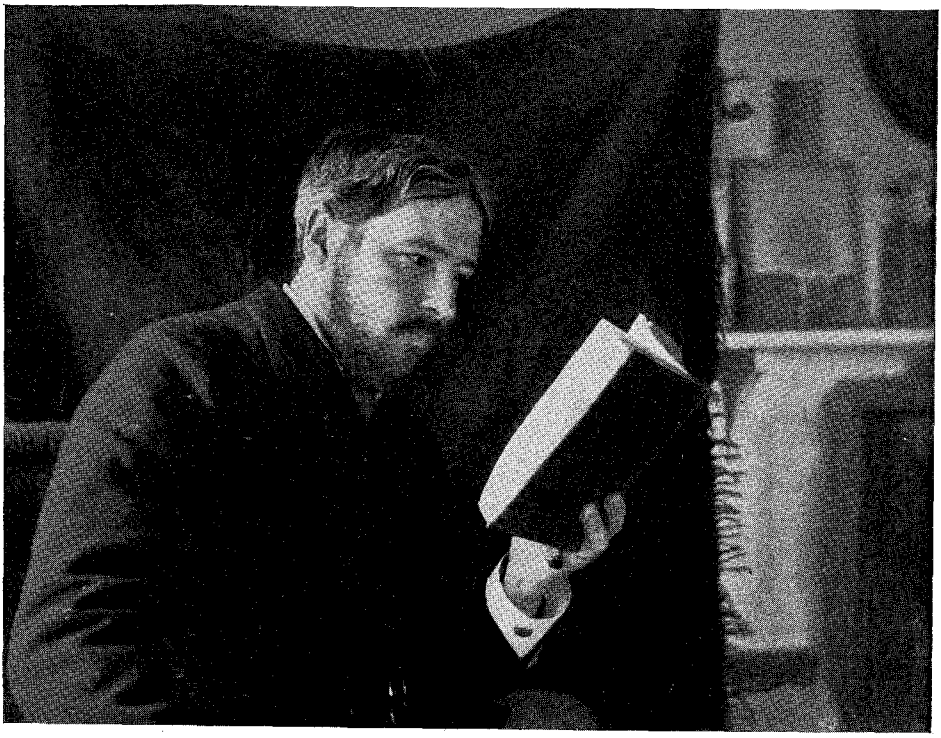

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. AN OLD-TIME FREQUENTER OF OSCAR'S

Fawcett's unbelief yielded slowly to my conviction.

At about nine o'clock, wet and dispirited, we looked into one of the little French restaurants that then clustered in Greene and Bleecker Streets—was it the Restaurant do Grand Vatel, magnificent in nothing but its name, or the more modest Taverne Alsacienne, where the dinner of four courses, vin compris, cost thirty-five cents? There we discovered him, debonair as ever, ending his repast with a pousse café, and reading a soiled copy of *Suicide* to a group of admirers in a corner. Our "pious feelings" had been played on, and we were as mad as the bull in Hardy's story. No sin of the Decalogue is so unforgivable as an advantage taken of one's sensibilities: that somehow pricks our vanity; the noblest part of us is duped and humiliated and turned to gall. When we had expressed our opinion of him, which could be done only with the license of vituperation, he turned a front of sheepish innocence toward us.

"You seem to be disappointed—you seem to be in a hurry," he complained. "Wait. If you wait you'll see."

After a parley we induced him to come with us, and saw him to his lodgings. He lit the flickering gas, and threw himself on the bed. He picked up a razor from the dressing table.

"Do it," said Fawcett in a provocative voice, cruel and callous it seemed to me in my horror, a voice provocative and instigatory. I thought that the taunt must impel the lurking impulse from the shame of its irresolution.

But Jack, like a child, allowed me to take the razor away from him without more than a feint at a struggle, and as I put it safely into my trouser pocket I saw that an anti-climax would end the little drama of the night.

Two days later he slunk into my rooms in Stuyvesant Square and asked for it. Confident then that it would not be misused, I gave it to him for the shave he badly needed, and since then I have learned that those who talk most about suicide are the last to commit it.

Sometimes "Charley" Stoddard

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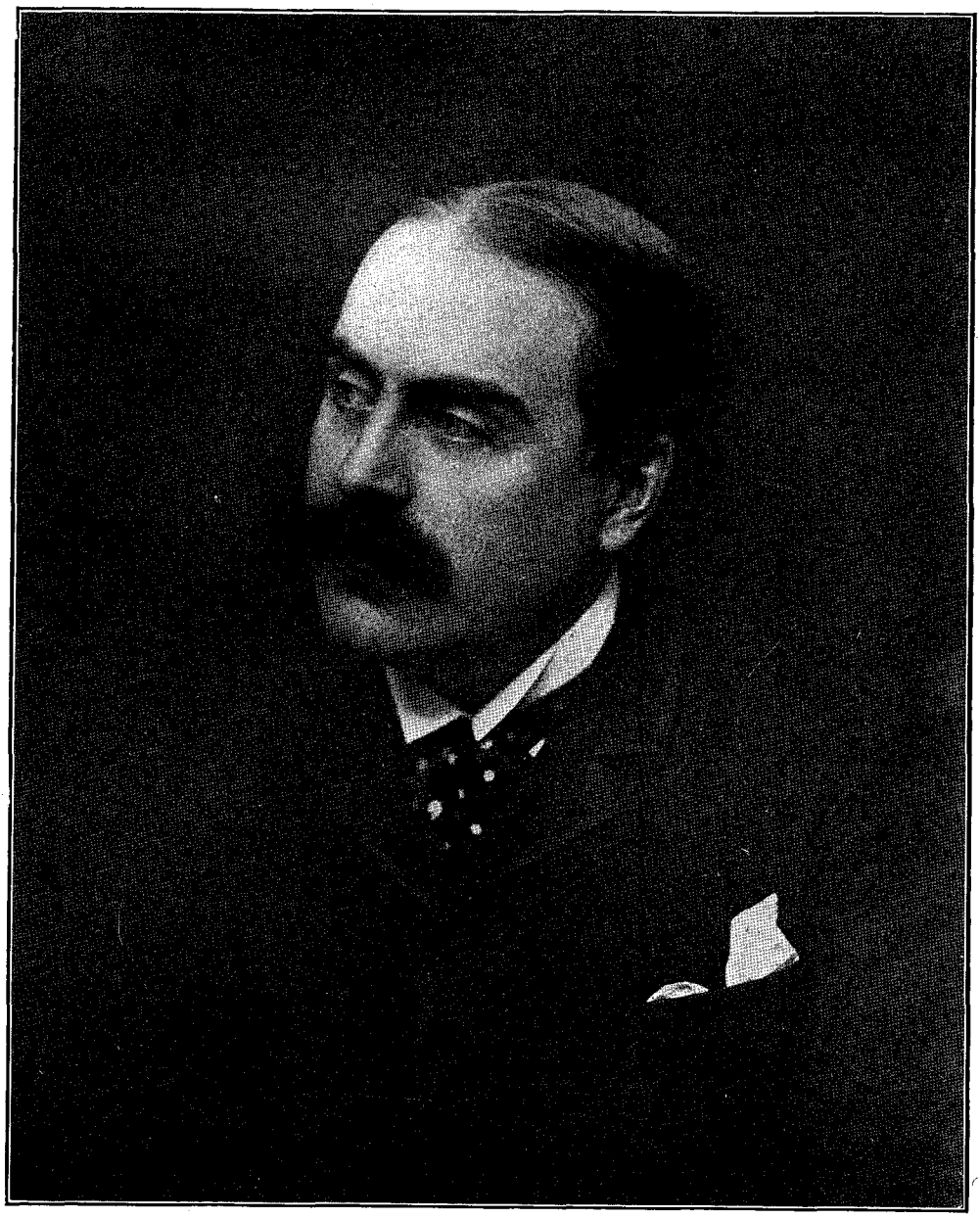
(Charles Warren Stoddard of the *South Sea Idylls*) "dropped" in, perhaps from Egypt or from San Francisco or from the Pacific paradise, one of the gentlest and most plaintive of little men, who was not inaptly described by Mark Twain as "such a nice girl." He had a beseeching, wistful, propitiating manner, shot with gleams of humour that played as the sun plays through clouds. When he smiled at you, it was with a mute entreaty for sympathy. Once he appeared in an old ulster, much too big for him, its skirts sweeping the floor; he had borrowed it from Joaquin Miller, "the poet of the Sierras," as he explained, without seeing any reason for our laughter.

"Charley" would take from us any-



EDGAR FAWCETT

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thing he wanted and we could spare as he took the air, or as a child takes things, as a natural right, without constraint or the awkward protestations of gratitude of the ordinary receiver: a night's, a week's lodging, the freedom of one's table, one's pipes, one's gloves, one's money, but

Cast on the water by a careless hand,
Day after day the winds persuaded me;
Onward I drifted till a coral tree
Stayed me among its branches, where the sand
Gathered about me, and I slowly grew,
Fed by the constant sun and the inconstant dew.

THE LATE HENRY CUYLER BUNNER

"Whimsical humour was the strong point of Bunner. A humour not dependent on the slang of the streets"

when his ships came home—they were always belated and unlucky—restitution never failed, and what was his at once became ours. O those ships of the needy and improvident! How long they were at sea! How seldom they made port! And when they made port, how shrunk were their freights! Like the Flying Dutchman, few of them ever doubled the Cape. They were like the ships of his own poem of "The Cocoa Tree":

The sea-birds build their nests against my root,
And eye my slender body's horny case;
Widowed within this solitary place,
Into the thankless sea I cast my fruit;
Joyless I thrive, for no man may partake
Of all the store I bear and harvest for his sake.

No more I heed the kisses of the morn;
The harsh winds rob me of the life they gave;

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I watch my tattered shadow in the wave
And hourly droop and nod my crest forlorn,
While all my fibres stiffen and grow numb,
Beck'ning the tardy ships, the ships that never come.

"How many are the milestones on which I have sat," he wrote to me, "looking on my last dollar and wondering where the next was to come from!" But he really never worried much: each milestone was a mile nearer to the happy valley; he had the true gypsy, vagabond spirit, which receives without complaint whatever falls and frets not for more indulgence than an indifferent fate bestows.

One of the most original of American authors; one who could catch the soul of things below their superficial and material aspects; one whose charm inheres in a style and fancy too rarefied to be at once or at all appreciated by the casual, unreflective, uncultivated reader, he will endure in that first little book of the sea and flowers which as I reread it inclines me to call him the Charles Lamb of the Pacific.

Robert Louis Stevenson was charmed by it and him. He sketched him in *The Wrecker,* the queer little man who lived in a shanty on Telegraph Hill, and, missing him one day, he left under Stoddard's door this jingle on a scrap of paper:

O Stoddard' in our hours of ease,
Despondent, dull and hard to please,
When coins and business wrack the brow,
A most infernal nuisance, thou!

O Stoddard! if to man at all,
To me unveil thy face—
At least to me—
Who at thy club and also in this place
Unwearied have not ceased to call,
Stoddard for thee!

I scatter curses by the row,
I cease from swearing never;
For men may come and men may go,
But Stoddard's out forever.

South Sea Idylls gave literature a fresh voice and showed a new capacity in familiar words. It filled the nostrils with the scent of lilies and orange flowers and our ears with the diapason of the sea murmuring along coral reefs.

He was always turning up unexpectedly in unexpected ways. When I was in San Francisco he was the idol of The Bohemian Club; then he went to the Sandwich Islands and remained there so long and was so contented with the simple life he was living, unharrassed by cares or ambitions, that I supposed he would never willingly exchange the breadfruit and airy vesture of that perpetual summer land for the flesh pots of our prosaic civilisation. Later he was appointed Professor of English Literature at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, the choice having been made on the principle that a teacher who can reveal the soul of a book to his class is better than the man whose only recommendations are syntax and history. His methods were original (his spelling was abominable), but they were no doubt effective, and while the faculty were amply satisfied with his services, he became immensely popular with the students. Then he went to Covington, Kentucky. "I was so used up when I left the college," he wrote to me, "that for some months I felt as if I would never recover, but the loving care of my good friends here, and the unspeakable purity of the Kentucky whiskey, coupled with some weeks of absolute rest and the absence of responsibility, have pulled me through."

His affections reached out as devouringly as the tentacles of an octopus. After our meeting in San Francisco we became correspondents, and though I wrote to him, as I thought, without reserve and with a warm regard, we had only just begun when he protested that my letters were "too formal."

"What does he expect?" said Saltus (not Edgar, but his half-brother, Frank). "I suppose he thinks you ought to address him as 'Dear old Pard, you mash me. You're a Nineveh brick, and don't you forget it!'"

No one was hailed with more gladness in our symposia at Oscar's than Maurice Barrymore. He would drift in after the play, one of the handsomest fellows in town; well bred and well read; captivating in manner, and unspoiled by any of the affectations which cling like paint to so many young actors when they move outside the theatre. In those days he was

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fastidious as to his attire, and not, as he became later, woefully careless of his personal appearance. His mobile and sensitive face was as pallid as that of Edwin Booth's, and, like Booth's, his deep and significant eyes gathered intensity in contrast with its ivory whiteness. He had some repose then, and was not the flighty, erratic, volcanic creature he afterward became through burning his candle at both ends and in the middle all at once.

The leading man at the leading theatres, the ideal *jeune premier,* he cared little or nothing for his success as an actor. What he always wanted to do was to write plays: that ambition was ever in his mind, ever on his tongue. I have been told that after his collapse, that tragical collapse of his, when his mind gave way, the old passion reasserted itself, and the first thing he did was to beg for pencil and paper and apply himself to the preparation of a drama, the parts in which he assigned to his fellows in misfortune.

Let us draw the curtain over that painful scene and recall him as he was while unbereft: nimble in wit, amiable, courteous, patient under attack and aglow with enthusiasm. I say, patient under attack. I have seen him bear annoyance as only a strong man can, and shrug his shoulders without other reprisal than a scathing word or two which made the person to whom they applied aware of his own ridiculousness.

Once, when we were talking, one among us persisted in begging the question. He could not keep to it, but muddled it with all sorts of irrelevance. If we spoke of China he spoke of Peru; while we had Euripides in hand he dragged in Andrew Jackson or somebody else unrelated to the discussion. It was impossible to pin him down or to shut him up. I daresay many people will recognise in him a by no means uncommon kind of bore. Barrymore hit the right definition for him: "The cuttlefish of conversation. It's no use to follow him. If you do he will at once disappear in the cloud of his own exudations."

Once in your company, "Barry," as we called him, would stay, if you could, till dawn or long after dawn, gaining rather than losing brilliance as the hours passed and the world began to shake its chains. Out would come his latest play, not a manuscript, not even notes, but a rush of turbulent ideas not yet committed to paper. With matches, ashes or the tricklings from a glass he would make a diagram of the stage, and then with his finger indicate the action he proposed. At the beginning his synopsis would be lucid and detailed, and the characters mentioned by name; then as he warmed up he would abbreviate his exposition, giving names no more, and substituting for them only personal pronouns—"He" here, "She" there, while the action would be described by gesticulations and running commentaries, peppered with sulphurous expletives.

"You see! You see. He comes in here, R. U. E., the d—d—d! She's standing at a table, centre, arranging flowers. He sneaks down toward her. She sees him, the b—b—b! and cries 'Ah!' Taken by surprise. Horrified, clutches the back of a chair. He seizes her by the wrist and drags her toward him, and whispers in her ear. She drops to the floor, moaning, paralysed. Paralysed! He—the d—d—d! the c—c—c! grinds his teeth and is alarmed. He springs to the doors, locks all of them. Shuts the windows. Pulls down all the shades. Blows out the lamps. You see? Comes back to her. Snarls. He has a knife in his hand, the God-forsaken son of a sea-cook, the hoofed and horned——!!!"

On that, or something like it (the parody is confessed), the curtain would come down, and the breathless Barry would light another cigarette and say, "I am writing that little bit for myself. I see myself in it. I feel myself in it. And Georgie will do the widow."

"Georgie" was his wife, a very clever actress, the sister of John Drew.

While he was with you he was wholly and indivisibly yours, and the rest of the world had to wait for him, but when the rest of the world captured him in its turn you became the negligible quantity. His engagements were recorded in air. He meant to keep them, no doubt; he was contrite when he failed, but his clock stopped, and time had no measurements as he abandoned himself to any society

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that interested him. So amiable was he, so diverting, so original that his companions never willingly let him go, and they were as much, at least, to blame as he was for his delinquencies.

One day I met him in London, and took him to my club for luncheon. We spent the whole afternoon together very happily, and it sped faster than we reckoned. Darkness came before he insisted that he must go, really must. I urged him to stay to dinner, but no, he had an imperative and unescapable engagement.

"At what hour?" I asked.

"At one o'clock," he replied quite seriously, and it was then close upon seven.

Many of the plays, probably most of them, were never written. They came and went in and out of his mind like shooting stars, dazzling him with their promise, and then eluding him. Plays of that sort can be measured only by their author's belief in them, and that is as good as to say that the plays achieved are inferior to them. They are unchallenged, uncriticised, unexposed to misunderstanding, jealousy and depreciation. Their incubation is an unalloyed delight, a pleasant dream without the disenchantment of any rude awakening. Nevertheless, Barrymore made one substantial success in his *Nadjesda,* the sombre drama in which Modjeska starred—the play which he believed inspired Sardou's later *La Tosca.* He was vituperative against the wrong that he contended had been done him in that case. He claimed that he had submitted *Nadjesda* to Bernhardt, and that after rejecting his manuscript she had conveyed the essence of it to Sardou, who had used it as the foundation of *La Tosca.*

You could please him by praising his acting, which often deserved praise and received plenty of it from both the people in front and his colleagues. His fellow-players of all degrees were as warm in their regard for him as those who were not in the profession, which can be said of but a few actors. They were always repeating his witticisms and giving examples of his ingenuity in extricating himself from difficulties on the stage, such as losing his "lines" and extemporising till nothing but the cue was saved. In his time he played many and various parts excellently—Orlando, Maurice de Saxe and Jim the Penman; scores of them come back to mind, none more vividly than Rawdon Crawley in Mrs. Fiske's memorable adaptation of *Vanity Fair.* But could he have chosen his work, all other things would have been abandoned for that consuming ambition which down to the very end superseded all other interests.

When my wife and I invited him to luncheon or dinner, we usually looked for him at any hour but the hour appointed, or, I should say, any hour later than the hour appointed. Whenever he appeared —at three instead of one, or at nine instead of seven, though other people's belatedness could not be similarly condoned —he escaped reprimand, and at once imparted to any conversation a fillip, making, as it were, still water effervesce. One afternoon he arrived on the stroke of the clock, surprising us as much by the spruceness of his attire as by his exceptional punctuality. We had ceased to expect either; long habit had accustomed us to his neglect of both, and confirmed us in patience. Epigrams were easy to him. He was not addicted to long speeches; what he said was crisp and edged with raillery. We talked of books, of pictures, and, be sure, of plays—Shakespeare and the musical glasses. How he found time to read I do not know, but he was a well-read man. The conversation shifted to religion, and an avowal of his led to an exclamation and a question.

"You are not a Roman Catholic, Barry!"

"Yes, William, I am, but I'm afraid God does not know it!"

He stayed and stayed, remaining long after the others had gone, and such a rapid change came over him as I had never seen in any human being before and hope never to see again. He aged before our eyes as though years were slipping away from him instead of hours. His speech rambled and stumbled, tears filled his eyes; his handsome face became haggard and senile. He pulled himself together and laughed before his departure. But the laughter was unpleasant and constrained, and when the door

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closed, the door that had been opened for him so gladly, I had a too soon verified presentment that we should not meet him again.

Alas, poor Yorick! Draw the veil on his frailty, for it was far outweighed by kindness and many other merits. In his character and temperament he was not unlike his own favourite of fiction—Fielding's Tom Jones—a sinner, but a very sweet one.

Sometimes we were twenty strong at Oscar's, and among the others were George Parsons Lathrop, William Henry Bishop and H. C. Bunner. How much it takes to make a name, an enduring reputation! When we seem to be on the edge of it we are flicked off like flies by the new generation, which has its own tastes and its own favourites. How good was the work of those three in criticism, verse and fiction! High place and some permanence seemed assured for them. Each had a quality of his own. Each was above the average. Whimsical humour was the strong point of Bishop and Bunner, a humour not dependent on the slang of the streets, as so much of what passes as humour now is. They wrote as educated men for educated people, putting perhaps too great a value on style. So did Lathrop, the son-in-law of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who, essentially a poet, was compelled against his preferences to be also a handy man of letters of the kind editors rejoice in. Whatever you gave him to do he did, verse or prose, criticism, fiction or history, with sufficient skill and conscientiousness to conceal from the reader the incubus of effort and distaste. His versatility was remarkable, his craftsmanship unimpugnable, and though often restricted to the ambling gait of hack work, he showed in the breathing spaces of his manumission how good a seat he had on Pegasus.

Ask now at the bookseller's for Lathrop's *Echo of Passion,* for Bunner's *Short Sixes* or for Bishop's *Detmold,* which Howells thought so much of that he used it serially in the *Atlantic.* In all probability he will say they are not in stock or that they are out of print, referring you to the chances of the dust in a second-hand shop. Ah, my dear young friend, in whose ears applause is ringing, enjoy it while you may, but put not your faith in Posterity! Posterity will snatch the laurels which tickle your brow, and sponge your name with the biggest and wettest of sponges from the slate that others may write on it. The grandchildren of the girls who dote on you now will wonder how on earth such dreary old stuff as yours could ever have been popular.

Some day I should like to write an article on forgotten authors; there are so many of them on whom neglect has unjustly and inexplicably fallen. Surely you do not think yourself comparable with Theodore Winthrop, Fitzhugh Ludlow, J. W. de Forest, Albert Webster or Constance Fenimore Woolson? Yet who reads them now? A search of the back shelves is necessary to discover these books; very few remember even their names. Yes, I will write that article and suggest to a publisher a reprint of those little masterpieces of the past. If in the future a fragment of you is enshrined in that way, it will be all you can expect from Posterity, and her twin sister Oblivion will resist even that.

Only one among us at Oscar's made a commercial success. We liked him, but patronised him. He had been in business in California and was business-like in method and manner, not a dreamer, not an idealist, to whom pelf was less than constancy to art. He was thick in figure, thick-voiced and pragmatic—on a lower plane than we reckoned ourselves to be. I think we classed him as an outsider; no doubt we were a little priggish and too consciously superior, but he was very amiable and forbearing, and in a degree pathetic. He had written a novel, and was convinced that it was a great novel. The publishers did not agree with him at all; probably no other novel met with more discouragement from them than his did. But rejection after rejection did not shake his steadfast faith in it, and though inwardly from an incomplete knowledge of it we slighted it as a flashy thing of paint and limelight, deserving its fate, his patience and fortitude under rebuff compelled our admiration. In the end, I think, he published it at his own cost.

His name was Archibald Clavering

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Gunter, and the novel was *Mr. Barnes of New York*. Fifty copies of it, perhaps a hundred, sold to one of any of ours, and it is not out of fashion yet. Gunter and it are not forgotten. I do not mean to speak of them with disrespect, nor did we envy him. The public will have what it wants, especially stories of thrills and incessant action. Few of that kind excel *Mr. Barnes* or the other stories of Gunter's, which afterward flowed from him in a stream till they seemed to inundate every bookstall and even the trains moving across the Continent. Afoot ourselves, we saw him driving down the avenue in his carriage with liveried servants, as friendly as ever, and for all that display as simple as ever, and while we may have murmured at the inscrutability of the public taste, we did not forsake the composure and little refinements of the quiet way.

Though lacking gold, we never stooped
To pick it up in all our days;
Though lacking praise, we sometimes drooped,
We never asked a soul for praise.

I have said that we were not to be found at Oscar's in the daytime, but before assembling there we often dined at places in the French Quarter, which was then as French as France itself. Here was the Restaurant du Grand Vatel, named after the celebrated and heroic cook of Louis the Fourteenth, who, utterly chagrined at the failure of a certain fish to arrive in time for one of his dinners, ended his life by running a sword through his body. The tariff was ridiculously moderate. A dish of soup and a plate of beef and bread cost eight cents; soupe aux croutons, five cents; bœuf, légumes, ten cents; veau à la Marengo, twelve cents; mouton à la Ravigotte, ten cents; ragout de moutons aux pommes, eight cents; bœuf braisé aux oignons, ten cents; macaroni au gratin, six cents; celeri salade, six cents; compote de pommes, four cents; fromage Neufchatel, three cents; Limbourg, four cents, and Gruyère, three cents. Extra bread was a penny more, and though we insincerely protested against it as a shameless extortion, we never made fifty cents go further than at those repasts. The very name of the place increased the value received. The sonorousness of it and its traditions sweetened the wine, strengthened the coffee and deepened repose. The Black Cat confessed depravity. The Taverne Alsacienne was obviously enough suspicious; its atmosphere was of absinthe; dark groups in blue blouses with tobacco pouches hung from their necks whispered there of the Commune. . . . Where did you dine? There was grandeur in it—at du Grand Vatel.

Then there were opulent intermissions in our poverty, when cheques came like feathers from an angel's wings from *The Galaxy, Harper's, Scribner's* or *Appleton's Journal*. The French Quarter was forsaken then. Nothing was too good or too dear for us; we made merry at Delmonico's or at Seighortner's, the old mansion of the Astor family in Lafayette Place, which retained the quietude and dignity of a stately private house and provided epicurean food, old Seighortner himself, blandest of hosts, hovering over us, unctious, smiling, and rubbing his hands, while the solemn and unhurried waiter set before us the incomparable gumbo, the pompano and English sole, the chicken so white and tender that it seemed like chicken transfigured into a dove from the bosom of the same angel that had let her feathers smooth us.

Where is the laughter
That shook the rafter?
Where is the rafter, by the way?

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NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Mr. Villard's "John Brown"*

Like some far greater men who have figured in a crisis of national history, John Brown has been the object of bitter attack and vehement defence. It is doubtless an exaggeration to say that his mad raid upon Harper's Ferry precipitated the Civil War; other and mightier forces were at work to bring about a conflict of two irreconcilable ideas. But it certainly exacerbated popular feeling on both sides. Thus the man became a sort of symbol, and his name was used in doggerel verse to cheer the Northern troops. Naturally the passions then aroused have been a long time in subsiding. But it ought to be possible, half a century after the event, to contemplate John Brown's career calmly and judicially; and this is what Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard endeavours to do in a biography of ample size and infinite detail. He repudiates the attitude of the "mere panegyrist," and says that he desires to judge Brown and his followers in the light of history. He thinks that such a man cannot be dismissed "by merely likening him to the Hebrew prophets or to a Cromwellian Roundhead, though both the parallels are not inapt." Yet an analysis of Brown's character is made the more difficult by the extreme characterisations into which previous biographers have been tempted. Even Mr. Villard himself can scarcely be regarded as having given us an impartial view. It is difficult to select passages from so elaborate a work without running the risk of conveying a wrong impression; but although Mr. Villard, as a rule, keeps within the bounds of reason, and offers the evidence on both sides, the John Brown whom he presents to us is a patriot and not a traitor. Now, while the more monstrous charges may be dismissed and his sincerity of purpose conceded, the present generation, which is coming to look at the whole struggle between North and South without prejudice, will be reluctant to admit that a man who endeavoured to incite a general insurrection of slaves deserves a martyr's crown.

The story of John Brown will ever confront the spirit of despotism, when men are struggling to throw off the shackles of social or political or physical slavery. His own country, while admitting his mistakes without palliation or excuse, will forever acknowledge the divine that was in him by the side of what was human and faulty and blind and wrong. It will cherish the memory of the prisoner of Charlestown in 1859 as at once a sacred, a solemn and an inspiring American heritage.

One does not need to be a sympathiser with the Confederacy to dissent from this conclusion. To speak of Brown's memory as "sacred, solemn and inspiring" is to put him on a level with Washington and Lincoln. Such fanaticism as his may deserve a certain measure of respect, but the sober student of history will withhold his admiration. Even the partisans of Brown must admit that the raid on Harper's Ferry was a blunder. Whether the Government did well to hang him is perhaps a fair subject of debate. There were those at the time who felt that his life might have been spared. Still, his act was treason, and he was a traitor. It would be hard to say when the death penalty would be deserved if it were not in his case. And if we consider the motive that inspired him justification of his course becomes ethically impossible. He would have plunged the nation into the horrors of a servile insurrection to gratify his hatred of the South.

The estimate of Brown's character, however, does not depend upon the last episode in his boisterous career. He betrayed his violent and unscrupulous nature in the fight over Kansas. It is significant to remember that his early days were turbulent, that he wandered from place to place without accomplishing much good anywhere, that he was unable to support his family, and that the savage strain in him frequently found vent in vindictive acts of cruelty. In Kansas he was guilty of one of the foulest mas-

*John Brown: a Biography Fifty Years After. By Oswald Garrison Villard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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sacres in the history of the country. Pottawatomie is a blot upon his name that nothing can wash out. True, men must be judged in part by the circumstances of the time. No one would expect a border ruffian to be over-scrupulous. The passions of the contestants upon both sides were aroused, and many deeds of blood were committed. But the argument which Mr. Villard and others have employed in behalf of Brown is in truth an argument against him. "He killed his men," says Mr. Villard, "in the conscientious belief that he was a faithful servant of Kansas and of the Lord." So the Massacre of St. Bartholomew might be defended, or Cromwell's butchery at Drogheda. To allege religious zeal as an excuse for murder does not quite satisfy the conscience of the plain wayfaring man. But it may be questioned if Brown can be defended even on this score. He afterward made apologies for his act, which it is difficult not to regard as hypocritical. No doubt he hated slavery; but so did many other men, who would have turned in horror from imbruing their hands in the innocent blood of women and children. All Mr. Villard's casuistry does not avail to condone that. "Naturally a tender-hearted man," Mr. Villard goes on to say, "he directed a particularly shocking crime without remorse, because the men killed typified to him the slave-drivers who counted their victims by the hundreds. . . . And always it must not be forgotten that his motives were wholly unselfish, and that his aims were none other than the freeing of the race." If this is the best that can be said for John Brown it were better left unsaid.

Whatever his personal views, however, Mr. Villard has not consciously aimed to deceive his readers. He has given the documentary evidence without reserve, so that each may judge for himself. In this respect his book is worthy of all praise. Nor, despite its length, is it wearisome. Mr. Villard has a lucid and vigorous style and a gift for narrative that carries him along smoothly to the end. He is likely to be known as the authoritative, if not the final, biographer of John Brown. Those who disagree most profoundly with his conclusions will recognise his desire to be fair. The trouble is not with him, but with his subject. A ruffianly fanatic who attempted to light the torch of something worse than war is poor material for a hero.

Edward Fuller.

II

Samuel McChord Crothers's "Among Friends"*

The comparison that is often drawn between Dr. Crothers and Oliver Wendell Holmes seems at first thoughts well-grounded. Holmes's memory radiates benignity and no one mentions his name nowadays without the prefix genial. This of course is the conspicuous and all-pervasive quality in the writings of Dr. Crothers. But though we have no quarrel with the advertisements which pronounce Dr. Crothers the Oliver Wendell Holmes of our day, for he does hold something like the same relative position among present American essay-writers, we must remind ourselves how very much milder our day is. Turning back to the "Autocrat" after an interval of twenty years or so, we find that memory has unduly softened our impressions. He is by no means so merely benignant or so utterly genial after all. He has his wraths and even his violences. He has strong prejudices and not a little conceit, and although he does not show the curmudgeon in him so often as did Dr. Johnson, it is there, as it is in other robust individuals, and he sometimes lets us have a peep. In short he is a far more vigorous and turbulent person than any of his literary descendants, and beside him Dr. Crothers seems hardly a person at all, but rather a literary tendency. As to that matter of benignity, Holmes is good-tempered, to be sure, but he is not even-tempered. We like his good temper because we know it could be bad. A good temper resists the temptation to bite, but an even temper is toothless; and it spoils our pleasure in a man's amiability when we know he cannot help it. Holmes could never be so steadily soothing as Dr. Crothers. His books all through are comparatively tumultuous. He advised fisticuffs where Dr. Crothers

*Among Friends. By Samuel McChord Crothers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1910. Pp. 367.

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advises friendly conversation, that is to say in the settlement of controversies. Parsons, he said, might with great advantage to themselves and their flocks exchange theological polemics for a fair and open bout with the gloves. Dr. Crothers's opening essay, "Among Friends," which gives its title to the present volume, is a plea for the conversational arbitrament.

One of the most cheering signs of the times is in the increased use of the conversational method in the settlement of such disputes. The idea is that men of different groups should come together and converse freely on the matters that concern them. Their deliberate aim should be to understand one another. After they have succeeded in that they may resume their hatred if they can.

"Two Infallibilities," says Dr. Crothers, "each speaking *ex cathedra,* could not converse; they could only fulminate," and he goes on in a sweet and reasonable way to reconcile a typical individualist with a typical socialist—

Now, it would be very easy to take the remarks of you two gentlemen seriously and see two great opposing principles, which are bound to come into collision. On the one side there is a hard, unyielding commercialism anxious to perpetuate itself, and in the other a radical reconstruction of society on definite plans and with specifications that are well understood. We must all take sides and choose once for all between this and that.

But before we get unduly excited let us take into consideration the fact that the direction of social progress is everybody's business, and we cannot tell what will be done until everybody has been consulted. It takes more than one thoroughgoing Socialist to make a revolution, and it takes more than one hard-headed business man to prevent it. If there is to be a revolution, we are to be the revolutionists—not some of us, but all of us. It will not be the effortless advance of disembodied ideas, but changes in the feeling, thinking and acting of multitudes of living men and women. . . .

After all, what are civilisation and the rights of man, and the progress of the species, and philosophy, and political economy, and socialism, and individualism, and representative government, and all the other great subjects, among friends? They are only the provisional answers to the questions which we ask when we begin to make ourselves at home in the world: How are all the folks?

Holmes could never have contained himself within this gentle and impersonal conclusion. He believed in brotherly love of course, but it included a reasonable amount of brotherly thumping. We have fallen upon softer times in our literary history, perhaps too soft for our good. If Dr. Crothers is the Oliver Wendell Holmes of his time, the character of the time will largely account for it. Most of his contemporary essay-writers have dispositions like feather-beds.

Nobody reviews a book of Dr. Crothers without saying something about his gentle irony and kindly wit, and we hasten to mention these terms lest we by chance omit them and so seem bizarre. But wit and irony are by no means the chief characteristics of his admirable little essays. What impresses the reader first and last is the quality of moral helpfulness. Disagreeable doubts as to the ultimate triumph of the good in human nature are not left dangling at the end of any paper. Nor have we ever happened to read one either in this volume or elsewhere in which some practical and consoling moral lesson was not somewhere tucked away. Now we value this help and consolation, and if we do not at the present moment need it, we rap on wood against the day of megrims, fidgets, or diabolic seizures, when we may call loudly for it in vain. But the amount of it that is offered to us in contemporary writings is really enormous. And American literature has always abounded in books to calm us should we ever be carried away by our emotions. Its chief lack has ever been books to carry us away when we are calm. A soothing spirit is perhaps the least necessary thing to demand of an American writer. For fifty years "healthy optimism" has been the tradition of American essay-writing, and each of its most successful practitioners has been obliged, no matter with what personal reluctance, to be a sunbeam. This cheerful tendency is stronger just now than it ever was, flanked on the one side by the placidities of the "New Thought" and on the other side by the solid comfort of the hygienic re-

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ligions, to say nothing of the strong commercial demand in the magazines for "uplift."

So it has come about that the American essay, like the American novel, almost completely ignores the large and interesting complexity of this tough world, which on the contrary it regards as a small and very tender planet, sometimes naughty but in the main good, and always in need of petting. In the essay, as in the novel, there is pretty general insistence on the happy ending. Dr. Crothers, being a clergyman and very susceptible to the ideals of social service now prevalent, is too often caught in this smooth current and sometimes is personally altogether submerged. We frankly say we miss him. There are plenty of colourless persons for this work, and the essay is already abundantly civic, social, helpful, fortifying and soothing. If at any moment we feel in danger, we have but to spend ten cents, and half a dozen trusty magazine contributors leap to our moral assistance. But these people look very much alike and there is no sign that they could ever do anything different; whereas in regard to Dr. Crothers we feel that he might have done more than he has to solve the great problem of the American essay to-day, which is not a moral problem at all. The great "vital," baffling, "burning" question of the American essay to-day, is how to tell one writer of it from the next.

Therefore the gentleness and kindliness of Dr. Crothers are qualities which we think it highly dangerous at the present time to praise, and we would draw attention rather to certain rarer merits. There is common-sense for example—

> Success, he says, consists not in doing what you want to and doing it well; it is doing what you have to and being quick about it. It is to "get there." Where "there" is, is another matter that does not much concern a practical man. A newspaper poet wrote of his hero:
>
> He came from where he started,
> On the way to where he went.
>
> He was successful if he got to where he went before other people arrived. Then he could pre-empt the territory and wait for prosperity. We should all believe in prosperity, even if it takes our last cent.

Then follows a very shrewd and amusing analysis of that practical man.

Again of popular heroes—

> Those who are tremulous about the fate of the Republic have a distressing notion that free nations have often perished because some great citizen has been too much admired and trusted. The idea is that an innocent nation may be betrayed by its affections. It loves not wisely, but too well. It trusts the fond professions of a friend of the people, who betrays the confidence that he has gained, and straightway turns tyrant.
>
> One hates to disturb such a pretty, sentimental theory; but I confess to a great scepticism when I hear this lover's complaint. Nations "have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love." Nations have frequently tired of freedom and yielded themselves to tyrants, but not because of guileless trust in false professions. The tyrants did not gain their power by first inspiring the people with a love of liberty and then suddenly using that power to enslave them.
>
> Of course we must expect to hear of Cæsar and Cromwell and Napoleon; they are always with us when we are asked to view with alarm any one whom the people delight to honour. But when we look more closely at these formidable personages, we find a singular consistency in their characters and careers. They deceived nobody, least of all their contemporaries. Had Cato crossed the Rubicon, or Hampden driven out Parliament, or Mirabeau proclaimed himself Emperor, we might have a clear case of breach of promise. But Cæsar and Cromwell and Napoleon did what might reasonably have been expected. In each case the hour had struck when the Man of the Hour arrived to do the work which awaited. People at the time were looking for just such a man as he.

Then there is his love of old books which is always genuine and contagious. Many will recall their pleasure in reading his *Atlantic* paper on the "Hundred Worst Books," which is here reprinted. Above all there is his perfectly lucid and simple style, wholly free from signs of strain or affectation.

C. M. Francis.

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III

MRS. HUGH FRASER'S "A DIPLOMATIST'S WIFE IN MANY LANDS"*

Mrs. Fraser's book has more than ordinary interest for me, but even if I took it up as an average reader I would be interested. As it happens, I know, or have known, personally most of the people of whom she writes, and many of them are associated with my earliest childhood. Her brother, the late Marion Crawford, I knew first when he was fourteen years old and was visiting his aunt, Mrs. Adolph Mailliard, at Bordentown, New Jersey, where he spent his holidays while attending St. Paul's School in New Hampshire. Mrs. Fraser's aunts, Annie Mailliard and Julia Ward Howe, I knew as a child and after I grew up. So it is all very interesting to me. Curiously enough I do not remember seeing Mrs. Fraser, when she was little Mary Crawford, at Bordentown, though I am sure that I must have met her at her aunts, for I was a playmate of her cousins, the Mailliards.

The Crawfords came from New England, the Wards from New York. The latter lived in Bond Street, which was a residential street even in my time. Such dignified old houses, so simple and yet so spacious and comfortable! There are a few of them left, but alas! they have fallen upon evil days and bear little resemblance to their former selves.

Mrs. Fraser's grandfather, Samuel Ward, the father of Julia Ward Howe, Annie Mailliard and Louisa Crawford, was a rich man as riches were counted in his day, and he brought up his children in comfort and ease; at the same time their education was not neglected and they were taught Greek as well as to sew. There was one son, named after his father, but usually called "Sam," and later "Uncle Sam" Ward. Like some of his sisters, he had a gift for writing and published a volume of graceful verse a short time before his death. He was, however, better known for his dinners and for his success as a lobbyist than for his gifts as a poet. Sam Ward married Emily, the daughter of John Jacob Astor, the founder of the Astor fortune. "He was," says Mrs. Fraser, "a quaint old man, very keen (as fortune founders have to be, I suppose) about saving money. When my mother and aunts were staying in his house after Uncle Sam's marriage, he used to come and knock at all the bedroom doors before breakfast, calling out in his strong German accent, 'How many eggs will you each haf, my dears?' Then he would go down and tell the cook the total, and woe to any capricious guest who left one uneaten and wasted after that."

When Louisa Ward, Mrs. Fraser's mother, wanted to marry Thomas Crawford the sculptor, there was much opposition on the part of her uncle, who was her father's executor. He had not a very high opinion of artists, thought them all impecunious, and impecuniosity was to him in a married man a crime. But the young people did not propose to be made unhappy for the rest of their days by a theoretical old uncle, and they finally got married; but Mr. Crawford, who was doing well in his art, never touched a dollar of his wife's money, which he insisted should be held in trust for her by her uncle. She went to Rome, where her husband had made his home, and there she lived until the end of her days. Although in her old age much crippled with rheumatism, she loved to accompany her son Marion in his wild sailing around the Bay of Naples. The rougher the weather the better she liked it.

There were three girls born to the Crawford family before Marion came, and wild was the joy of the father when this event happened. It was at Bagni di Luca in Tuscany, on the second day of August, 1854, not 1845, as generally stated. He was baptised Francis Marion, and up to the time that he became a writer he was called Frank. From the first he gave promise of unusual strength and beauty, and as time went on, of a character equal in power and harmony to the perfection of his physical organisation, and yet she tells us, "his intellect developed slowly along the most leisurely lines." It was not until his attention was attracted by a flaring circus poster, three or four yards long printed in huge

*A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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red and black letters, that he was willing to learn to read. Once he had learned this accomplishment there was no keeping pace with him. But until this time his doting sister entertained fears that he was going to be an idiot. Once started on a course of learning he took up the study of languages, and at the time of his death he was the master of at least twenty. He used to say that he could learn a language in six weeks, and this was not boasting, for he proved that he could do so more than once.

Mrs. Fraser tells an interesting and I believe a new story about her brother's famous novel *Mr. Isaacs,* which was his first venture in the field of fiction:

> He wrote it in a few weeks and then sent it to Macmillan and forgot all about the manuscript, for three months had passed and no notice was taken of it. . . . Years afterward, when, as Henry James remarked to me, Marion was "meat and drink and lodging to publishers," he was shown a letter from Mr. John Morley, now Lord Morley, who had been a reader for the firm in question. Mr. Morley's appreciation of the novel-reading public was hardly justified by events. He classes *Mr. Isaacs* as a work which would never be popular; it would not "pay well," but he advocated its production, saying that it was original and well written.

In speaking of the Bordentown days Mrs. Fraser says that Louis Mailliard, the father of Adolph, her aunt's husband, was a natural son of Joseph Bonaparte. I know that this was said but I doubt if it was ever proved. Louis Mailliard was the secretary of Joseph while he was in this country and I believe that he came over with him in that capacity. Mrs. Fraser describes his son, her uncle Adolph, as "A handsome and charming despot who at once captured my affections and made me the most willing of his subjects." Mr. Mailliard may have had the dominating qualities of the Bonapartes, but he was a much handsomer man than any member of that family whose portraits I have seen. In the first place the Bonapartes were small men, but he was large and must have stood over six feet in his stockings. I knew him well when I was a small child, and, though a little in awe of him, we were very good chums, and I enjoyed nothing more than going to his stables, a little out of Bordentown, to see his magnificent horses, as the only business that he followed was that of raising thoroughbreds. He seemed to be well off, but I don't imagine that the greater part of his money was made by his horses, for he was not of the stuff that horse dealers are usually made.

Mrs. Fraser's book is in two volumes, and she tells of her sojourns in many lands as the wife of Hugh Fraser, an Englishman in the diplomatic service of his country. She met interesting people everywhere, in Italy as a child and later during her diplomatic life at courts. It was in Italy that she met the Brownings. Mrs. Browning she did not like and she describes her as having

> great cavernous eyes, glowering out of two big bushes of black ringlets, a fashion I had not beheld before. She never laughed or even smiled once during the whole conversation, and through all the gloom of the shuttered room I could see that her face was hollow and ghastly pale. Mamma mia! but I was glad to get out into the sunshine again! All that day and long afterward I pondered why should that nice, happy Mr. Browning have such a dismally mournful lady for his wife?

These first impressions were corrected later, but she never altogether liked Mrs. Browning principally because she had no sense of humour:

> One healthy gleam of humour would have outweighed a good deal of classic learning and high thinking in so far as the benefit of her influence on her contemporaries was concerned.

I hope that Mrs. Fraser is wrong, for I hate to think that a man with so keen a sense of humour as Browning should have had a wife who was destitute of that saving sense "to the extent of complete unconsciousness of its existence."

Mrs. Fraser is very outspoken in her book and may perhaps be criticised in certain quarters for her outspokenness, but that does not detract from the readableness of these two volumes.

Jeannette L. Gilder.

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IV

"Cowboy Songs"*

Preliminary to a more scholarly and comprehensive study of American balladry, Professor Lomax has brought together in popular form the words, and in many cases the music, of about a hundred cowboy ballads, with an occasional song of the rail, the trail, or the lumber-camp, and a few narratives of notorious criminals rather grotesquely suggestive of Robin Hood. The popular rather than scholarly intent of the present volume is his excuse for occasionally selecting what seems the best line out of several versions, and for softening various unseemly simplicities of phrase. For the first surely no apology is needed, unless among pedants; the collector merely takes his place in the chain of tradition, and does precisely what another inheritor of unwritten poetry would do in handing it down. And under the circumstances, perhaps the only objection to the second is that he has done it too well: it is hard to distinguish between the naive banalities of the original and the Bowdlerisings of the collector; and in some cases doubtless asterisks would be more truly expressive.

The collection is interesting in many ways: as reflecting the spirit and the life of the frontier from the inside, unfiltered through tenderfoot and sentimentalist, as preserving the nature of a phase of life that is passing from the earth, and for the intrinsic power of the songs themselves; but it is most interesting as a study in balladry, for the light it throws upon the older traditional poetry of our race. Here are true ballads, born of the soil, unstiffened by print, moulded not by one trained singer but by many nameless native amateurs, and dealing with the elemental interests of a rough and simple environment. In form they are strikingly like the old ballads: there is the same recurrence of fixed lines and phrases, the same Homeric rigidity of epithet, the same ruggedness of lyric and rapidity of narrative; with a different set of metres, their verse has the same swinging looseness and subordination of stress to quantity, showing that they were made for music and composed by ear; and often the melodies themselves, with their droning minors and primitive cadences, are strikingly reminiscent of English and Irish folk-song. There are even one or two cases in which a familiar modern tune has undergone a curious reversion to more primitive form. I speak here of the melodies themselves; for their harmonisations given in the volume show, to say the least, no very great sympathy with their natural character. In subject also these ballads are restricted to the same elemental themes as their prototypes: there is the narrative of notorious outlawry, always in sympathy with the outlaw and often with his deeds; the tale of deadly fight; the idyll of daily occupation; a few comic songs and drinking-songs; and most frequent of all, the lament, serious or sardonic, for hard life or faithless love. A most conspicuous quality, and perhaps the most emphatic stamp of genuine primitiveness, is the predominance of the pathetic and the utter absence of that neurotic worship of savagery which is so familiar a symptom of modern civilised art. In this matter all folk-literature is of course unanimous. The really strong and primordial man, living close to nature and the beasts, bays dog-like to the mournful moon or wails feline lamentation for his absent loves; it is the epicene by-product of civilisation who twitters of glorious passions and abysmal brutalities, and with manicured hand strokes the swelling muscles of the gladiator. Virility sings in rough notes but with unashamed sentiment of the sad, the merry and the beautiful, taking its own healthy strength as a daily matter of course; and it is worth remembering, after a surfeit upon Babylonian bull-worship, that the whole cult of the superman originated with a poor little German philosopher who lived invalid and died insane.

But the difference between these and the old English and Scotch ballads is no less marked than their similarity. In every respect of quality—in subject and tone and treatment, in style and rhythm,

*Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads. Collected by John A. Lomax, M.A.; with an Introduction by Barrett Wendell. New York: Sturgis and Walton.

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in the whole form of both words and music, they are strikingly alike; they differ simply in that the Western ballads are not nearly so good. This is by no means to say that they are weak or worthless as literature: they are often picturesque and have their moments of emotional power; but the best of them fall far behind the average of those folk-poems which have resisted the erosion of centuries. And this inferiority shows itself both in restriction of subject and in cheapness of style. In a world composed almost wholly of young bachelors, where women and children are rare and the family does not exist, the folk-singer is either cut off from half his material or driven back upon lonely lamentation: you cannot expect from him a *Helen of Kirconnel,* an *Edom O'Gordon,* a *Lord Randal,* or a *May Margaret;* for their themes are no part of his existence. And in the treatment of what remains the Western singers were grievously handicapped by cheap print and the rudiments of education. An utterly illiterate person will describe vividly and narrate with vigour, because the essence of these arts is the concrete appeal to the senses, the telling of things as immediately and personally experienced: he must go to the very object for his images and to himself for his words. He has nowhere else to go for them. Likewise, the educated artist in literature will achieve these merits consciously, through mastery of language and knowledge of the canons of his art. The illiterate is innocent of banality, and the artist is above it. But the slightly educated man who has read a little and that little bad, will give to his sincerest utterances the colour of what literature he knows: his stock phrases will not be Homeric but Journalese; he will describe not vividly from the eye but vaguely from the mind; and to eke out his conscious poverty of expression he will turn eagerly to triteness, using words whose effect he does not feel. He plights his true affection instead of falling in love, and attends divine service when he goes to church. Before the times of cheap writing and cheaper schooling, folk-literature was safe from this taint of tawdriness; but in these days only conscious art can escape it.

Perhaps the fundamental difference between the old ballads and the new is a difference of environment: the difference between the border and the frontier, between war and work, the outlaw and the Bad Man, the arrow and the lariat. The old ballads were made in a society rough and primitive in material things, but at the same time in the midst of the highest civilisation of the day; in countries already mellow with age and full of the whole of life. Whereas the cowboy songs and their like were made in an environment which for a time reproduced the simplicity at the expense of the civilisation; a land of men, barren and laborious, a land of weary danger and volcanic joy. Moreover, America is still colonial in respect to her literature, and will probably, like Rome, remain so to the end of the chapter; and the West, until the last few years, was the colony of a colony. The Border lay between the earldoms of Douglas and Northumberland; the Frontier lay between the Rockies and the sea. And if it is a far cry from Robin Hood to Jesse James, it is no farther than from Sherwood forest to the alkali desert, from venison and October ale to the chuck-box and the slug of red-eye, from the primitiveness of Merry England to the primitiveness of the Wild and Woolly West.

Huntly Murray.

V

Frederick Lawton's "Balzac"*

Some years ago certain writings by the Vicomte Spoelberch de Lovenjoul presented the author of the *Comédie Humaine* as a man who was subject to all of man's weaknesses and some of his excesses. This attitude brought down upon the head of the Belgian collector the wrath of Miss Katherine Prescott Wormeley, the American woman who had excellently translated so many of Balzac's works. To her the picture was a libel, an outrageous distortion. The Balzac that she knew was the Balzac of the white tunic, going to bed at seven and rising at one in the morning, work-

*Balzac. By Frederick Lawton. New York: Wessels and Bissell Company.

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ing eighteen hours at a stretch for weeks upon end, constantly preaching the value of personal chastity to his brothers of the pen, a Balzac whose life was consumed by his gigantic literary labours and his struggle with his debts. In a measure she was quite right, and so was M. de Lovenjoul quite right. Because there were several Balzacs, or rather the one Balzac had so many sides. For that reason, no matter how many books may be written about him, any new one that is the result of serious effort and study is likely to have a certain freshness and individuality.

Mr. Lawton's Balzac is the Balzac of astonishing eccentricities and magnificent dreams. The worker is there, the ascetic is there, but these are obscured a little by that Balzac who has come down to us through innumerable curious anecdotes. Now you see him as the organiser of a vast secret society, believing in it with a naïve ardour, delighting in it even more, greeting his associates of the order, when he meets them in society, with huge winks and grimaces. As a matter of fact the reviewer does not recall that Mr. Lawton refers to this phase of Balzac's life at all, but it is one of the impressions that one takes away from the book. Again it is Balzac, the colossal egotist (albeit his vanity was always more amiable than that of Victor Hugo), in fancy entering the Academy (which, after all, was far less than his due), thence stepping to the House of Peers, a member of the Upper Chamber, then a minister, and finally the monarchy overturned and Honoré de Balzac proclaimed, through the recognition of his merits and genius, the President of France. Then, in contrast, the dismounting from Pegasus, and becoming again an ordinary mortal. Henry Monnier, the caricaturist, used to relate that meeting him once on the Boulevard, the novelist tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"I have a sublime idea. In a month I shall have gained five hundred thousand francs."

"The deuce, you will," replied Monnier; "let's hear how."

"Listen, then," returned his interlocutor. "I will rent a shop on the Boulevard des Italiens. All Paris is bound to pass by. That's so, isn't it?"

"Yes. Well, what next?"

"Next, I will establish a store for colonial produce; and, over the window, I will have printed, in letters of gold: 'Honoré de Balzac, Grocer.' This will create a scandal; everybody will want to see me serving the customers, with the classical counter-skipper's smock on. I shall gain my five hundred thousand francs; it's certain. Just follow my argument. Every day these people pass along the Boulevard, and will not fail to enter the shop. Suppose that each person spends only a sou, since half of it will be profit to me I shall gain so much a day; consequently so much a week; so much a month."

And thereupon the novelist launched into transcendental calculations, soaring with his enthusiasm into the clouds.

It was the same Henry Monnier who, meeting him another time on the Place de la Bourse, and having had to listen to another of such mirific demonstrations about a scheme from which both were to derive millions, answered drily:

"Then lend me five francs on strength of the affair."

But it was not because of literary achievement alone that Balzac considered himself worthy of the highest political honours. He held himself to be something of a seer, and in his day dreams carved up Europe on a scale of Napoleonic magnitude. It was not merely his own ardour, but what he professed to see in the political firmament that led him to urge upon Madame de Hanska the necessity of a hasty marriage. Writing in 1846:

> I see Italy and Germany ready to move. Peace hangs only by a thread—the life of Louis-Philippe, who is growing old; and, if war comes, Heaven knows what would happen to us. . . . For a young and ambitious sovereign who would not want, like Louis-Philippe, above all to die quietly in his bed, how favourable the moment would be to regain the left bank of the Rhine. The populations are harassed by petty, imbecile royalties. England is at loggerheads with Ireland, who seeks to ruin her or separate from her. All Italy is preparing to shake off the yoke of

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Austria. Germany desires her unity, or perhaps more liberty merely. Anyway, we are on the eve of great catastrophes. In France, it is our interest to wait, our cavalry and navy not being strong enough to enable us to triumph on land and sea; but, when these two are improved and our defence works completed, France will be redoubtable. One must admit that by the manner Louis-Philippe is administering and governing he is making her the first power in the world. Just think! nothing is factitious with us. Our army is a fine one; we have money; everything is strong and real at present. When the port of Algiers is terminated, we shall have a second Toulon in front of Gibraltar; we are advancing in the domination of the Mediterranean. Spain and Belgium are with us. This man has made progress. If he were ambitious and wished to chant the Marseillaise, he would demolish three empires to his advantage.

Following up this letter, which marked a period when the courtship was complicated with many menaces of rupture, Balzac went to Wierzchownia and remained there four months. Even there he was not free from the grandiose schemes for gaining a fortune that were forever reeking in his brain. In the trees alone of the vast estate he saw a profit of twelve hundred thousand francs, and it was not easy to convince him of the impracticability of the affair. What a land it was, that Russia that Balzac visited in the forties. Great magnificence and an utter lack of the commonest conveniences. Madame Hanska's estate was the only one of the region boasting a Carcel lamp and a hospital. Ten-foot mirrors and no paper on the walls. The whole of the Wierzchownia Castle—as big as the Louvre—was heated by straw, which was burned in stoves.

L. E. Roussillon.

VI

Emma Goldman's "Anarchism"*

Every thoughtful person ought to read this volume of papers by the foremost American anarchist. In whatever way the book may modify or strengthen the opinions already held by its readers, there is no doubt that a careful reading of it will tend to bring about greater social sympathy. It will help the public to understand a group of serious-minded and morally strenuous individuals, and also to feel the spirit that underlies the most radical tendencies of the great labour movement of our day.

Emma Goldman is known by name to a very large number of people; but she is as yet not truthfully known to the public at large. There is probably no living man or woman who has been so thoroughly misrepresented. A feature of the present volume, which is interesting in itself and which helps materially to explain Miss Goldman, is the biographic sketch by Hippolyte Havel. Mr. Havel has known Emma Goldman for many years, has worked with her, has suffered in the same cause; and, in addition, is an extremely subtle, intelligent and mentally sympathetic personality. It is undoubtedly the most complete and accurate account of Emma Goldman's life that has been published, or is likely to be published, for many years to come. Future biographers will be forced to draw largely from Mr. Havel's sketch.

The body of the book is made up of twelve essays by Miss Goldman. Their titles are indicative of their tendency: "Anarchism: What It Really Stands For"; "Minorities versus Majorities"; "The Psychology of Physical Violence"; "Prisons: A Social Crime and Failure"; "Patriotism: A Menace to Liberty"; "Francisco Ferrier and the Modern School"; "The Hypocrisy of Puritanism"; "The Traffic in Women"; "Woman Suffrage"; "The Tragedy of Woman's Emancipation"; "Marriage and Love"; "The Drama: A Powerful Disseminator of Radical Thought."

In a brief review it is impossible to explain a philosophy and an emotional point of view which is dependent on a whole body of complex social experience new to the readers of this magazine. The point, however, at which there may be, from the very start, a meeting-ground of sympathy between the conservative world and the world which Emma Goldman tries to express is the essential idealism of anarchism. One feels this on every page of the present volume. All persons

*Anarchism and Other Essays. By Emma Goldman. New York: Mother Earth Publishing Association.

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really living love poetry—fundamental poetry, whether in verse or prose. And we love poetry not because it is fanciful, artificial, and pretty, but because it is true—the truest thing we have. When we grasp any truth profoundly it seems poetical to us.

Emma Goldman holds the opinions she has because of her idealistic passions. They are the fundamental cause of her ideas. And this is not denying her ideas truth. On the contrary, it is affirming that they possess the deepest of all truths—poetical truth. It is interesting to notice how often throughout her book she quotes, in support of her own feeling or belief, some poet or transcendental philosopher—Shelley, for instance, or Emerson.

People who are not anarchists, but who understand, would probably admit the deep ideal truth there is in the extreme individualistic, and, at the same time, the emotionally social, attitude. They would say, the best poetry teaches us this, we do not need anarchism to expound it. The socialists, for instance, who are the result of the same labour movement which produced the anarchists are impatient with the anarchists, whom they deem dreamers, unspecific, unpractical, unscientific. The real reason for the socialists' dislike is that the socialist is, in comparison, an opportunist, is looking for quick results, and feels that the more "radical" anarchist is in his way, therefore already to the socialist a little "disreputable"!

It would be unjust to suggest that general poetical truth is all there is in anarchism. Emma Goldman's book brings out many delicate psychological considerations and much specific ethical and political and economic criticism. But the general poetical truth which is an integral part of the anarchist's philosophy is the common factor between the public and the more special development of anarchistic thought. The literature of anarchism is slight and inadequate. It is difficult to appreciate what anarchists are like through their written words. But to their written words this volume of Emma Goldman's is an important contribution.

Hutchins Hapgood.

VII

James Lane Allen's "The Doctor's Christmas Eve"*

It is, perhaps, not too much to expect that when the third volume of Mr. Allen's trilogy appears he will vouchsafe some explanation of the goal toward which he is presumably striving. So far, this is kept sedulously concealed. If the first book, *The Bride of the Mistletoe,* left the reader in some doubt as to the purpose of that singular and not too happy consideration of the primeval mysteries masked by the Christmas spirit and observances, this doubt is, in *The Doctor's Christmas Eve,* deepened to Stygian darkness. Issued independently and with separate and distinct sets of characters, these two books would be comprehensible enough in themselves as imaginative fantasies and as studies of the lawless in the sexual instinct. But with the constant insistence on the Christmas motif that binds them together, and with the careful and deliberate correlation of two intimate tragedies springing from the same source in men who are friends and neighbours, there is evidence of an intention that lies outside of and beyond the intention as contained in each book considered by itself, and that at present can scarcely even be guessed at. Unless a flood of light breaks in upon the darkness at some later point to justify this elaborate mystification, and to give decided form and significance to what is, till now, merely tantalising through its shapeless obscurity, fragmentary incompleteness, and portentous hints of an occult unity, Mr. Allen's trilogy will be a failure, dire and almost unredeemed. "Almost," because there are elements of power and beauty even in *The Doctor's Christmas Eve* which, taken individually, is very much inferior to *The Bride of the Mistletoe,* absurd and ludicrous as that book was in many respects. There, in spite of the prosy preaching of the impossible professor who lectures his wife on Christmas eve concerning the symbolism of the decorations that adorn their tree, there was a certain imaginative spell in the vision that supravened upon the actual

*The Doctor's Christmas Eve. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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setting of a quiet country parlour, and that made the stilted speaker the illusionary participant in a savage Druid rite; while the *dénouement,* more suggested than described, was managed with a certain artistic truth and dexterity, in spite of the verbal blemishes that prevent the fastidious reader from ever yielding himself wholly to this writer's evocative magic. In *The Doctor's Christmas Eve* there is but a single moment of even this partial illusion. It comes when the doctor, who has already been alluded to in the previous book, and who is here represented as having fallen in love at first sight with the wife of his friend, the professor, is impelled by a power beyond his will to pay her a visit when he knows her to be alone. He hesitates a minute before the gateway to Professor Ousley's farm, and then, dazed, but not too dazed to note that no one is in sight, he drives in:

> The main driveway approached the house almost straight; but a few yards inside the gate there branched from it another, which led toward the sequestered portions of the grounds. It was private and for pleasure; it formed a feature of the landscape gardening of earlier times when country places were surrounded by parklike lawns and forests and stone fences. It skirted the grounds at a distance from the house, passed completely round it, and returned to the main driveway at the point where it started. Thus it lay about the house—a circle.
>
> Slowly the doctor's buggy began to enclose the house within this circle, this coil, this arm creeping around and enclosing a form.
>
> In spots along the drive the shrubbery was dense, and forest trees overhung. He had scarcely entered it when a bird flitted across his path: softest of all creatures that move on wings, with its long, gliding flight, a silken, voluptuous grace of movement—the raincrow. It flew before him a short distance and alighted on a low, overhanging bow—its breast turned, as if waiting for him. Its wings during that flight resembled the floating draperies of a woman fleeing with outstretched arms; and as it now sat quiet and inviting, its throat looked like a soft throat—bared.

There is more of this scene, but the portion quoted is enough to show Mr. Allen at his best. It reveals true poetic sentiment and considerable subtlety in the suggestion and interpretation of the unconscious element in man's emotional experience by the modern method of symbolism. Here is something rare in our contemporary literature. There is no other American writer, surely, who could take as his subject the naked promptings of physical desire and raise the treatment to a plane so spiritual and romantic. But, unfortunately, such spots are in Mr. Allen's work few and far between. There is an eternal combat in the writer himself between the poet, so seldom purely and adequately revealed, and the jejune, ill-disciplined, uninspired and wholly humourless expositor of psychological and biological theories which turn his head and throw his art into confusion. If he had long ago abandoned himself to the fantasies of his imagination, to "the vagabondage of his dream," Mr. Allen might originally have become one of our great writers. But behind the poet lurks the Presbyterian, who warps his artistic inclinations and tempts him to tailor a moral garment out of a fabric too fine-spun for such utilitarian uses. This is not primarily the story of a middle-aged doctor's love for another man's wife. If it were, it would be noteworthy as an attempt, wholly honourable, to treat of love under some other aspect than that of the immature sentiment of boys and maidens which forms almost the sole insipid stock in trade of our novelists. But this love story is but an incident. Mr. Allen must have a problem. He must bring children into his story and endeavour to demonstrate the effect upon their young minds of a family atmosphere poisoned by a false situation. For the doctor's wife knows that she is not loved, and little by little their son divines the family skeleton, till one awful day he tells his mother that not she but the "other lady" should be the mother of his sister and himself. Thus is the sin of the fathers visited upon the sons, and, indeed, upon the fathers themselves, for the intimate tragedy of this story lies in the doctor's clairvoyant perception from the start that the very affection and admiration which his son has for him is bound to become a source of spiritual corruption.

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This is clear enough. But it is one thing to state a problem and another to put it into action. It is in the attempt to develop such a situation and to lend some semblance of human truth to the characters in its exposition that Mr. Allen's art breaks down. Mr. James, who has none of his poetry, would have easily mastered all the difficulties involved in this obscure psychological problem which has a certain affinity to that which he treated with such mastery in *The Turn of the Screw*. For Mr. Allen, however, they lie beyond the range of all possibility. His children, who are necessarily cast for rôles of the first importance, are absurd little mannikins who have in them nothing of the spirit of childhood, and who, therefore, utterly ruin the illusion, while the vicious method of indirection employed in getting the thin tissue of essential facts before the reader, coupled with the complication again, for the second time, of the human motif with a metaphysical and transcendental interpretation of the Christmas mysteries, lead to a vague and baffling confusion. Perhaps we shall learn some day the significance of this sedulous centring on a single Christmas eve—for the action of the two books seems to be synchronous—of so much human tragedy, but at present Mr. Allen is in sole possession of his secret, and he has well guarded the first two syllables of his charade against the raising of the curtain on the final scene that will spell out for us, we hope, the missing word of this mystery.

W. A. Bradley.

VIII

Maria Thompson Daviess's "The Road to Providence"*

The taste for moral sayings or "sentences" has always been a marked trait of the English genius in literature. Mingled with a relish for humorous whimsicality and eccentric characterisation, it remains a feature of American fiction. What character recurs more frequently in our most popular novels than the rustic philosopher who holds forth at the cross-roads store, and seasons his rude wisdom with a strong spice of the vernacular? The *fin lettré* may feel disdain for the crudeness of the convention which keeps the type alive, and which constructs a hundred such Socrates of the wood-shed and front yard, out of a few well-worn aphorisms whose novelty, in each instance, consists solely in the manner in which they are revamped with a new homeliness of simile, and tortured into a new uncouthness of expression. But for the great public there is no staleness in the repetition, and each remote descendant of Polonius is received with warm welcome as guide, counsellor and friend, and is added piously to the already well-filled gallery of familiar deities—the lares and penates of American hearth-side shrines.

It is the distinction of Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice that, in her Mrs. Wiggs, she created the feminine counterpart of David Harum, and blazed a new path for those women writers qualified to enter that particular field of fiction wherein didactic intention is masked by mild sentimentality, and humorous character study. Such a writer is Miss Daviess, whose delineation of a little group of Tennessee country folk living on the "Providence Road," is at once differentiated from the work of the writers of the earlier local colour school dealing with the same locality, by its lack of insistence upon any particular traits that set these people apart from the people of any other section. Miss Daviess's characters—Mother Mayberry, Squire Tutt, the Deacon, and all the rest—are merely rustics of a conventional type that is recognised at once as belonging rather to fiction than to life. Mother Mayberry, whose heart is welling with love for all her neighbours; who is possessed of such sound good sense and tact in the application of it to the affairs of village life; who finds a solution for every difficulty; who supplies the sick with simple remedies for their ailments, and the well with cup custards and raised biscuits—her motto, and that of her kind, would seem to be: "Eat and the world eats with you"—and who is of an inexhaustible

*The Road to Providence. By Maria Thompson Daviess. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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sentimentality and loquaciousness—is there any one who does not at once recognise this central figure, about whom all the mild happenings in this simple little book revolve, through having met her, not in any known circle of society, but in more books than one can recall by title? Let us admit that she is a good soul, but let us also be grateful that she is always safely confined behind the bars of a book. For who could possibly stand the terrors of daily intercourse with one who releases such a flow of words on the slightest provocation, who invariably curses the sacred silences of sorrow and sympathy with a ready-made discourse, and who, with a fiendish aptitude for the figurative style of expression, seems ever half gasping with impatience to fling the flowers of her exuberant fancy at the sufferer she would encourage and refresh? A woman of this kind, if she really existed, would, in spite of the feverish goodness of her heart, be a public nuisance, and would never be mistaken for anything but a maniac. Sentimental paranoia is her malady.

As for the story itself, it is too slight for criticism or analysis, but those who are sentimentally inclined will find pleasure in the love-story of a famous singer lady who loses her voice and the handsome young doctor who helps her to find it.

Cleveland Palmer.

IX

Marie Van Vorst's "First Love"*

It is a simple theme which Miss Van Vorst has chosen for the subject of her latest novel, one of those tragedies of youth that are so tragically serious to the youth himself and so tragically amusing to the rest of the world. For the rest of the world never takes very seriously the love of a youth for an older woman who happens furthermore to be married to another man. But Miss Van Vorst has given us such an excellent portrayal, appealing in its simplicity and directness, of John Bennett's hopeless love for the beautiful Mrs. Bathurst, that we cannot fail to give him a full measure of sympathy, whatever we might have done if we had been looking on in actuality. For John Bennett is really alive and very likable from the moment when he is first introduced to us, a tousle-haired twelve-year-old, hiding in a corner of a dismantled drawing-room while strangers haggle over his dead father's belongings, until the moment when he passes from the pale of our interest into the commonplace of a proper and conventional marriage, to which we are quite indifferent. In fact, there is nothing else in the book quite as good as the portrayal of the boy's feelings while his father's prize gun is being auctioned off, and his inability to express his gratitude when this beloved object is restored to him. The little scene is written with a loving understanding of the shy dumbness of the manly boy that is worthy of all praise.

> He endured whacks and bruises and hurts as all manly boys do, but he could not bear this sacrifice. His father's own prize gun! "Gosh, dang!" he said, and was sincerely profane.

And equally good is the clumsy "About that gun—it's all right!" with which the boy expresses his heart's overflowing gratitude.

When John grows to young manhood and bestows the first great love of his heart on the woman who gave him back the cherished gun, we are sincerely sympathetic. Also do we give a full mead of interest to Virginia Bathurst's natural leaning toward the charm of clean-minded, clean-blooded youth, while fate has linked her life to sottish middle age. We watch her wise and brave control of her feelings and condone her slight momentary yieldings. But in face of this, her refusal to marry John when death sets her free, is so utterly unmotivated, that as far as the reader's interest is concerned the story stops then and there, and all that has gone before is of no value. There may have been many reasons for the step, but the author should have told us some of them.

This point is one of the most serious faults of construction in a book which has many good qualities, and which

*First Love. By Marie Van Vorst. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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otherwise is written with a simple evenness of style that marks a decided advance over some of Miss Van Vorst's other work. There are other little blots —for instance, any lover of horses sport would have his enjoyment of the splendidly told episode of John's accident in the Horse Show ring dampened by the initial improbability that a stalwart, broad-shouldered six-footer, weighing presumably one hundred and seventy-five or eighty pounds at the least, should be chosen to put a "featherweight" mare over the hurdles.

Unimportant as it is of itself, the little incident is characteristic of a certain carelessness which marks all of Miss Van Vorst's work. This writer has so much undeniable power and directness of portrayal, so much natural ability that the well-wishing critic may be pardoned a regret that she does not think it worth while to acquire craftsmanship.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

PORTRAIT PAINTING AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

IT seems at first thought like a rather superfluous question to ask to what extent a novelist ought to be a verbal portrait painter. The novelist is a maker of pictures in prose and of course, one would say offhand, his various characters ought to be presented to us with the clear-cut vividness of portraits so that we may know the shape and colouring of their features, the clothes they wear, the very soul of them looking out from eyes of grey or blue or brown. Stated in this way, the whole question seems axiomatic and quite beyond any need of discussion. But there is this distinction, and a rather important one, between the portrait of a person in real life and the portrait of a character in a novel; between a painting of Napoleon or George Sand or Sarah Bernhardt, on the one hand, and of Mr. Pickwick or Becky Sharp or Terence Mulvaney, on the other; namely, that the people out of real life are actual, every detail about them is a prosaic matter of fact; they could be measured a hundred times by the Bertillon system and always give the same results; whereas a character in a novel is not seen, and never can be seen, in precisely the same way by any two readers. It is probable that if all the separate impressions made upon all the separate readers of *Don Quixote,* for instance, or *Les Trois Mousquetaires* could be brought together into composite photographs, the resultant pictures would not vary very widely from the separate conceptions of the Knight of La Mancha or of Athos or Porthos or D'Artagnan. But it is really this small limit of variation, this right which we each one of us have to see a fictional character through our own eyes, that makes our friends in the book world so much more real to us than the characters in recorded history ever can be—it even explains the familiar paradox that Richard the Lion Hearted of Scott's *Ivanhoe* and Richard Yea-and-Nay of Maurice Hewlett are more real to us all than the king of historic text-books can ever be.

Now the reason why a character in fiction is seen by us more vividly when drawn by the author in a somewhat impressionistic fashion with a certain proportion of the details left out, is that we are able to associate that character with some one whom we know more or less intimately. Any of the familiar figures in public life whose faces look back at us month by month from the magazines and whose words and actions are chronicled in the daily press are, in one sense of the word, too close to us, too definite and actual, for our imaginations to become active about them; and on the other hand, because they are so clear-cut, so definitely just what they are and nothing else, we get an exaggerated sense

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of their remoteness. But a character in a novel, if not given to us with too great a lavishness of detail, is very apt to call up in our minds a more or less conscious association with some one we know. For instance, take a short story in which the author has not troubled himself to do more than imply that the girl is young and attractive with brown hair and grey eyes: it is more than likely that in reading what this girl says and does you will find yourself exclaiming: "Why, that is Kate! That is Kate to the life!" But if the writer had gone a little further and with a portrait painter's accuracy had traced the oval of her cheek, the angle of nose and chin, had mentioned her two dimples and one tiny little mole behind the left ear, he would at once have spoiled for you that mental association which was the key to your visualisation —because Kate, your Kate, may not happen to have those same curves and angles, those dimples and that mole.

Now we cannot argue from this that it is better art to discard portraiture from fiction, to paint only the hearts and brains of our characters and leave their outward forms mere lay figures, convenient blanks for each reader to fill in at pleasure. In this matter, as in everything else, pertaining to fiction, the secret of success lies in compromise of an intelligent sort. Description of the colour of hair and eyes, the material and the cut of clothes is, after all, in last analysis, a question of economy of means. Thackeray wanted to be told what kind of trousers a man wore, because he found such knowledge a valuable key to character: Jane Austen was delighted when, at an exhibition of paintings, she came across a portrait which realised her own conception of one of her characters —and what pleased her about it was that the portrait verified her own private belief that that character's favourite colour was, if I remember rightly, green. Now both these novelists were instinctively upon the right track. The colour and texture of clothing, the outward adornment of ribbons and laces and jewels, are all important, so long as they give a key to character or, in any way whatever, enter into the fabric of the story; in other words, so long as they are of structural importance. And there are many details which we can assume to be structurally important in a long novel and which would not be important in a five thousand word short story. There are, for instance, plenty of short stories in which the colour of the heroine's hair and eyes is not mentioned. But it would be difficult to imagine a full-length novel which did not state or at least convey to us by inference these elemental details. And the moment we go beyond the more ordinary variations of physical appearance, and especially if we overstep the boundary line of the normal and verge upon physical deformity, we must be sure that such deformity is essential to the story we have to tell and that without it our story would have been radically different or else have remained untold. The one excuse for that very repulsive novel, *Sir Richard Carmody*, is that without the special deformity of the central figure there would have been no story to write. The hidden ears of Donatello in *The Marble Faun* is another and pleasanter illustration of the case in point. The whole story hinges upon the question raised in the reader's mind whether those ears were like those of any normal man, or whether they were furry and pointed. Indeed, this illustration is even better than it seemed at first sight because it is a rather rare case of a physical detail which is left vague for each reader to fill in as he pleases, and yet at the same time is, by a trick of suggestion, so sharply defined that, whatever you finally choose to think, you cannot for an instant escape from the startling vividness of one abnormal possibility.

A very good way in which to convince ourselves that the real masters of fiction do not describe their characters beyond the extent necessary to an understanding of the part they play in the story, is to call to mind the mingled feeling of surprise, disappointment and resentment that we have all felt over the attempt of some artist to realise some of our favourite characters in a series of illustrations. Sometimes, of course, an artist blunders from not having read the text with sufficient care. But far more often the source of our disappointment lies in that element in the portrait about which

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the novelist has remained silent and which the artist has conceived in a manner utterly different from our own conception.

Somebody will be quite likely to raise the objection that the whole theory herein set forth, that description should always be limited only to the structural necessities of the story, leaving a sufficient liberty to each reader to fill in details to suit himself, contradicts the admirable law laid down by Maupassant who in turn received it from Flaubert: that if you are describing a field or a tree, a horse or a man, you should study and ponder over the outward physiognomy of the object you are depicting until you have found the one inevitable word or phrase that will bring out with the utmost possible brevity and conciseness the difference between that field or tree or horse or man and all the others in the whole world. But in reality there is no contradiction here. The very fact that Maupassant requires us to seek for the one inevitable word or phrase instead of the hundred words or hundred phrases shows that he does not for an instant mean that we must give a complete and exhaustive picture of the object we are trying to draw. On the contrary, the whole principle of description with him is impressionism; to convey a portrait with the fewest and sharpest lines possible. His mind seized upon some one detail, whether in the tree or in the horse, that made it different to him from all others; and his purpose was accomplished, if he succeeded in making you or me see a tree or a horse that to us was different from all the others we had ever seen. Whether our exceptional tree or horse was identical with his was entirely beside the question; we might even imagine a case where, if he had given a greater abundance of detail, his tree or horse might have ceased in our eyes to be individual and have become a commonplace experience.

"Jim Hands"

Jim Hands, by Richard Washburn Child, is a rather good example of the way in which a distinct impression of personality may be conveyed to the reader with a minimum of physical description. Excepting for an eight-page prologue, the whole story is a monologue in the first person by Jim Hands himself, and all that we know about him in a physical way is that he is a grey-haired, horny-handed foreman of the "upper leather room" in a shoe factory. The narrative, so loosely constructed that it puzzles one to know whether to call it a novel or not, deals mainly with the story of Jim Hands's daughter, Katherine; and of Katherine we have just one brief portrait, worded as follows:

> She had the rich, half-red, half-brown mass of hair which so often is seen as a peculiar beauty conferred upon women with cold, white, transparent skins and small stature. In this girl, however, the luxury of colour and mass crowned a figure which was tall, erect, pliant, and poised as only healthy bodies can be, with the suggestion of easy muscular action unhampered by too much weight. And the flesh of her hands, her face, and neck was of that warm colour that suggests, like a field of ripening grain, the open air and sunlight.

A fairly detailed portrait, you think, as you read. You imagine that you know Katherine well enough to recognise her if you met her casually this afternoon in the street; and that is precisely the impression the author was trying to make. Yet, as a matter of fact, how much do you know about her? Why, merely that she is tall, well formed, with red-brown hair and the warm colouring that goes with health—a description that fits a number of women in the average man's experience. And yet, as Jim Hands unfolds the intimate story of his daughter's life, from the moment when he first realises that "children is a terrible investment," down to the moment when the responsibility for this particular investment is transferred into other and younger hands, we are under the illusion that we know Katherine in a very vivid and personal way—far more so than if we had had a colour portrait of her painted by some master artist. Of the book as a whole there is this to be said: that it is full of rough common sense, hearty good will and simple pathos; that it makes us acquainted with a number of humble, yet big-hearted people; and that even where the old foreman in his ram-

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bling narrative drops now and then into a mood approaching farce comedy it is without coarseness and always with a certain wise seriousness lurking behind it. Jim Hands himself is a character whose acquaintance it is a real pleasure to make, not only because he is so much bigger than the lot in life to which fate has assigned him, but because he has, underneath the rugged surface, such a wealth of sympathy and comprehension and affection, for those that are near and dear to him. *Jim Hands* may not be a book constructed according to the modern rules of technique; but that does not prevent it from being a rather big book because of its deep understanding of human nature.

"The Readjustment"

The Readjustment, by Will Irwin, is an interesting little volume for a number of different reasons. In the first place, it is a good example of the modern impressionistic portrait painting with a minimum of sure, swift strokes. The man and the woman about whom the story mainly revolves are presented to us at the start in an apricot orchard in southern California. The young man, Bertram Chester, is a college student earning his tuition through the summer months by picking fruit in Judge Tiffany's orchards; the young woman, Eleanor Gray, is the owner of the adjoining ranch. Chester, we are told, is "a stalwart boy of perhaps two and twenty, broad, though a bit overheavy, in the shoulders"; that his eyes are "long, brown and ingenuous"; and that "under his wide and flapping sombrero peered the front lock of his straight, black hair." Eleanor is introduced first of all as "a girl all in brown, dust-resistant khaki," and with "great, grey eyes." We get a little further light upon both of them when the young man, with more frankness than good taste, tells her in almost the first words that they exchange: "They say you're one of the smartest ranchers in these parts, and also the prettiest girl around Santa Lucia." This is the beginning of a distinctly enjoyable little romance in a delightful setting of sunshine and warmth and the open-air beauty of trees and flowers; and underlying it is a more serious note of a clash of temperaments, and instinctive recognition on the part of these two that, however strong the physical attraction between them may be, with its appeal of youth and health and high spirits, nevertheless, there is between her innate refinement and his coarser nature an impalpable barrier which refuses to be broken down. There is one other character of real structural importance, Eleanor's friend, Kate. Now Kate is a young woman lacking very large in all those more delicate traits which make Eleanor shrink from Bertram's vulgarity; and, because the young man's breadth of shoulder and carelessly outspoken admiration appeal to her she proceeds without scruple to win him away from her friend. It looks, for a while, as though Mr. Irwin had nothing especially new to say in this book; as though it was aiming toward the rather hackneyed culmination of a rivalry between two women in which the finer natured of the two was destined to be the victim. But just at the end Mr. Irwin introduces an entirely new twist to an old situation and the "readjustment" which takes place under the very shadow of death solves a difficult situation in a way that is eminently satisfactory to all concerned.

"White Roses"

White Roses, by Katharine Holland Brown, is another pleasant little idyll of the Far West. Corinna Curtis is a young woman who gives her relatives considerable anxiety because, while surrounded by a growing swarm of admirers, some of whom are eligible while some are not, she gives not the slightest indication of any wish to make up her mind and to settle down sensibly. When her cousin, Tom, is sent to Arizona to superintend the survey for a new railroad, his wife, Millicent, has numerous misgivings about taking Corinna with them, ostensibly because she is afraid the poor child will have a rather stupid time in the midst of a desert, but really because she foresees the havoc which Corinna is going to cause among the scattered male population throughout a hundred mile radius. In this respect, her misgivings are amply justified: and therein lies the whole sum and substance of the story. Upon Corinna's ar-

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rival at the desolate little railway station, eighteen miles from the nearest house, with no one waiting to meet her and no idea of what she must do next, she meets and incidentally snubs a certain man by the name of Morgan, whom the natives have exalted to a hero and fondly call El Amigo. This man, sprung from unknown parents and possessed of only the fragmentary education that he has been able to give himself, forms a note of exaggerated romanticism throughout what would otherwise be a graphic and perfectly natural portrayal of real life. Aside from the first chapter and the last, Morgan comes but little into the story; but in every chapter a single, mysterious white rose arrives by mail for Corinna, gathered no one knows where, in the heart of the desert. And in every chapter just as one eligible suitor after another has reached the crucial point in his declaration and Corinna is about to capitulate, something or other is sure to happen to bring into her mind a comparison with Morgan—a comparison always unfavourable to the other suitor. Of course, one foresees from the very structure of the book that it must end only one way—with the triumph of romanticism and white roses. And perhaps there may be some readers who will share the author's evident admiration for her hero, El Amigo. But even those of us who think otherwise will be repaid for reading the book by its pervading tone of clever comedy and by the exceedingly natural and often tender domesticity in the chapters devoted to the intimate interests of Corinna's cousins Tom and Millicent.

"The Bird in the Box"

The present reviewer is willing to concede that it may be largely his own fault that he fails to understand what Miss Mary Mears, the author of *The Bird in the Box,* is trying to do, throughout the greater part of that rather rambling novel. The heroine is the granddaughter of an old fisherman on the New England coast. Her mother died at her birth; her father had already disappeared, no one knew where, obeying an instinctive craving to sail away, aimlessly, across the seas. The girl has grown up in a rather primitive way, in the healthful freedom of the open air and has developed a delicate and rare beauty. When, on the threshhold of womanhood, she has no close friend save her grandfather and a young boy of French extraction, a moody, unbalanced fellow of about her own age. Suddenly one day, she meets on the shore a man from the city, an impulsive, erratic young inventor—a man who when the inventive fit is upon him, forgets everything and everybody, the ties of affection and the letter of written contracts. At the moment of their meeting, he is in the pay of a big lithographing company to which he is under contract to perfect a new kind of roller. They have sent him to this fishing village so that he may work in quiet and they pay him well, partly because the president of the company believes in him, partly also because the president's daughter is in love with him and has used her influence. Meanwhile, he forgets all about the roller and becomes absorbed in a new instrument for measuring the depth of water; and days lengthen into weeks while he and the fisherman's granddaughter float around the waters in a rowboat testing his new invention. Then, when she has learned to love him, he gets a letter or two from the city and promptly leaves her. There is probably some sort of connection between this disappointment of hers and her newly conceived plan to leave the home of her birth, take her grandfather with her, now too old to work, and friendless and with little money, seek her fortune in New York. Frankly, this whole proceeding impresses one as being quite as wild a bit of melodrama as the episode of little Nell and her grandfather in *The Old Curiosity Shop.* Well, they have their troubles, not quite as they would have had them in real life, but still sufficient to make a few rather harrowing chapters. The grandfather is stricken with paralysis, and the young girl learns what it is to be cold and hungry and to know the interior of pawnshops. But when things are darkest she makes the acquaintance of a millionaire jeweler, old enough to be her father, who persuades her to marry him. For several chapters we have been expecting that the erratic young inventor would reappear: and sure enough, he

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does. He greets her quite theatrically one night, standing beside the door of her carriage as she and her millionaire husband leave the opera. She realises at once that she still loves the inventor, in spite of the fact that she is a wife and that he meanwhile has eloped with the lithographer's daughter and is living in something very like a garret, hoping vainly for paternal forgiveness. Now in real life a young woman possessing even a tithe of the high mindedness with which this heroine is endowed would have felt keenly the awkwardness of the situation; but she has not a single scruple in manœuvring to have her husband's millions used in financing the enterprises of her inventor-lover. We almost forgot to mention, by the way, that her husband has made her a present of a Swiss mechanical toy consisting of a jewelled box from the top of which, at the touch of a spring, a little bird appears and sings a sweet, sad little song. This bird in the box she morbidly chooses to regard as a symbol of her own marriage. It is hardly worth while to carry the analysis of the plot any further, through the scenes of the husband's jealousy and the wife's indiscretion, down to the rampant melodrama occasioned by the half-witted French boy of the earlier chapters who quite thoroughly accomplishes his mad desire to make trouble by committing homicidal assault, arson, and suicide, all in the same hour. It is not the purpose of this review to comment further upon a plot which seems so abundantly to speak for itself. But at least, Miss Mears deserves credit for the extraordinary ingenuity by which out of this orgy of crime and disaster she finds a way of making her heroine not merely contented but actually glad to be a "bird in the box."

"The Rest Cure"

In a book where the main interest is psychological, the question of physical portraiture becomes a secondary consideration. How a man or a woman looks may be a vital matter when we are dealing with overt acts: there is much truth in the cynical Frenchman's maxim that if Cleopatra's nose had been a fraction of an inch longer, the whole history of the world would be changed. But where the interest of a story all centres in the working of one human brain, the shape of nose or colour of hair and eyes does not so much matter. An admirable case in point is *The Rest Cure,* by W. B. Maxwell, and considered as a study of cerebral mechanism, the book is something close akin to a stroke of genius. It concerns the career of an English statesman and financier; a man who, if not literally sprung from the people, is at least several social strata below the exclusive circles of rank and title. He belongs to that rather rare type of men with a big brain and indomitable will, eminently practical in his views of life, and determined at all costs to be a master of men. The art of introspection, the ability to analyse his own motives or those of other people is something he has never practised. He is neither a scholar nor a philosopher, but essentially a forceful, successful politician and business man. Because of his inability to know what failure means, he wins the hand of the woman he loves, although at the time he is only at the beginning of fame and fortune, while she has all the pride of family and of wealth. Now here is the brief epitome of the main material facts of this marriage. Even in the honeymoon, the bride is divided between her admiration for her handsome, powerful, commanding husband and her mortification at his frequent bad manners and bad temper. And this double attitude toward him, while it does not cause any open break between them during the first years of the marriage, does seem to explain a rather strange break between them after the birth of their third child. This child is sickly from the first and its death two years later has seemed inevitable. The wife's love meanwhile has withdrawn utterly from her husband and after the child's death she leaves him, not insisting that the separation shall be permanent, but pleading pitifully that he shall give her time. The husband, who cares more than he ever before realised for the wife, slowly breaks down, under the combined strain of his colossal business and political interests and his domestic troubles; and suddenly, without warning, his splendid physical strength goes to pieces and he finds himself in a

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sanitarium doomed to complete and permanent wreck, with nerves and brain and heart weakened beyond repair. To a man of his active, aggressive nature, life such as is mapped out for him by the doctors is worse than death; but there is one young doctor who becomes vitally interested in his case and decides, as an experiment, to give him a new interest in life. So, slowly and persistently, he teaches the invalid how to use his brain in a new way; the old business activity would kill him, but the quiet, scholarly, introspective sort of brain work is the best tonic he can have. Thanks to the novelty of it, the sick man takes a new lease of life; his wife returns to him through pity and remains, through newly awakened love; and for many months he drags on a crippled existence of tranquil happiness, amusing himself by writing the memoirs of his life, illuminating it with the searchlight of his newly acquired analytical powers. He finds that he has persistently misunderstood the motives of men and women and that often he has owed his success to these misunderstandings, because they have helped him make lucky guesses, whereas a better knowledge would often have made him afraid to act. Most of these discoveries cause him keen amusement; but there is one discovery about his past life on the brink of which he hovers for a long time, gropingly: namely, the reason why that third child came between his wife and himself, making her, for the time being, hate him. And when the truth finally bursts upon him, it kills him as surely as a pistol bullet, leaving him barely time to learn the name of the other man, to hear the wife's confession and to whisper his understanding and his forgiveness. The book is a finely artistic development of an unusual and difficult theme.

"A Man's Man"

A Man's Man, by Ian Hay, is a book that well deserves its growing popularity because it is so pleasantly unusual. When the book opens, Hughie Marrable is just finishing his course at the University of Cambridge and we get an exceedingly vivid and slightly ironical description of a "bumping" race between the college crews, in which Hughie leads his college to victory. Incidentally, we get a pretty good idea of the pent-up energy inside that strenuous young man which prepares us for the remarkable adventures that lie ahead of him. Hughie's uncle believes in foreign travel as the best possible finishing school for a young man; and when Hughie, fresh from his victory on the river, learns that the girl he hoped to marry has pledged herself to some one else he is quite willing to follow out his uncle's wishes. From this point on the underlying idea of the story is not unlike that of Frank Norris's *Moran of the Lady Letty,* in so far as it pictures the development of a man's character by rather rough usage at the hands of nature and his fellow-men. Like Norris's Ross Wilbur, Hughie Marrable, in the course of his travels, is shanghaied on board a sailing vessel; and his subsequent adventures in the form of mutinies, storms and shipwreck are sufficiently lively to satisfy any but a vitiated taste. At all events, Hughie returns to England much as Ross Wilbur returns to San Francisco, a thorough man's man within and without, and with small use for social refinements of the pink-tea variety. He does, however, remember, with some pleasure a small child of the feminine sex who, at the time of his departure from England, when he was still smarting under disappointed love, had tried to console him by saying sympathetically: "Never mind, I'll marry you when I'm grown up." During these intervening years this ingenuous young person has been completing the task of growing up; and with growth has come a change of mind and a forgetfulness of her promise. If Hughie's Uncle Jimmy had not been a wise and far-sighted old gentleman, the story might have ended with untimely promptness. But thanks to his rather peculiar and clever adjustment of money matters, a wilful young woman is forced to take a sensible view of what is best for her, and a clever little story is brought to a natural and sympathetic conclusion.

It will not be necessary to expend many words in giving a rather cordial endorsement to *The Court of Lucifer,* the latest volume by Nathan Gallizier, author of *Castel del Monte* and *The Sorceress*

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of Rome. The setting of Mr. Gallizier's novels is mediæval Rome; the theme of this latest book is the story of Lucrezia Borgia, not according to accepted traditions, but in the kindlier light of documentary evidence. Of the book, all that it is necessary to say here is that it represents the better type of serious historical fiction; that the author's painstaking care of detail and patient research are evident throughout without unduly obtruding themselves and that his whole picture glows with a sumptuous colour and a richness of fabric that well accord with the fierce passions and the deep undercurrent of plot and counterplot with which his theme deals. The volume is a worthy successor to his previous works.

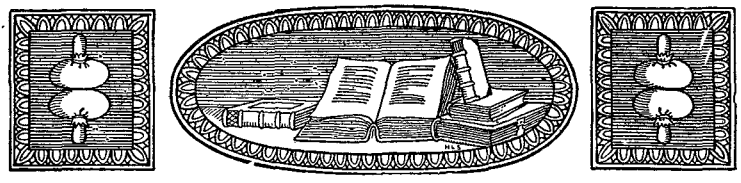
"The Court of Lucifer"

AT TWILIGHT

BY AGNES GARFIELD SMITH

There are dreams at dawn and dreams at dark,
But the dreams my heart loves best
Are the dreams that come when the silent sun
Drops out of the blazing west;
Drops out of the blazing west, dear heart,
To the depths of the scarlet sea,
And the silver mists of the eventide
Steal on and on toward me.

For the dreams adrift in those silver mists
Are dreams that are wondrous fair—
As sweet as the lilt of a spring-tide song
And as sacred as answered prayer;
As sacred as answered prayer, dear heart,
Dreams of the children we both shall love
In the beauty of after-years.
Tender as angels' tears—



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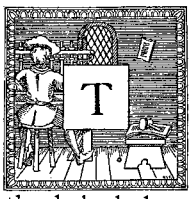
THE STORY OF MODERN BOOK ADVERTISING

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PRELIMINARY PAPER

In our April and May numbers there will appear two papers on "The Story of Modern Book Advertising." As has been announced in the BOOKMAN *prospectus for 1911, these papers will show by text and pictorially the devices by which the most striking books of the past quarter of a century have been exploited. As a preparation for the writing of these papers Mr. Tassin has gone very thoroughly over the subject of the advertising of books in its historical aspect. The result of this research is the following "Preliminary Paper," which shows, among other things, that even Addison and Steele were not above resorting to devices which are soundly condemned in the present day.*



HERE was no need to advertise the first recorded books. The entire edition, strictly an *edition de luxe,* was invariably sold out before publication. They were the baked-clay tablets struck off for the Chaldean royal residences, and there were probably never more than three copies made of any one book. The publisher, too, was the property of the purchaser, and he was paid for publication in a manner that precluded any risk whatever on his part. The first bookmen who were not thus totally independent of trade fluctuations were Egyptians who made their living, in what a humourist might insinuate is not even to-day an unallied industry, as superintendents of the dead. As in Chaldea, publishing was still a side line; it was only a subordinate activity of funeral directors to dispose of copies of the *Book of the Dead* among the friends of the deceased as a memorial. But they are, as far as is known, the first to undertake the disposal of books under any ordinary trade conditions. Between them and the next recorded bookmen there is a great gap, for, although the Preacher declares with some weariness that of the making of books there was no end, nothing is written of the circumstances of their publication and distribution. In Greece, as far as is ascertained, only a very small class of men owned books, and there was probably no publishing machinery. All references lead one to infer that the price of books was so high as to keep them the rarest of luxuries for the very rich alone. The Roman occupation about 150 B. C. began to change this, for the Roman genius for management seems to have extended into every social activity, and probably as soon as the people of Rome began to want books at all there were enterprising fellows who saw a way to get them on the market upon competitive terms. As, also, Alexandria became after the conquest a great book centre, one is doubtless safe in saying it was Rome that gave the effective commercial impulse to bookmaking.

ROMAN PUBLISHING HOUSES

There were in Augustan Rome established publishing houses which not only turned out large numbers of books, but many editions of them, and at an incredibly small price. That their arrangements were business-like may be inferred from the testimony of Horace. He relates that when an author failed to please the metropolis the publishers shipped the entire edition of his works to the provinces, and if he still failed to go off as writer they made arrangements to bring him back again and sell him as paper to the pastry and spice shops. One great firm in Rome had over two thousand trained slave copyists; and their work was swift

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and cheap, for Martial writes that they had ready an edition of a thousand copies of his *Epigrams* in just one hour to be sold at ten cents a copy. The exceedingly large reading public which all this indicates must have been many years in growing, and one may assume that Rome had long been a city of readers. Atticus, the publisher of Cicero, had a great many modern methods in the conduct of his business, and the fact that Cæsar's *Commentaries* were very quickly dispatched to the outposts of civilisation shows that the machinery of distribution was also well organised. Thus we may conclude that the advertising and publicity department was in good shape.

THE OLD, OLD TRICKS

From the earliest times in both Greece and Rome placards announcing the gladiatorial exhibitions were posted on walls; and as there is mention of the fact that Roman booksellers placarded the outer walls of their shops with the titles of new books, one may guess that so wide-awake a firm as the brothers Sosii knew how to bill the town also. This is the more likely, as Martial tells us that when he wrote advertisements for the booksellers in the shape of epigrams he specified, along with the form and the price of the book, the place where it was offered for sale. Martial had all the advertising dodges of the day at his finger tips, and probably introduced a few new ones. An author so keenly alive to the commercial aspects of his profession would hardly have advertised the baths of Etruscus for nothing, and one may guess that he knew what he was about when he referred requests for copies of his poems to his bookseller. He probably engaged in selling his own books even more actively than this, and he was not above turning a thrifty penny by selling the complimentary copies which the Roman publishers were in the habit of allowing authors for advertising purposes. For authors in Rome had long been engaged in widening the demand for their works. Poets, according to Pliny, used to distribute their prospectuses. But the instant popularity of a new scheme for advertising showed that "it filled a long-felt want" in bringing the author into closer contact with the public. This was the practice of giving free public readings, introduced by Asinius Pollio. In spite of his importance in the political world, he had had poor success with his writings until he hit upon the idea of building a private theatre in which to read them. As he was too important a man to neglect openly, people who had not cared to buy his books found it politic to be numbered among those present. Other hungry authors saw the value of the scheme, and as Rome seems always to have buzzed with promoters looking around for something to promote the town soon became studded with halls built to be hired out to authors. With this small expense they could see if they were likely to get back the money invested in publication. So general did the practice become that Pliny notes that through April hardly a day passed without some one giving a recitation. Writers who had not the price of a hall recited on the streets and in the public porticos. Modern publishers, not unacquainted with self-advertisement in authors, may well sigh for the good old days when the authors assumed the expense of self-exploitation also. Yet for all the willingness of writers to pay for a larger demand for their books, the bookselling trade had grown by the end of the first century into such proportions that one can be certain the publishers had themselves developed a substantial system of acquainting the buying public with their wares.

GERMAN BOOK DISTRIBUTION

Though after the break-up of the Roman Empire the book trade which it had introduced into Gaul still continued, it became and remained until the close of the fourteenth century almost entirely the making of transcripts for individual buyers under special orders. Both the transcription and the disposal of books were confined to the cloister, and though in several monasteries the matter was put upon a strictly commercial basis it could not be called distinctly a trade, since books were not prepared for general use. Well-defined bookselling machinery existed in Paris and Florence and Venice, but there was no advertising done beyond the issuing of written handbills. This latter was

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mainly confined to the few secular scribes, who only toward the last years of manuscript writing began to assume the proportions of an organised trade. On the first sheet of a very late manuscript is the following general advertisement: "Any books that are desired, whether great or small, religious or profane, beautifully painted, all of these will be found by Diepold Lauber, scribe in the town of Hagenau." In Germany, unlike the other countries, the only means of distribution of books seems to have been the fairs and the annual markets; and when later the printing press was discovered, this practice facilitated the rapid diffusion of printed matter to an extent almost incredible in days when there were no newspapers. As soon as the presses came, publishers were naturally the very first to appreciate the new opportunity for publicity, and at once applied them to the purpose of multiplying the written handbills formerly employed.

THE COMING OF PRINT

As long as books took only the form of expensive manuscript there could, of course, be no popular distribution, especially since only the wealthy, and but few of them, knew how to read. But the art of printing fortunately had its development in a commercial town, and when the business of bookmaking and distribution left the cloister of monastery and university it speedily came into relations with the people themselves. Especially in the low countries and in Germany the circulation of books among commoners began, and so notably increased that in a short time the selling price went steadily down as the market widened. Thus the need for advertising made itself known once more. As early as 1470 one printer issued a descriptive catalogue of his books after quite a modern fashion. At the head of it was the following notice: "Those who wish to possess any of these books have only to address themselves to the sign of ——." The blank was to be filled out by each retail dealer to whom the catalogue was sent. Indeed, enterprise seems to have been engendered in the very handling of the presses; for the second printer on record did not remain content with printing the old manuscripts but became also a publisher of new books; then he became his own bookseller and his own agent, travelling as far as Paris to create a new market; and then, it must be added, he became a pirate also, promptly appropriating another man's manuscript and inserting his own name as author.

THE FIRST EUROPEAN FIRMS

In Italy and France the taste for reading did not spread so quickly as in the North, and until it did so there was little need for advertising. In 1500 Aldus was still depending for the sale of his publications on direct correspondence with his scholars. But in the end, finding personal inquiries too numerous, he printed the first descriptive catalogue with prices ever issued. The great house of Estiennes in Paris and several other large publishing firms grew as rapidly and built up such a remunerative demand for their books—in a day when means of communication and even travel itself were irregular and difficult—that, like Aldus, they were soon forced to give up personal correspondence. Henry Estiennes thus begins his catalogue in verse:

> With letters ceaseless I'm annoyed.
> Italian, German, English, French,
> All on my studious hours intrench.
> "What last has been achieved and ended?
> What are the impressions next intended?"
> These pages few as best may suit you
> In form of catalogue salute you.

Although in Germany the Lutheran movement had thrown a large number of inexpensive pamphlets on the market, they were sold for the most part from hand to hand by peddlers or propagandists in the market places and from house to house. Thus it remained to the printers of Paris to be the first to advertise formally the wonderful cheapness of their wares. As early as 1500 this sign appeared in a printer's window: "Don't run away on account of the price. Come, rich and poor: this excellent work is sold for a very small sum." Soon this grew to be the favourite advertising idea in Paris, and all the printers began to harp on one string. "I do not lock up my books like a miser," ran another sign, "but anybody can carry them away for

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a very little money." Both of these signs, as will be seen, strike the modern personal note and strive for the catchy phrase. The genius of the craft, however, struck the topnotch of contemporary advertising when he persuaded a dignified professor of the University of Paris to inform the public that they must be grateful to him for "this beautiful and cheap book"; and thus the puff direct began again its useful journey, intermitted since the days of Rome. The other printers hastily followed suit, and as many needy university professors pocketed perquisites for books as actresses nowadays for hair tonics. The stall business of displaying in the open air on planks set up on trestles began about this time, and the stall-keepers had a special cry proclaiming the marvellous cheapness of their wares to arrest the passer-by. But if the enterprising printers of Paris first exploited by sign and puff and cry the inexpensiveness of their publications, it was a German who in 1591 printed the first approach to a newspaper advertisement. A newsletter extolled a book describing a magic plant supposed to give warning of disaster, and both newsletter and book were undoubtedly the output of the same shop.

CAXTON AND THE FIRST POSTER

In England, however, more than one hundred years before this, Caxton had printed the first poster. It announced the sale of a collection of rules of the diocese of Salisbury, "Pyes of Salisbury use," and gave his name and sign. This was at the Red Pole in the Almonry at Westminster, whither—according to his business announcement in 1480—"if it please any man spirituel or temporel to bye . . . lat him come and he shall have them good chepe." But Caxton by no means catered to men alone; on his list were many poems and romances and treatises of love of a decidedly temporal nature, and he was apparently the first publisher to reach out to capture the larger public of women so emphatically sought for these days. He knew the circle of scholars and theologians was small, and he wisely quadrupled the demand by his adventurous policy. Nevertheless, in spite of his business instinct, he had strict notions as to the dignity of the trade, and the immediate business of bookselling was entirely a subordinate affair with him and the first English printers. They were desirous of selling their books, it is true, but they never dreamed of giving their chief attention to doing so. The bookseller as a prime branch of the business came in during Elizabeth's reign. Unlike the earlier ones, these booksellers were neither educated nor concerned with scholarly affairs, and they were also accustomed by nature and training to all the dodges of a precarious living. Having little else on their minds, they had leisure to devise all sorts of advertising schemes to dispose of their goods, which were more often than not stolen or forced from starving authors. Their bills were stuck all over town, and doubtless—as their shops were chiefly clustered round St. Paul's—the humming resort of busy and idle London, the unsavoury middle aisle, was thickly placarded with their announcements along with its innumerable advertisements, notices, and disreputable personals. Another favourite place for handbills of the titles and general descriptions of new publications was on the outside of the theatres close to the playbills. Most of the ordinary booksellers' dodges of the time are probably mentioned by Heath in his *Epigrams,* published in 1650.

TO MY BOOKSELLER

I have common made my book; 'tis very true,
But I'd not have thee prostitute it too;
Nor show it barefaced on the open stall
To tempt the buyer; nor poast it on each wall
And corner poast, close underneath the play
That must be acted at Black Friers to-day;
Nor see some Herring-cryer for a groat
To voice it up and down with tearing throat;
Nor bid thy prentice read it and admire
That all the shop may what he reads inquire;
No: proffer'd wares do smell; I'd have thee know
Pride scorns to beg: modestie fears to wooe.

The posts here referred to were set up not only on the streets but, according to the ancient Roman practice, at and in the shops themselves. They were adorned with red announcements of the

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latest publications (imagine a publisher of to-day venturing to compete with a barber!). The fashion persisted many generations, and Pope more than once alludes to it.

What though my name stood rubric on the walls
Or plaistered posts, with clasps, in capitals!

LITERATURE AND QUACKERY

It was during the Elizabethan age that books began to be associated with quack medicines and pills and nostrums. Just as the earliest bookseller on record was an undertaker also, many of the Elizabethan booksellers sold drugs of all descriptions. These made both ends meet by dealing in the remedies their medical works mentioned. Bookshops, too, were often depositories for clandestine and questionable correspondence. This increased the evil reputation the trade had got when it fell into the hands of printers who made a vocation of stolen goods and their business the last stopping house this side of open knavery and vagabondage.

It was May 23, 1622, that the first periodical newspaper came out in England, and in it appeared some publishers' announcements. They were not, however, strictly advertisements in the usual sense of the word. The earliest real advertisement came out in April, 1647, and ran as follows: "A Book applauded by the Clergy of ENGLAND called THE DIVINE RIGHT OF CHURCH GOVERNMENT, Collected by sundry eminent MINISTERS in the Citie of LONDON; Corrected and augmented in many places, with a briefe Reply to certain Queries against the ministery of ENGLAND; Is printed and publish'd for JOSEPH HUNSCOT and GEORGE CALVERT, and are to be sold at the Stationers Hall and at the Golden Fleece in the Old Change." Publishers' advertisements were the first species to develop in the newspapers, and those of quack remedies were a close second. Here, as Stevenson would say, is a sobering reflection for the proudest of earthly vanities. The earliest advertisement of Isaac Walton was in an almanac of 1653.

"THE COMPLEAT ANGLER"

"There is published a Book of Eighteen-pence price, called the COMPLEAT ANGLER, OR THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION: being a discourse on Fish and Fishing. Not unworthy the perusall." By 1730 this modest advertisement had grown to display proportions in several different kinds of type and was making an effort (here a very successful one) to be interesting on its own account. "This day is published What will satisfy such as have bought Mr. Ozell's Translation of the Roman History and also undeceive such of Mr. Bundy's Friends as are more Friends to Truth . . . Being Serious and facetious Remarks by Mr. Ozell on some thousands of capital and comical Mistakes, Oversights, Negligences, Ignorances, Omissions, Misconstructions, Mis-nomers and other Defects, in the false Translation of the Roman History by the Rev. Mr. Bundy.

"A witty foreigner upon reading an untrue Translation of Cæsar's Commentaries, said 'It was a wicked translation, for the translator had not rendered unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's.'

"With equal truth tho' less wit, may it be said the Translator of the Roman History has not paid the Rev. authors the TYTHE of their DUES; which in one of the same cloth is the more unpardonable.

"The money is to be returned by Mr. Ozell to any Gentleman who after reading it shall come and declare upon Honour he does not think the Book worth the Money."

THE INIQUITIES OF ADDISON

It is interesting to note that it was the *Spectator* which first started the habit of advertisements for other commodities than books or quack medicines; and, sad to say, the fashion seems to have been introduced by its policy of puffing liberally anybody who paid for space—a policy which one would scarcely think of the great Mr. Addison not only following, but originating. There are, as Mr. Lawrence Lewis points out, several striking instances of the *Spectator's* business office dictating editorial "speculations." The nearest he came to it in book matters was when he wrote a series of papers on *Paradise Lost* to help out the sale of Tonson's edition, which was re-

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maining on the shelves, and when he devoted a paper to praising the *Cartoons of Raphael,* engravings of which were advertised in the same number. "I am obliged for the following essay," says *Spectator* once, "to the Ingenuous Author of a Poem just Published, entitled An Ode to the Creator of the World." But none of the puffery appeared in the advertisements themselves, and they were for the most part merely substantial or detailed announcements of the form and content of the books. Those coming nearest to any bid for attractiveness are the following: "A Treatise of the Hypochondriac and Hysterick Passions, vulgarly called the HYPO in men and VAPOURS in women; in which the symptoms, causes and cure of those Diseases are set forth after a Method entirely new. The whole interspersed with instructive Remarks on the Modern Practice of PHYSICIANS and APOTHECARIES: Very useful to all that have the Misfortune to stand in need of either." "Just Publish'd. A Letter to the Author of the History of the Lutheran Church, from a Country School-Boy. 'Out of the Mouth of very Babes and Sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine Enemies; that thou mightest still the Enemy and the Avenger.' Psal. 8 ver. 2. Printed for John Morphew near Stationers Hall."

ADVERTISEMENTS IN THE "SPECTATOR"

Publishers once having started to embellish their announcements, however, were not slow to employ all the tricks which up to this time had characterised the advertisements of quackery. The apparently quite modern expression, "the book is advertised like a patent medicine," might have had a more particular meaning in the seventeenth century than now, while the practice begun by the *Spectator* of puffing paragraphs in the news columns so increased that publishers were allowed to insert their own advertisements in this disguised form. One periodical even set about a campaign to prevent undue reputations being made in such a fashion. Possibly the most alluring publisher's announcement of the next hundred years appeared in 1741. "An Apology for the Life of MRS. SHAMELA ANDREWS, in which the many notorious FALSEHOODS and MISREPRESENTATIONS of a book called PAMELA are all exposed and refuted. Together with a full Account of all that pass'd between her and Parson Arthur Williams, whose character is represented in a manner somewhat different from what he bears in PAMELA, the whole being exact Copies of authentick Papers deliver'd to the Editor. Necessary to be had in all families. With a modern Dedication after the Manner of the Antients, especially Cicero."

FIELDING AND DEFOE

All this time, of course, had been developing and increasing other forms of advertising, indirect, but even more effective. Advertisement by dedication was not at all to be despised as an excellent method of attracting the attention of the public at large. The patron's assistance was by no means over with publication; people were interested in books for which great names graciously stood sponsor. Dryden's publisher thought the dedication of his *Virgil* to King William such a good stroke of business that he made the matter doubly conspicuous by having Eneas drawn with a hooked nose like the king. The practice, too, of issuing proposals for bringing out books by subscription worked also as an advertisement. Doubtless as much publicity as possible was obtained by this, though there is no record that the proposals were advertised in the picturesque way of a generation or two before, when the practice of selling books by lottery was in vogue, and at least one publisher-author had his book lottery announced in the theatre. Authors also had grown alert to the wisdom of allowing their coming events to cast a shadow before. At the end of the second volume of *Amelia,* Fielding inserted an advertisement of his projected newspaper, *The Covent Garden Journal.* The practical Defoe preferred to look backward rather than to gamble in futures. In each pamphlet he systematically referred to a previous one, and if any had the misfortune of failing to sell he would write another pamphlet just for the purpose of calling attention to it. So well known was he as an adroit

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and robust advertiser that when, in 1705, a bookseller could not get rid of a large edition of a heavy book called *The Christian's Defence Against the Fear of Death* he applied to Defoe to help him out. Thereupon the agile author wrote the account of Mrs. Veale, and in the recital of the circumstantial details of which he was past master, he put a recommendation of this book as "the best on that subject ever written." At once the edition was completely sold out. Perhaps Defoe's most spectacular exploit in the advertising field was when he brought out the *Life of Jack Shepard* during the trial of that worthy, and, to cap the climax, managed to get an allusion made to it from the very scaffold itself.

BYRON AND BULWER

The *Morning Chronicle* in 1802 made a specialty of book advertisements and exhibited, for the time, much ingenuity in the matter of display. Publishers had the fashion then of keeping back their announcements until they had enough to bunch them together in what was called a "cloud" or "swarm," in order to impress the public with the extent of their business. "Each bookseller," wrote the proprietor of this journal, "is desirous of having his cloud of advertisements inserted in the front page. The new advertisements, one at a time, would not do; they would have the cloud. Then, said I, there is no place for the cloud but the last page. The booksellers were affronted, indignant. The last page! To obtain the accommodation they set up a morning paper, the *British Press,* and to oppose the *Courier,* an evening one, the *Globe.* Possessed of general influence among literary men, could there be a doubt of success?" And thus began a period when the booksellers practically had it all their own way and controlled most of the organs of literary opinion; and the era of brazen puffery came about. Byron, in the mean time, had introduced a new note into book advertising, that of the carefully nurtured personality; and the idea he had furnished to his publisher on his return from the grand tour proving effective enough to sell out the edition of *Childe Harold* in three days, the trade seized upon it with avidity. Byron, by his paleness, his calculated abstinence from food in public, and his interesting air of abysmal wickedness, showed the publishers the commercial value of an intangibility. It was a foregone conclusion that Bulwer Lytton—the Barnum of his day, as he has been called—would not lag far behind in exploiting his showy personality. And Bulwer, like Byron, did not the less appreciate advertisement for his contact with the stage—indeed both of them proved quite able to teach the theatres a thing or two. Then came Disraeli, equally interesting as a social figure and through necessity even more anxious for personal notoriety.

DISRAELI AND SCOTT

If Dizzy had not been a self-advertiser there would probably have been no Dizzy, and he made his novels as he made everything else serve him in that respect. Christopher North in *Blackwood* denounced "the shameful and shameless puffery" by which the sale of *Vivian Grey* had been secured. But the publisher, having almost complete command of the literary press, was able to keep up as long as it was profitable the discussion of the identity of the author. Scott, with Waverley, had taught the trade the commercial value of mystery. "No artifice by which notoriety can be obtained is now thought too abject for a man of letters," wrote Macaulay in his wrath, turning the full vial of it on the scapegoat Robert Montgomery. But only Montgomery suffered the blight of his majestic censure, and puffery, secure in controlling most of the channels of publicity, went on undisturbed. Besides the market price of personality and of mystery, the trade had by this time well learned the value of the hoax, and the lately discovered manuscript, and the long list of temporarily successful impostures had begun.

THACKERAY

While there seem to have been no definite schemes launched for the exploitation of the books of the Wizard of the North, Scott's whole life was one which served indirectly to advertise his novels. His palace at Abbotsford, his friendship for the Prince Regent, his

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truckling to national prejudice in his absurd *Life of Napoleon,* all helped him to sell. Indeed a little pamphlet might be written on High Life and the Book Trade. It is well known how the marriage of the Marquis of Lorne put the breath of life into that still-born infant, *Lorna Doone;* and how it was not passed over by her publishers that the late queen's favourite novelist was Marie Corelli. But Thackeray did more than cater to the English love of a lord or introduce ill-disguised portraits of celebrated personages in his novels; he was accused of aiming at the patronage of the British nobility in his *English Humourists* and of bidding for the American market in his lectures on the *Four Georges.* His squabble with the *London Times* over that journal's slashing criticism of *The Kickleburys on the Rhine* would be regarded in our more commercial age as a frank bid for exploitation. When, in 1858, Edmund Yates wrote for *Town Talk* a not wholly flattering account of his personal appearance, he did not disdain to demand loudly that Mr. Yates apologise for printing facts about the colour of his hair and his manner of speech, learned in the privacy of the Garrick Club. Yet an article written a few years ago complaining of the blatancy of authors in these degenerate days speaks of this incident as an illustration of Thackeray's loftiness of spirit!

DICKENS AND READE

Dickens knew the value of advertising and did not hesitate to make use of it. His lecture tours served the two-fold purpose of putting money directly into his pocket and spreading the fame of his books. Charles Reade wrote anonymously a long article on himself for *Once a Week,* in which he said: "It is impossible to speak too highly of *The Cloister and the Hearth;* it is one of the most scholar-like and learned as well as one of the most artistic and beautiful works of fiction in any language. Read him: resign yourself to the magic spell of his genius. The effect of *Foul Play* is perfectly marvellous. It leaves the stories of every other sensational novel writer far behind."

M. DE BALZAC ON BALZAC

Nor was Balzac in France disdaining to puff his own works. "If you have not been born a story-teller," he wrote in a review, "you will never obtain the popularity of Monsieur de Balzac. And what a story-teller! What verve and wit! How the world is dissected by this man! What passion and coolness!" The exclamation marks are characteristic, for the French school of the first half of the century was far more open than the English in exploiting itself. It is true that Richard Savage's publisher advertised his author's having killed a man, but Balzac seems almost to have provoked duels with his publishers for the sake of advertisement. All his life his head was seething with schemes to attract attention to his books. "My friend," said he, "I have the brilliant idea to open a grocery store with Honoré de Balzac printed over the door in gilt letters and me in a blouse behind the counter: this will create such a scandal that every one will buy my books."

DUMAS AND HUGO

The elder Dumas used his astonishing personality, his political ambitions, and the extravagance of his château of Monte Cristo to attract attention to his romances. In later life he descended to fiddling in a restaurant as a means of self-advertising. Théophile Gautier strutted about Paris in an extraordinary red waistcoat in order to attract attention to himself and to his work. Victor Hugo was the very personification of self-exploitation. Beneath that colossal egotism, which on one occasion led him to suggest gravely that the issue of the Franco-Prussian War be decided by personal combat between himself and the King of Prussia, there was a strong vein of shrewdness. No publisher who ever had dealings with him was able to forget that he was an excellent business man, and he must have understood that these manifestations of his vanity would result in increased sales. He left nothing to chance, however, for he took pains to write his advertisements himself.

THE EXPLOITATION OF SUE

But the height of literary advertising of the first half of the last century was

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reached in the case of Eugene Sue's famous novel, *The Wandering Jew*. A French newspaper publisher contracted for the serial rights of the latter and then proceeded to make the most of his bargain by methods which, as some one has expressed it, would have made a modern American stare. Every little while the daily instalment would fail to appear, and in its place would be a notice that M. Sue was suffering from a slight indisposition and the readers would be obliged to wait forty-eight hours for new developments of the narrative. So well did these methods succeed that it was impossible to buy outright a copy of the journal, and instead copies were rented out at ten sous for half an hour, the time thought necessary to read the instalment. And all the while Sue himself was industriously abetting the publishers by posing overdressed and with spurs to his boots at the Café de Paris in an attitude of deepest abstraction, as if wondering what the next instalment would be about. The brothers Sosii and Martial must have been much chagrined when the report reached them in the Elysian Fields.

THE UNCHANGING FASHIONS

Thus, having reviewed the history of book-advertising down to yesterday, one feels that even in the field of commercial exploitation—which is particularly the field of our own age and our own country—there is little except in execution that is new. The degeneracy of the trade of letters, like the degeneracy of the theatre, is a familiar wail of the time. "Even the author," naïvely writes an elevated scribe in satirical vein, "has nowadays cheerfully consented to engage in the race for fame"; and a dignified publisher comments sadly, "As books are a commodity they must be advertised, but circus methods are to be deplored." Both writers sound the high note of the "good old days." Pray, when were the good old days? It was once the writer's experience to chase them through four costume plays in one New York season—roughly, the plays covered twelve generations of recorded time. In each was a wagging greybeard who held up hands in horror at the commercial character of the coming age. "It was not so in my time," he lamented. But in vain, through recorded history in the domain of books, as in every other, we search for

> The constant service of the antique world,
> When service sweat for duty not for meed.

The fashion of these times, when none will sweat but for promotion, is, after all, far less of a solitary phenomenon than old men like to admit.

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THE EDITORS WHO "REGRET"

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

We are constantly receiving letters of inquiry about men who conduct the American magazines of the present day. That Mr. Alden guides the destiny of Harper's, Mr. Johnson of the Century, and Mr. Burlingame of Scribner's are facts which are comparatively well known. But the personalities of the men in control of the magazines with less history and tradition remain in relative obscurity. "Who is the man who decides upon the manuscripts that go to this magazine office or that?" is the burden of a questioning letter. "Who is the Editor who regrets?" As a general reply to these inquiries the present article is printed.

> The editor regrets that the enclosed manuscript, although possessing considerable merit, is unavailable for his present needs.

IT was the late O. Henry who said that the two saddest phrases in the English language were "Please remit" and "The editor regrets." Like all magazine writers, O. Henry, at different times in his career, had come to know the two sad and closely related phrases intimately. Before the tide comes in the affairs of a contributor to the periodicals he has learned the regret slips of the editors of the various magazines so well that he can identify any one of them, without looking at the name, from the colour of paper on which it is printed. Most of the regular magazine contributors who live in New York, the magazine centre, know the mysterious men by name if not personally, the mysterious individuals who, to the rest of the great United States of Magazine Writers, are known merely by the blank, cold, noncommittal word "editor" which comes back to it in the same envelope with its highly prized manuscript. For this latter considerable group, the persons in *absentia* who hurl their literary efforts into the sanctums of the editors of the popular New York magazines, this paper is prepared—that they may be brought face to face with the cruel murderers of their temporary literary hopes, that they may know concretely the personalities of these editors who "regret," and that, in daring spirit, the characteristics of some of the men behind the blank, cold word mentioned above may be brought out of the realm of office mystery and be revealed to a curious writing world.

There is a small group of older editors, such as George Harvey of *Harper's,* and Lyman Abbott of *The Outlook,* whose personalities and methods have been chronicled in the prints, and who, consequently, are well known to the public, both writing and otherwise. These editors shall not concern us here. Rather shall it be our purpose to afford a fleeting glimpse at the younger and less widely known men who preside actively over the managing editors' desks of some of the other magazines, men who, some of them at least, have been wont to conceal the light of their names under the bushel of their regret cards.

Let us first make our way into the editorial sanctum of the *American Magazine,* presided over by John S. Phillips. Mr. Phillips is one of the lucky species of men who can work hard and smile while he is doing it. He can discuss a serious article on "The Measure of Taft" with Ray Stannard Baker, for instance, and discuss his poor luck at Bridge the night before at the same time—and neither seemingly will interfere with the other. He dotes on Bridge, Goshen, New York (where he spends his Sundays), and the Middle West viewpoint in national affairs and literary likes and dislikes. Born in Illinois, he believes that if you can get up a magazine that will be generally suitable to the people of Illinois you will have a magazine that will embrace the national taste. And his success with the *American, née Frank Leslie's*

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Monthly, seems to argue for the correctness of his ideas on the point in question. He is "strong for the healthy, 'home' tone in a magazine," as he expresses it, and his editorial ideas, in consultation with his staff, are worked out on this line. Mr. Phillips's managing editor and the man from whom you probably get your cards of regret direct is Albert Boyden, who, born in Illinois, mirrors accurately the Phillips idea. Mr. Boyden is a keen detective of faults in realism in the stories that are submitted to him. Woe be to the fiction story that comes to Mr. Boyden containing a piece of automobile machinery wrongly characterised or an item of factory routine that is incorrect! Detecting errors of this nature is to Mr. Boyden's heart what Bridge is to the heart of Mr. Phillips.

Very much like Mr. Boyden is Mr. Sewell Haggard, the "regret" man of the *Metropolitan.* Mr. Haggard is a graduate of newspaper work, having served for a number of years on the staff of the New York *Sun* before entering the magazine field. Although the active editorial head of the magazine is M. E. Stone, Jr., it is the managing editor from whom emanates the flood of "regrets." Mr. Haggard is of a serious disposition, gives one the impression of a limitless capacity for long, steady working grinds, is rarely "seeable" to contributors who call at the office, and is a quick analyst of a story's merits and, more particularly, demerits. Everything that goes into the *Metropolitan* magazine must be passed on by Mr. Stone, but the young managing editor is the final effective sieve that stands between the former and the second of O. Henry's "saddest phrases."

The House of Munsey, with its numerous magazines, is, because of the big number of its publications, one of the favourite targets of the short-story writers. The supervising editor of several of these magazines is Robert H. Davis, generally regarded, with John Cosgrave, as the George Horace Lorimer of the monthly field. Davis is an unusual personality. He is a short, chubby, smooth-faced, dark-haired man, with a blunt, straight-from-the-shoulder method of saying what he thinks. He believes in seeing every contributor who comes to his office. He has a remarkably quick mind, born of long newspaper training, and can tell the value of a submitted article in a flash. He has, furthermore, a comprehensive knowledge of everything from the political situation in Montana to the financial condition of the Mills hotels. He has a memory that is the equal of that possessed by Paul Drane, the day city editor of the New York *Herald,* who can tell off-hand why the yacht *Illiad* figured in the news on, say, September 15, 1889. Mr. Davis is the city editor style of magazine editor. He can assign the subject of an article on "The Growth of the Automobile," or an article on "Soda Water Statistics" for the *Scrap Book,* and a roailroad topic for a *Railroad Man's Magazine* article in three minutes. And he can see, talk with and transact business successively with a dozen contributors without wasting a moment's time and without missing a single opportunity to learn what the caller has that may prove available for the magazines over which he presides.

"Bob" Davis's letters to contributors explaining why this or that manuscript has been rejected by him have long since become famous in the metropolitan magazine world. They are as characteristic of the man as the colourless "regret" slips are not characteristic of some of the other magazine editors. Davis's letters are masterpieces of staccato, explosive, condemnatory comment. If a story is very bad, he will tell the contributor that it is "one of the worst stories I ever read, just trash." He does not mince his words. His is the cannon-cracker kind of criticism, with no preliminary sputtering. But his criticism is frank and fair, that it always is, and if a contributor's feelings are hurt sometimes, Mr. Davis never loses that contributor as a friend. He knows how to praise as well as he knows how to damn, and his praise is just as straight-from-the-shoulder as is his censure.

R. H. Titherington, a graduate of Oxford, is the individual editor of the *Munsey* magazine. He has occupied this position for many years and has done much to build up that publication. Robert Mackey, who looks out directly for the *Railroad Man's Magazine,* is a

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former editor of *Success,* and more recently assistant Sunday editor of the New York *Herald.* Matthew White, Jr., who edits the *Cavalier* and *Argosy,* has been with the Munsey publications since their beginning, and to him a great deal of the popularisation of the *Argosy* brand of thriller story in the ten-cent field is due. Mr. White, who is the first American editor to have recognised the ability of Arnold Bennett, is the author of a number of books of boys' stories that had a considerable vogue twenty years ago. He invents a considerable number of the plots for the *Argosy* stories himself and develops them with the aid of his contributing writers. In addition to his work of editing the two story magazines, he edits the dramatic department in the principal Munsey publication. Like Mr. Davis, all the Munsey editors believe in personal contact with contributors.

Everybody's Magazine is under the editorial charge of John O'Hara Cosgrave, a well-known figure in the popular magazine world and an acute judge of the sort of stuff that goes to make a magazine bought and read. To Mr. Cosgrave goes much of the credit for bringing *Everybody's* up to its high rank in general popularity. Possessed of a strong physique, a dyed-in-him love of the work he is in, a wide acquaintanceship among men and a keen sense of discrimination between fake and real sensationalism, he is eminently suited for the leadership of a publication of the nature of the one in the editorial chair of which he whirls 'round. But as far as the curious army of regret receivers is concerned, Gilman Hall and Trumbull White are the two specific editorial subjects who must be dragged from the secret shadows of the sanctum, for these two men, particularly, are the associate editors upon whom falls a great deal, in fact, the greater deal, of the assorting and rejecting work after, as in all other cases, the preliminaries have been attended to by the "readers." Of these two associate editors, Mr. Hall is the next of editorial kin to Mr. Cosgrave as far as the rejected contributor is concerned. He was formerly the editor of *Ainslee's* magazine, and is known as the first editor who recognised the worth in the stories of the man with whose observation on "the editor regrets" this paper was introduced.

The managing editor of *McClure's* magazine is H. H. McClure, a cousin of S. S. McClure, proprietor of the periodical. H. H. McClure was, at the beginning, associated with *McClure's magazine,* but subsequently became one of the guiding powers of the newly created *American* magazine, when Mr. Phillips, Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell, Peter Dunne and others resolved themselves into its sponsors. Because of family ties, his re-association with *McClure's* was natural. Mr. McClure is thirty-six years old, is tall, slender, blond and possessed of an exceptionally "meetable," likable personality. As head of the H. H. McClure Newspaper Syndicate, he has come into close contact with the better known British and native writers, many of whose products he has handled exclusively for a considerable period of time. He was partly responsible for the introduction of the original Sherlock Holmes stories in America.

John Thompson, formerly on the staff of the New York *Times,* is the editor of *Pearson's Magazine.* He practically edits the publication single-handed, anyway as far as the contributors go. The "regrets," when they do come, come from him direct. He, too, is a young man—still somewhere in the later thirties—is of a tall, athletic build, and has a favourite tilted-'way-back-in-his-chair position in which any intruder in his sanctum may usually find him. Norman Boyer, the present editor of the *Smart Set,* succeeded George Splint to his present post, after having been associated with the staff of the *Success* magazine when Robert Mackey was its editor. Mr. Boyer follows out the Davis idea of seeing all contributors personally, of talking over their story ideas with them, and of recommending certain changes in stories which, when so altered, may prove available. Like Mr. Davis, Mr. Boyer also takes time to write letters to many of the magazine's contributors, but the Boyer letters are as sweet milk compared to the Davis letters' acid. Whenever an unknown contributor sends in a manuscript that, while not available, still discloses

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traces of considerable sporadic merit, a Boyer letter of appreciation and criticism will go with the regrets. It is interesting to note in this connection that the editor recently published in his magazine in semi-fiction form the correspondence that had passed between a contributor and himself, and received a number of letters from readers of the magazine subsequently praising what they believed was a printed story-manuscript.

Arthur Hornblow, editor of the *Theatre Magazine,* is the same Arthur Hornblow who made a novel of *The Lion and the Mouse,* Charles Klein's drama, and is the author of a number of novels of the brand of *By Right of Conquest.* Mr. Hornblow rarely talks with a contributor save through his secretary, in which regard he resembles Caspar Whitney, the well-known editor of *Collier's Outdoor America.* Albert Britt, the editor of *Outing,* was called to that chair from the editorship of the *Railroad Man's Magazine,* having before that time been on the staff of *Public Opinion.* Mr. Britt talks over the ideas of prospective contributors with the latter in his office. Mr. Britt is just the sort of man you would expect to find editing a magazine like *Outing.* He is not an athlete, but he looks *Outing,* talks about out-of-doors and enjoys talking about it.

Edward Cave, the editor of *Recreation,* believes with Mr. Britt that the editor of an out-door magazine should be an out-of-doors man. And Cave most certainly is an out-of-doors man in every sense of the word. He is young, full of life, and spends a great deal of his time on automobile, fishing and hunting trips, of which he writes under his own name for the magazine of which he is editor.

William Young, the editor of *Hampton's Magazine,* is a newspaper man of wide experience in both New York and Chicago. While B. B. Hampton rules the contents of his magazine with a direct hand, it remains for Young to do the greater amount of the preliminary work with the various "standing" and volunteer contributors.

Charles Hanson Towne, well known as a contributor of poetry to the periodicals and, a number of years ago, editor of the *Smart Set* magazine, is the "regret" man of the *Delineator* and *Woman's Idea* magazines, over which Erman J. Ridgway exercises general editorial supervision. Recently succeeding Samuel Merwin as the managing editor of *Success,* Howard Brubacher has been entrusted with that publication's regret slips. Mr. Brubacher has been associated with *Success* for several years and is one of the youngest of the "regret" men. Charles Agnew MacLean is the editor of the *Popular* and *Smith's* magazines and Archibald Sessions the editor of *Ainslee's.* Karl Edwin Harriman, author of the novel *Sadie,* is the editor of the *Green Book Album* and supervisory head of its colourful sisters, the *Red* and *Blue Books.* Herbert Kaufman, whose name is familiar to magazine readers, has recently been created editor of the *Woman's World.* Although Norman Hapgood is the editor of *Collier's Weekly,* the man in whom the contributors are interested is Albert Lee, the managing editor. Charles Belmont Davis, a brother of Richard Harding Davis, and a well-known writer of stories dealing with stage life, is the *Collier* fiction editor. Clarence Richard Lindner is the new fiction editor of *Leslie's Weekly.* George Buchanan Fife, the managing editor of *Harper's Weekly,* is another graduate of newspaper work, having been engaged in that field of journalistic service in New York for more than fourteen years. William A. Taylor is the editor of the *Associated Sunday Magazines,* and is known far and wide as "Pop" Taylor. H. G. Payne, editor of the recently instituted *Monthly Magazine,* is a former member of the *Harper's Weekly* staff and, before that, a newspaper graduate.

Henceforth, then, will "the editor regrets" cease to be anonymous. The personalities of the rejection slips have been ferretted out!

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THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is the list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of December and 1st of January:

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The De Bercy Affair. Holmes. (Clode.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. Lord Chatham. Rosebery. (Harper.) $3.00.
3. The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton. (Scribner.) $3.50.
4. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Boys' Book of Model Aëroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Collected Poems of Eugene Field. (Scribner.) $2.00.
2. A Garden of Girls. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.50.
3. The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. Twain. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Poems of Childhood. Field. (Scribner.) $2.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. Collected Verse. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Road to Providence. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Social Bucaneer. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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BOSTON, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
6. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Romantic Days in Old Boston. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.
4. Life of Disraeli. Monypenny. (Macmillan.) $3.00.

Juveniles

1. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. The Story of the Grail and the Passing of Arthur. Pyle. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. At the Home Plate. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. What's Wrong With the World. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton. (Scribner.) $3.50.

Juveniles

1. Wonder Tales. Hawthorne. (Duffield.) $2.50.
2. The Story of the Grail and the Passing of Arthur. Pyle. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Fiction

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Foreigner. Connor. (Hodder & Stoughton.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Fiction

1. The Price of the Prairie. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.35.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
4. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
3. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Court of Lucifer. Gallizier. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Rheingold and the Valkyrie. Rackham. (Doubleday, Page.) $5.00.
2. The Sleeping Beauty. Quiller-Couch. (Doran.) $5.00.
3. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Education in Sexual Physiology. Zenner. (Clarke.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO

Fiction

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) $4.80.
4. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Boys' Book of Model Aëroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
3. Through the Little Green Door. Donohey. (Stern.) $1.00.

DALLAS, TEX.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Little Knight of the X Bar B. Maule. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

DENVER, COL.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
4. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Madame X. McConaughty. (Fly.) $1.50.
6. Cynthia's Chauffeur. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
6. One Braver Thing. Dehan. (Duffield.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Digressions of V. Vedder. (Houghton Mifflin.) $6.00.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Glenloch Girls Abroad. Remick. (Penn.) $1.25.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Everybody's Lonesome. Laughlin. (Revell.) 75 cents.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Social Bucaneer. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Sleeping Beauty. Quiller-Couch. (Doran.) $5.00.
2. The Rheingold and the Valkyrie. Rackham. (Doubleday, Page.) $5.00.

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3. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Rosary, Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Price of the Prairie. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.35.
3. The Better Man. Brady. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. A Man's Man. Hay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
6. Keith of the Border. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

1. Hollow Tree Snowed-In Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. With Lyon in Missouri. Dunn. (McClurg.) $1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Not of Her Race. Foster. (Badger.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. A Christmas Mystery. Locke. (Lane.) 75c.
4. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Clayhanger. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Digressions of V. Vedder. (Houghton Mifflin.) $6.00.
2. The Rheingold and the Valkyrie. Rackham. (Doubleday, Page.) $5.00.
3. The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Dulac. (Doran.) $5.00.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales. Hawthorne. (Duffield.) $2.50.
2. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Story of the Grail and the Passing of Arthur. Pyle. (Scribner.) $2.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. At the Villa Rose. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. My Mark Twain. Howells. (Harper.) $1.40.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. A Garden of Girls. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Boys' Book of Model Aëroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Tama. Watanna. (Harper.) $1.60.

NON-FICTION

1. Garden of Girls. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.50.
2. Collected Verse. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $3.50.
3. Girls. Hutt. (Scribner.) $3.00.
4. The Rheingold and the Valkyrie. Rackham. (Doubleday, Page.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

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NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Strength of the Weak. Thacker. (Broadway Pub. Co.) $1.50.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. No Man's Land. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Sapphire Bracelet. Field. (Watt.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. A Manual of Spiritual Fortification. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) $4.80.
4. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) $6.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Victory of Allan Rutledge. Corkey. (Fly.) $1.50.
2. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
3. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Keith of the Border. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. The Price of the Prairie. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. Making Life Worth While. Fisher. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Comfort. Black. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. Collected Poems of Eugene Field. (Scribner.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Madame X. McConaughty. (Fly.) $1.50.
6. The Girl of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. Collected Poems of Eugene Field. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. Adventures in Home Making. Shackleton. (Lane.) $1.75.
4. Susan in Sicily. Tozier. (Page.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Kiddie Land. Wiederseim and May. (Jacobs.) $1.25.
2. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Tittlemouse. Porter. (Warne.) 50c.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Greatest Wish in the World. Thurston. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Ingleside. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
5. The Caravaners. By the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden.* (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Creators. Sinclair. (Century Co.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. Lord Chatham. Rosebery. (Harper.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. Love of the Wild. McKishnie. (Fitzgerald.) $1.20.
5. Madame X. McConaughty. (Fly.) $1.50.
6. Way to Peace. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Old North Trail. McClintock. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
3. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) $4.80.
4. Camp and Camino in Lower California. North. (Baker & Taylor.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. At the Home Plate. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Glenloch Girls Abroad. Remick. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Plupy, the Real Boy. Shute. (Badger.) $1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Road to Providence. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

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5. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
6. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) $4.80.
3. Romantic Days in Old Boston. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Young Guide. Burleigh. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
3. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Oregon Geology. Condon. (Gill.) $1.75.
2. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. My Mark Twain. Howells. (Harper.) $1.40.
4. The Digressions of V. Vedder. (Houghton Mifflin.) $6.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Mutt and Jeff Cartoons. Fisher. (Ball.) 50 cents.
2. Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Lure of the Antique. Dyer. (Century Co.) $2.40.
3. Romantic Days in Old Boston. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.
4. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) $4.80.

JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Little Lame Prince. Mulock. (Rand, McNally.) $1.25.
3. Beatrix Potter's Books. (Warne.) 50 cents.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Annals of Ann. Sharber. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Dixie Hart. Harben. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Mr. Pickwick. Reynolds. (Doran.) $5.00.
2. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

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3. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Indiscreet Letters from Peking. Weale. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
4. Those Nerves. Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Mollie Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Rewards and Fairies. Kipling (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Under a Fool's Cap: Songs. Holmes. (Mosher.) $1.00.
3. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Wonder Tales. Hawthorne. (Duffield.) $2.50.

Juveniles

1. Boys' Book of Model Aëroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
2. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Road to Providence. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
3. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton. (Scribner.) $3.50.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. One Braver Thing. Dehan. (Duffield.) $1.40.
4. The Readjustment. Irwin. (Huebsch.) $1.20.
5. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Romantic California. Peixotto. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. The Vanished Ruin Era. Stellman. (Elder.) $2.50.
3. City that Is. Steele. (Robertson.) $1.00.
4. California. Jordan. (Robertson.) 50 cents.

Juveniles

1. Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales. Hawthorne. (Duffield.) $2.50.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Fiction

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Frontiersman. Cody. (Doran.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. Helene Von Racowitza. (Autobiography.) (Macmillan.) $3.50.
2. Romance of Imperial Rome. Champney. (Putnam.) $3.50.

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3. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) $6.00.
4. Seven Great Statesmen. White. (Century Co.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Gold Brick. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. First Love. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Little Girl Blue. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Trail of Ninety-eight. Service. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. The Second Chance. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.25.
4. The Frontiersman. Cody. (Briggs.) $1.25.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Rules of the Game. White. (Musson.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Reminiscences of Goldwin Smith. Haultain. (Macmillan.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. A Soldier's Recollections. McKim. (Longmans, Green.) $2.00.
2. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Boy with the U. S. Forresters. Rolt-Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
3. Boy's Book of Model Aëroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Romantic Days in Old Boston. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
3. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) $4.80.
4. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) $6.00.

JUVENILES

1. Tale of Mrs. Tittlemouse. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book	standing		1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.	298
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.	165
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.	108
4. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.	94
5. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.	91
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.	85

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